







THE SPELL OF HOLLAND

The Rietveldsche Toren, Delft

From a painting by Frans Walden, owned by the author

Hutton E. Stevenson

L. C. PAGE & COMPANY

THE SPELL OF HOLLAND

The Story of a Pilgrimage to the Land
of Dykes and Windmills

BY
Burton E. Stevenson

With Illustrations from Photographs
BY THE AUTHOR



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TO
Betty
BEST OF COMRADES

1871

1871

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. INTO "HOLLOW - LAND"	I
II. THE CITY ON THE ROTTE	13
III. ALONG THE MERWEDE	26
IV. FIRST LESSONS IN DUTCH	44
V. TRAMS AND TREKSCHUIJS	57
VI. OUDE DELFT	73
VII. THE "BLYDE INCOMSTE" AT LEIDEN	86
VIII. IN "THE COUNT'S ENCLOSURE"	102
IX. ON THE ROAD TO SLOTERDIJK	119
X. HAARLEM	131
XI. ROUND ABOUT HAARLEM	143
XII. A STROLL ON THE BEACH	154
XIII. THE TOWN ON THE AMSTEL	164
XIV. A GLANCE AT DUTCH ART	181
XV. THE HUT OF PETER THE GREAT	190
XVI. THE CITY OF RIPENED CURDS	208
XVII. THE ISLAND OF MARKEN, LIMITED	227
XVIII. THE ANNEXATION OF THE "CHOCOLATE- DROP"	246
XIX. FREE FRISIA	265
XX. ZWOLLE	282
XXI. THE CITY FATHERS OF KAMPEN	292
XXII. MORE ABOUT KAMPEN	304
XXIII. THE HERMITS OF THE ZUYDER ZEE	314
XXIV. AMONG DUTCH INNS	338
XXV. THE HILLS OF HOLLAND	350
XXVI. INTO ZEELAND	361
XXVII. LAST DAYS	375

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
THE RIETVELDSCHE TOREN, DELFT. <i>From a painting by Frans</i>	
<i>Walden</i>	<i>Frontispiece</i>
MAP OF HOLLAND	<i>facing vi</i> ✓
A DORDRECHT VISTA	30 ✓
IN THE CHURCH AT DORT	36 ✓
THE HARBOUR AT GORINCHEM	40 ✓
THE STADHUIS, GOUDA. — THE GROOTE KERK, GOUDA	52 ✓
A WINDMILL NEAR DELFT	60 ✓
ON THE "OUDE WEG" TO SCHEVENINGEN	64 ✓
A STREET IN OLD SCHEVENINGEN	68 ✓
A CANAL AT DELFT	74 ✓
THE EAST GATE AT DELFT, NEW CHURCH IN DISTANCE	82 ✓
THE "BLYDE INCOMSTE" AT LEIDEN	92 ✓
CUTTING PEAT ON THE HAARLEMMER POLDER. — PEAT DRY- ING FOR MARKET	126 ✓
A ZWOLLE GAPER. — A HAARLEM GAPER	132 ✓
INTERIOR OF GROOTE KERK, HAARLEM. — CHOIR - STALLS, GROOTE KERK, HAARLEM	134 ✓
RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF BREDERODE	146 ✓
A WINDMILL AT LEIDEN	154 ✓
THE MOUTH OF THE RHINE, KATWIJK. — SHELL - GATHERER ON THE BEACH, KATWIJK	158 ✓
AN AMSTERDAM CANAL	164 ✓
THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE CONSORT AND JULIANA	170 ✓
A VISTA IN AMSTERDAM	174 ✓
THE WEIGH - HOUSE, ALKMAAR	214 ✓

	PAGE
THE ALKMAAR CHEESE - MARKET OPENS. — TESTING THE CHEESE	216 ✓
CHILDREN AT MARKEN, FRONT VIEW. — CHILDREN AT MARKEN, REAR VIEW	234 ✓
A MARKEN STREET. — A MARKEN MADONNA	236 ✓
THE HARBOUR AT VOLENDAM ON SUNDAY	238 ✓
TWO MAIDENS OF VOLENDAM. — AN OLD COUPLE OF VOLENDAM	240 ✓
A VISTA AT EDAM	244 ✓
HARBOUR - TOWER, HOORN. — THE HARBOUR, HOORN	252 ✓
THE AANSPRECKERS AT ENKHUISEN	258 ✓
THE DROMMEDARIS TOWER, ENKHUISEN	264 ✓
SCRUBBING THE STREET AT ZWOLLE	282 ✓
THE PULPIT, GROOTE KERK, ZWOLLE	286 ✓
THE SASSENPOORT, ZWOLLE	290 ✓
CITY - GATE, KAMPEN	300 ✓
STREET SCENE, KAMPEN, — MARKET - WOMEN AT KAMPEN	302 ✓
LOADING THE HAY, — HAYMAKERS NEAR KAMPEN	308 ✓
BRINGING IN THE HAY NEAR KAMPEN. — "A SINGLE SLENDER TREE . . . WORTHY OF HOBBEWA"	310 ✓
GOING MILKING, NEAR KAMPEN	312 ✓
THE COSTUME OF URK	318 ✓
JAN LOOSMAN, LICHTWACHTER, AND HIS FAMILY, URK	322 ✓
THE AANROEPER AT URK	326 ✓
THE BACK STREET AT URK	328 ✓
ON THE WHARF AT URK. — THE OLD FISHERMAN	334 ✓
THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN'S HERTOGENBOSCH	362 ✓
COMING HOME FROM CHURCH, WALCHEREN	368 ✓
A ZEELAND COURTSHIP	370 ✓
THE TOWN HALL, MIDDLEBURG	380 ✓
A ZEELAND MILKMAID	384 ✓
THE BRESKENS COSTUME	386 ✓

THE SPELL OF HOLLAND

CHAPTER I

INTO "HOLLOW-LAND"

"HAF you any sveets?"

It was the Dutch customs-officer at Flushing who asked the question, and, as he did so, he tapped our luggage with an inquiring finger.

"Sweets?" I repeated, doubting if I had heard aright.

"Sveets — yess; candy, cakes?"

Tobacco and spirit we were accustomed to deny. But candy, cakes!

"How absurd!" said Betty.

The inspector, however, evidently saw nothing of absurdity in it; so I gravely assured him that we had with us neither candy nor cakes, and started to unstrap the luggage to prove it.

He stopped me with a gesture, made a few cabalistic chalk-marks, and waved us on.

We passed through an open door and emerged upon

the platform beyond with a certain sense of exaltation and excitement. We were in Holland — a country of whose language we knew not a word. And we had decided that, on this pilgrimage, we would depend upon our own resources. Never, never would we employ a guide or interpreter; never would we frequent places “patronized by English and Americans.” We would see the Dutch at home; we would find our own way about — that would be half the fun of the trip! You will see, if you follow this veracious narrative, how well we kept that resolution!

By the side of the platform a long train was drawn up, each carriage labelled with its destination — “Amsterdam,” “Den Haag,” “Dort,” “Antwerp.” We were going to Rotterdam, but we saw no Rotterdam label. So I approached a tall, bearded man in resplendent uniform and inquired if this was the train to Rotterdam.

“Wat ist?” he demanded, glaring at me sternly.

“Rotterdam?” I repeated, uncertain as to the language he had spoken. It sounded like English, and yet it didn’t. “Rotterdam?” I said again, and pointed to the train.

He shrugged his shoulders and shook his head to intimate that this strange word was unknown to him.

“Is this Holland, or what is it?” I inquired of Betty. “Surely he ought to know Rotterdam!”

“Let me try,” said Betty, and she also said “Rotterdam?” and pointed to the train.

The big man cogitated deeply for a moment; then a light broke over his face.

"Oh!" said he. "R-R-ROTTERDAM! Ja, ja!" and he led us to the nearest carriage.

Mere type cannot express the way in which he pronounced that word. It was not a word, it was an explosion which almost swept us off the platform. I saved my cap by grabbing at it, and we clambered into our places.

"Just the same," continued Betty, when we were settled, "it *was* absurd."

"Yes," I agreed; "he ought to understand his own language. I wonder if they always use so much wind when they talk? I'll have to get a string for my cap."

"I didn't mean that," said Betty. "I meant about the sweets. Why should they look for sweets?"

"Because the government taxes them, I suppose. That's the usual explanation. In England it was whiskey; in France it was matches and tobacco; here it's cakes and candy. I'm glad you finished that last box before we arrived."

There was a sudden excitement on the platform; a man appeared and looked at our tickets and handed them back to us with a polite smile, and shut the door with a bang and threw the catch.

We looked at each other with beaming faces. We were to have the compartment to ourselves.

And then the train rumbled out of the station, and started leisurely away toward Rotterdam, and Hol-

land — the Holland of our dreams — began to unroll before us. Let me add here that I am perfectly aware that, strictly speaking, Holland is but a single province of the Kingdom of the United Netherlands; but to English-speaking people it has come to stand for the whole kingdom, and with this meaning it will be used in this book.

Here we were, then, with Holland unfolding before our eyes. The first thing to be done, of course, was to get the windows down. Then we gazed out through the gathering dusk at the strange landscape. And yet not strange, for we had seen it a score of times in Dutch pictures.

That landscape is always the same — low and level fields, regularly laid out and divided by narrow bands of gleaming water; gayly-painted, high-roofed houses here and there, each with a few trees about it; an occasional windmill, with its great arms going round and round; and in the foreground and middle distance and extreme distance, long avenues of limes and elms and willows, marching in stately procession as far as the eye can reach, all of a size, all trimmed on exactly the same pattern, all planted at exactly the same distance apart. These trees are, to the stranger, the first tangible evidence of the Dutchman's love of order — that habit of precision which is bred in the bone. But, as we go on, we find that the whole country is trained and pruned. The fields are all parallelograms; the angles are all right angles; the lines are all straight lines. Trees grow just where they should,

trained to strange shapes; streams flow at a calculated speed, between rigid banks; not a weed dares show its head where it is not wanted.

All of which, I take it, is because the Dutch have made the land they live on, and so could shape it to suit themselves. Here is none of the carelessness of nature, but the ordered reign of science!

Every road and every canal, as I have said, is bordered by an avenue of trees. If the trees are along a canal, their roots serve to strengthen the banks. If they are along a road, they offer a most grateful shade during the heat of summer. Whether along road or canal, they add not a little to the picturesqueness of the country.

One would think that service enough to exact of any tree; but the Dutch are, before everything, utilitarian. They harness the winds of heaven; they use the dredgings from their streams as fuel; and they use the branches of their willows to strengthen the dykes. Hence most of the willows are pollarded, so that their roots strike deeper into the soil to hold the canal-banks in place, while their branches are sold to the government to be woven into mats to hold back the sea. Somebody has remarked that the Dutchman has three enemies — his lakes, his rivers, and the ocean. The lakes have been drained, the rivers imprisoned, and the ocean driven back. The whole country is a fortress surrounded by fortifications in the shape of dykes, manned by an army of

engineers waging a ceaseless war against an enemy that never sleeps.

After an hour's ride through Holland, no Dutch landscape has any surprises for you. And yet to say that it is always the same is not to say that it becomes monotonous. It never does. One grows to love it and to understand it, to look for well-known features and to mark with delight trivial variations. One studies it, and finds its heart always open. It is companionable; it is a landscape to live with, restful beyond compare. It furnishes the key to Dutch character.

And then, of course, there is always the variation of light and shade. The sky changes from grave to gay and back again in the most surprising way. The red sails of the boats gliding along between the fields; the high-lights from the glazed tiles of the houses; the varied tints of wheat and flax and colza; the incomparable green of the lush meadows, diversified by white daisies and scarlet poppies; the streams gay with water-lilies and bright with ever-changing reflections — all these give to the Dutch landscape a charm and variety always fresh and delightful.

This landscape, so placid and so gentle, teems with life. The pastures are dotted with black-and-white cows and snowy sheep; the ditches are alive with ducks and swans; along the roads the queer little carts of the peddlers are always passing, drawn by dogs; or, perhaps, it is a milk-cart, its cans gleaming like burnished gold, and pushed by a white-capped

girl; the rivers and larger canals are full of boats — boats of every kind and size and shape; boats with red sails or propelled by steam, or drawn by a man and a dog. I do not know any country which, in the life of its fields and roads and rivers, offers so much of interest.

The black-and-white cows are everywhere, from Zeeland to Friesland — from south to north. Great, placid creatures they are, quietly grazing in little herds, and, I have fancied, more phlegmatic and self-satisfied than the cows of other lands. Always black-and-white, for the Dutchman will have no other kind, they produce those millions of gallons of milk from which are made those millions of pounds of cheese and butter by which the Dutch farmer grows wealthy.

And also everywhere at this season — mid-June — are the haymakers, men, women and children, labouring, while the sun shines, to gather and house the food to maintain all these cows through the winter. You may well believe that it takes a lot of it! Such ricks of hay are to be seen nowhere else; mountains of hay, overtopping the trees and the houses. Those big cows also have big appetites! All this is done by hand; the hay is mowed with the scythe, is turned with rakes, is loaded and stacked with pitchforks. That is the way it has always been done, and, I suppose, always will be. The women are white-capped and many-skirted; the men are blue-trousered and gray-shirted; and all are wooden-shoed.

So much for the Dutch landscape.

Our train ambled along at a moderate pace, pausing, from time to time, at little stations, and we, who had come from England, were impressed by the care every one took to make sure we were going the right way. On English railways, the traveller is left to look after himself to a surprising extent; no one approaches him, no one examines his ticket, no one makes sure that he is on the right train, he must find out for himself when he has reached his destination, and sometimes he must hunt up a man to give his ticket to. Once we could find no one, and we have those tickets yet! Here all that is changed. At every step, a guard appears and looks at your ticket, and punches it; as soon as he finds you are a stranger in the country — which is usually in about a second — he takes care to inform you that this is *not* your station and that you are to keep your seat. If you attempt to alight, you are pushed back into the carriage, gently but firmly. Every attaché of the company seems to know your destination, and to be determined to see that you reach it safely.

And here let me pay a tribute to Dutch railways. They never seem in a hurry, they stop amply long at stations, and yet they are always on time. The carriages are clean and comfortable; the second-class compartments are even luxurious; the third-class not at all bad, but apt to be crowded. Before the train starts, an official assures himself that it is the one you wish to take; if you do not get out at your station, a guard comes to tell you that you have arrived.

This is true not only of the trains but of the light steam-trams, which cross the country in every direction. Add to all this that the trains run at frequent intervals and at hours nicely calculated to suit the convenience of the people along the route and that the fares are very low, and perhaps you will understand why I think Dutch railways the best managed in the world. They are, for the most part, owned and operated by the state. I doubt very much if we could do so well.

Darkness, long delayed, came at last, and still we rumbled on, over a great bridge, pausing at Dort, where refreshments were offered:—sandwiches of veal and salad, most tempting in appearance and folded in a snowy napkin; fruit, wine, beer, mineral waters, hot coffee—

The price of a sandwich?

"Forty cents, sir," says the attendant, in careful English.

The price seems rather high till one reflects that a Dutch cent is not a coin of large value. For there are a hundred of them to the florin, and a florin is worth about forty cents American; so that forty cents Dutch is about fifteen cents American—the usual price!

The attendant has cigars, also; very nice-looking cigars. I picked up one and asked the price.

"Six cents," said the attendant.

I gasped.

"Six cents? Do you mean six cents Dutch?"

He nodded, and I bought two.

Very gingerly, I started to smoke one of them; but doubt soon vanished. It was really a good cigar — and it had cost less than three cents American! I had a haunting fear that the man had cheated himself; but I found out afterwards that it was rather an expensive cigar — for Holland!

“I wonder,” said Betty, “if smoking is allowed?”

“Oh, yes,” I said, and called her attention to a sign in Dutch, French and English on the partition above her head. The English part of it read:

Smoking allowed here unless objected to by any passenger who has not been able to find a seat in any of the compartments in which smoking is prohibited.
--

“If you object,” I said, “we’ll stop the train and call the guard and see what can be done.”

“I don’t object as long as you smoke a cigar as good as that one. But it sounds rather complicated. What do you suppose happens when one does object?”

“I don’t know,” I said. “Maybe we’ll see, some day.”

But we never did. No one ever objects. There is no one left to object in a country where even the babies smoke.

Indeed, great attention is paid to the convenience of smokers, and only a few compartments bear the prohibition, “Neit Rookten,” which means “No Smoking.” Even in those, one may smoke if there are

no ladies present, only you must knock your ashes out the window, since no trays are provided for them.

But at last we were entering Rotterdam, on a viaduct high above the streets, which enables the patrons of the railroad to get disconcerting glimpses into the second-story windows of the houses on either side. I suppose the people living there cease to notice, after awhile, the passage of a train. Then we rumbled to a stop in a shed; the courier from the Hotel Weimar was in waiting and handed us over to the bus-driver, and we rattled away over the cobbles, mounting a steep bridge, now and then, and coasting down on the other side; catching glimpses of the lights reflected in dark canals, crowded with strange-looking, shadowy craft — just such a scene as Tom Hood saw, nearly a century ago —

Before me lie dark waters
In broad canals and deep,
Whereon the silver moonbeams
Sleep, restless in their sleep;
A sort of vulgar Venice
Reminds me where I am;
Yes, yes; you are in England,
And I'm in Rotterdam.

The bus stopped, a porter opened the door and seized our luggage; a boy held open the hotel door for us. M. le Propriétaire met us on the threshold and after a solemn greeting, commended us to the portier; the portier assigned us a room and summoned the elevator-boy, who took us upstairs and summoned the chambermaid; who brought some hot water and took

our order for dinner down to the head-waiter; who assigned another waiter to attend us. So it required the combined efforts of ten people to get us settled for the night. I had a vision of those ten people standing in line with hands outstretched as we left the hotel. But that vision was not prophetic, for Dutch servants are made of flesh-and-blood, not of brass.

CHAPTER II

THE CITY ON THE ROTTE

THE RIVER ROTTE, transformed into the most placid of canals, still flows through Rotterdam. In the dam across this river the city had its origin, and from it took its name; but only in the last half-century has it been of any great importance. Now, coupled to the North Sea by a wide ship-canal, it is the first commercial city in the kingdom. Even Amsterdam, hoary with age, yields precedence to this vigorous stripling. But its very newness detracts from its interest to the stranger. The dog-carts, and high-hipped market-women, and gleaming milk-cans add an unaccustomed note to the streets, but they are, for the most part, given over to quite ordinary traffic. There are some old, high-gabled houses, and a few streets with an unquestioned air of antiquity about them; but there are so many other places in Holland where these things may be seen to so much greater advantage that Rotterdam would scarcely be worth a visit but for a single attraction.

That attraction is the shipping. Nowhere else is there such a tangle of shipping as at Rotterdam. It crowds the canals and eddies along the quays; the high-backed bridges are constantly opening to let it

through; locks are forever filling and emptying — shipping of all kinds, from the great liner just in from New York, to the flat-bottomed little trekschuit which a boy and a dog have towed in from Oudewater with a few pounds of butter for a cargo.

Towing is an art in Holland, and horses are so few there that most of it is done by men and women and dogs. Now it is easy enough to tow a boat along a canal when there is a steersman at the stern to keep her nose away from the bank; but when it comes to towing a boat with no steersman, — and there very seldom is one except upon the large barges, — it requires some ingenuity. The steersman is, of course, dispensed with in order to cut down the cost of operation, but it must have taken some thought on somebody's part to devise a towing method which would allow the towman to proceed straight ahead without stopping every minute to get the boat's nose out of the mud. It is accomplished by fastening the towline amidships, and then to a spar fastened sideways in the bow, thus forming a span which, when properly adjusted, carries the boat on an even course without the need of a rudder. All over Holland you will see this process in operation. Sometimes a dog trotting in front of the man helps to pull; sometimes he uses his wife as auxiliary power, sometimes his children. Sometimes he merely pushes against the pole, dispensing with the towline, and sending the boat forward as fast as he can walk. It is probably not nearly so easy as it looks.

Here at Rotterdam, you will see every size and variety of these trekschuits, as they are called. The smaller canals are crowded with them. Yonder is one which has brought a calf in to market; there is another serving as a moving-van and piled high with furniture; and here is a sail-boat just in from the river with a load of fish.

A board with the legend "Vish te Koop" — "Fish to Sell" — is hung to the mast, and buxom huisvrouws in white caps and wooden shoes, basket on arm, step aboard to select their purchase. The fish are swimming about in a tank in the centre of the boat, all sizes and all kinds, including eels. The housewife looks them over, decides on the kind she prefers, considers the size and appetite of her family, and points out to the boatman the fish she wants. The boatman slips a little hand-net over the fish, lifts it out gasping, places it on a beam-scale, weighs it, names the price, receives the money, and then pops the fish into the huisvrouw's basket. If she is particular, she hurries home with the fish and keeps it alive for a day or two in a tub of clear water to improve its flavour.

But the characteristic boat of Holland is the freight-barge, at once the home and livelihood of its owner. Built broad and blunt of bow to secure the maximum of loading space, flat-bottomed, so as to draw as little water as may be, they are, first of all, utilitarian. But they are more than that. For a Dutch bargee would be ashamed to be seen on the dirty, unsightly

vessels so common on the rivers of other countries. His boat is varnished and oiled till it shines; its upper works are gayly-painted; its deck is scrubbed as white as any liner's; its brass-work (and there is always a lot of it) shines like burnished gold; its iron-work is not painted or lacquered, but polished till it looks like silver; immaculate white curtains, looped up with bright ribbons, hang at the cabin-windows; nowhere but in Holland will you see such a boat.

And they are all like that. Their buckets and water-barrels are painted green and have hoops of polished brass; their long curving tillers are marvels of ornamental brass-work. Before the windows are little carved railings supporting pots of gaudy geraniums. The dog-house is painted in blue and pink. And always you will see the dog trotting nervously up and down on guard, while his mistress, a *vrouw* of comfortable proportions, sits placidly knitting in the stern, awaiting the return of her lord and master from his affairs of business. Every barge has its name, but here there seems to be a lack of originality. I should hate to have to compute how many "Wilhelminas" there are in Holland, though "Juliana" is now coming to the fore. Also there is the "Gouden Tulp" or "Golden Tulip," the "Gouden Leeuw" or "Golden Lion," the "Gouden Zon" or "Golden Sun." From which it will be seen that gold is popular here, as everywhere.

Here at Rotterdam, too, one is at the birthplace of that Fabian reformer, Gherardt Gherardts, or Eras-

mus Desiderius, as he afterwards called himself — not too modestly, for the words mean “Beloved and Long-desired.” He stands in bronze in the market-place, and his birthplace is shown in the Wyde Kerkstraat — “in this small house was born the great Erasmus.” But time, and the scientific historian, have not dealt kindly with his fame, and his principal claim to our remembrance is that Holbein painted his portrait and Charles Reade wrote a mighty romance about his parents.

There is also a church at Rotterdam, a great pile of brick fashioned to a shape somewhat Gothic, and dating from the middle of the fifteenth century, but in no way noteworthy save, perhaps, for its tower, a massive pile which dominates the country for miles around. And, lastly, there is the Boymans museum; but most of its pictures were destroyed by fire some forty years ago. I shall never forget our visit to it. We were passed from guardian to guardian — there is one in every room — like the most precious of treasures. Those old men were almost tearfully anxious that we should miss no picture worth seeing, making the most of their only visitors that morning.

The best pictures in the museum are, I think, the Cuyps, of which there are five or six, all of them full of light; and a charming little landscape by Hobbema, one of the few by that artist which Holland still possesses. Here, too, we got our introduction to that endless procession of pictures of dead game,

which crowd the walls of all Dutch galleries and which I detest. Any consideration of Dutch art may, however, be well postponed until we reach that supreme treasure-house of Dutch paintings, the Rijks Museum at Amsterdam. An hour will suffice for the Boymans, and you have exhausted Rotterdam.

For let me make the point here that Rotterdam is not characteristic of Holland. It is, perhaps, the least characteristic in the country, though Arnhem runs it a close second. It is modern and commercial; Arnhem is modern and residential — that is the difference. The characteristic Dutch towns are not the big ones, but the little ones. This, I think, is true of every country; but it is more true of Holland than of most, for there the big towns lack what every little town possesses — cleanliness and quiet and the air of the seventeenth century. The big towns are dirty and noisy and cosmopolitan, with a rage for modernity; hence they are not Dutch. And I urge here, as I shall all through this book, the necessity of staying in the little towns if one is really to see Holland.

We took the tram, that afternoon, out to Delfts-haven, chiefly interesting to us Americans because it was from here, in 1620, that the Pilgrim Fathers set sail, intent on reaching a land where they could enforce their own ideas of Sabbath observance. For the Dutch thought, and still think, that Sunday was set apart as a day of relaxation. The old church,

where the Pilgrims held their farewell service, is still standing, but is not otherwise of interest.

From Delftshaven we went on to Schiedam — celebrated for quite a different reason, for it is the home of “Hollands” and “Geneva,” those potent and fiery schnapps of which the Dutchman is so fond, but one swallow of which paralyzes the unaccustomed palate and brings tears into the eyes. Yet Dutchmen drink them without apparent ill-effect — certainly I know of no land where the people seem so hearty, so defiant of the years. There is no more pleasing sight than an old white-haired, mahogany-faced Dutchman, with eyes as bright as coals, and a hand as steady as a youth’s. The streets are full of them.

Schiedam is given over to the manufacture of schnapps, and the air is scented with the aroma. One distillery follows another, and in each is the same fragrant steam, the same dimly-seen white-capped figures, the same great vats and vessels. We wandered about the streets for quite a while, with a string of children clattering behind staring at us, and found them quaint and interesting. In one little junk-shop we came very near buying a great old-fashioned, long-necked copper milk-can; it was ridiculously cheap and very graceful, but there was no way to get it home short of carrying it, and I balked at that!

The portier opened the door for us when we got back to our hotel, and I paused to ask him if the theatres were open.

“Oh, yes, sir,” he answered, in his slow and careful English. “The Casino Variétés has a very good program, with de la Mar, one of our best comedians. I would advise that you go.”

We did, and we were glad. The Casino Variétés is not a fashionable theatre, for the most expensive seats — the pit stalls and the front loge — are only a florin, and the cheapest ones probably no more than a few cents. But the audience was far more interesting to us than a fashionable one would have been, it was so natural and unstudied. In the pit below us a boy of ten or twelve, accompanied by his mother, was seated, and we were astounded to see him quietly take from his pocket and begin to smoke a cigar almost as big as himself. His mother did not seem to object, and, indeed, he handled the cigar as one old to the business.

Not far from us were two couples, one middle-aged the other young, and both well-dressed. The younger couple was plainly in that seventh heaven of infatuation which renders its victims oblivious to their surroundings, for such kissing, such cheek-patting and hair-smoothing you never saw! The damsel, — she was really not bad-looking — would gaze fondly into the eyes of her adorer, and then imprint a soft and clinging kiss upon his lips. I confess I thought them wasted on so ugly an object. This went on all evening; the older couple took it as a matter of course; and the audience, while interested, did not seem surprised.

There is one thing which may always be expected in a Dutch variety show, and that is at least one good acrobatic turn. This time there were two — one by a dancer of surprising agility, and the other by two young women on a flying trapeze. But the principal feature of the entertainment was a two-act comedy in which de la Mar took the leading part. We could, of course, understand nothing of the rapid dialogue, and it was, I suspect, rather vulgar. But the acting was so pantomimic that we got almost as much pleasure from it as the rest of the audience. De la Mar's face is one of the drollest and most expressive I ever saw, resembling, in a way, the elder Coquelin's. He is a little stout man, and his manner on the stage is so deliberate and finished that it is a great delight.

Betty had some letters to write, when we got back to the hotel, and I sat down for a talk with the portier, and a final cigar. Smoking gets to be an obsession in Holland. Cigars are so good and so cheap — due, of course, to Holland owning the source of supply, Sumatra — and they are displayed so attractively in the shop windows, that one is always slipping in and buying half a dozen and then smoking them one after the other. Every other shop is a tobacconist's, and each window displays more wonderful bargains than the last. I got so, before long, that if I failed to get a good cigar for a cent I felt myself cheated — but I rarely failed. The tobacconist slips your cigars into a tissue envelope, always leaving out one. This one he presses into a little machine which clips off

its end, and he then presents it to you with a bow, so that you may commence smoking at once.

No Dutchman leaves a tobacconist's without a cigar in his mouth, and most of them light a new cigar from the end of the old one. This saves matches. Pipes are not smoked nearly so much as cigars are — a fact which surprised me.

Many tales are told of mighty smokers, but the greatest of them all lived here in Rotterdam. His allowance was six ounces a day, an amount which he never exceeded (and always consumed); and he lived to the ripe age of ninety-eight. All the smokers of the province were invited to his funeral. Each of them was presented with a pipe and pouch of tobacco and was requested to smoke without ceasing during the ceremony; while, at the dead man's desire, his favourite pipe, a large package of tobacco and a box of matches were laid ready to his hand in the coffin, because, as he remarked, "There is no telling what will happen!"

There is something about the Dutch climate which provokes to smoking. Perhaps it is the moisture; at any rate, when I reckoned up, at night, the number of cigars I had smoked during the day, I was alarmed, and thought of heart-failure. But I never noticed any ill-effects from it; and when I saw the rosy old men going about the streets enveloped in a cloud of tobacco smoke which had never left them since infancy, I grew reassured. Holland, certainly, is the smoker's paradise! Salvation Yeo should have

lived there! Those eloquent words of his in praise of the herb would have been emblazoned upon his monument. Do you remember them?

“For when all things were made, none was made better than this same tobacco, to be a lone man’s companion, a bachelor’s friend, a hungry man’s food, a sad man’s cordial, a wakeful man’s sleep, and a chilly man’s fire, sir; while for stanching of wounds, purging of rheum and settling of the stomach, there’s no herb like unto it under the canopy of heaven.”

I conceived quite a liking for the portier at the Weimar. He had lived in New York, and was planning to return there.

“I have a son,” he said, “who will soon be old enough to be drafted into the army. I shall go back to America before that. But I will stay here as long as I can. My wages are not great, but I can live on them better here than in America. I have my own little house, and a garden; that would not be possible in New York. Besides, I should have to start there again as a waiter.”

“I hope to see you there, some day,” I told him; and in future I shall look for him in the Broadway restaurants.

“Thank you,” he said; “and while you are here, I hope I may be of use to you. That is what I am for.”

And he told me a story.

Once upon a time, an Englishman came to the Weimar straight from his native heath—the opinionated, self-satisfied, pig-headed type of Englishman

which one meets so often on one's travels. After dinner the first evening, he started out to see the town.

"Can I be of assistance to you, sir?" the portier asked.

"Oh, no," said John Bull, haughtily, and stalked out.

The hours passed and he returned not. Finally, sometime after midnight, he turned up, very weary and as mad as a hornet.

"Give me my bill!" he shouted. "I'm going to leave — I won't sleep a night in this town!"

"Why, what's the trouble, sir?" asked the astonished portier.

"Trouble! Nobody but asses live here; and demmed insulting asses at that!"

"Insulting!" repeated the portier. "Oh, no; I am sure they are not insulting!"

"Then they're idiots! They won't answer a civil question!"

"What question was it you asked them, sir?" inquired the portier, patiently, determined to get to the bottom of this mystery.

"The way to this street," said the visitor. "Oh, I'm no chicken; I know my way about. When I started out, I got the name of the street off the house at the corner and wrote it on my cuff. When I was ready to come back, I stopped a man and showed it to him — and what did he do!"

"What *did* he do?"

"Do — why he laughed and shrugged his shoulders

and went on. I tried a second, and he did the same. A third — and a fourth. Oh, a lot of asses, I tell you! I never *should* have got back if it wasn't for that big building over there. I saw it, at last, and recognized it."

"Let me see what you have on your cuff, sir," said the portier.

Then he, too, laughed, as he read the words "Verboden te Plakken," — which means "Post no Bills!"

CHAPTER III

ALONG THE MERWEDE

ROTTERDAM is a convenient centre from which to visit various smaller towns in the neighbourhood, and one of these is Dordrecht, or Dort, as the Dutch familiarly call it. The best way to go to Dort is by boat, for then one approaches the town from the water and sees it in the aspect made so familiar by the pictures of Albert Cuyp. But we wanted to get there early in order to see the Friday market, so we went by train, reserving the boat trip for the return.

It is only a twenty minute run from Rotterdam, and, very soon after our arrival, we were having our eggs and coffee at one of the little cafés bordering the Merwe-Kade, or steamboat pier, overlooking the wide river, which started on its career as the Rhine, and is here the Merwede, one of the busiest and most important in Holland.

It was this river, indeed, which made Dort, in the old days, the richest city in the land, for here all the imports by way of the Rhine, especially Rhine wines, were unloaded and taxed before being passed on into the country. This Privilege of the Staple, as it was called, lasted for some hundreds of years; but, at last, Rotterdam, farther down the river, grew

jealous and took up arms about it and Dort was compelled to waive the Privilege which she was not strong enough to defend. Since then, her prestige has steadily diminished, her wine-cellars are empty, and her streets are silent enough except on market-day.

We sat for a long time watching the busy river-life, and then went back to the market, leaving the pier by the beautiful Groothoofd-Poort, or city gate, dating in its present form from 1618 and decorated with fine reliefs. Among them is the coat-of-arms of Dort, a milkmaid under her cow, not a tribute to the commercial value of that quadruped, as in the north of Holland where the same device is used, but a remembrance of the gallant girl who saved the town from surprise and capture by the Spaniards. For, starting forth in the early morning, three centuries and more ago, to carry her milk to the city, she caught sight of a Spanish force lying in ambush by the road, but went singing on her way as though she had seen nothing, and brought the news of their danger to the city fathers, so that presently, hearing the beating of drums, the Spaniards knew the town was warned and withdrew without attacking it.

Dort's solitary horse-drawn tram-car — paard-tram is the Dutch of it — runs from the station through the town along a crooked street, under the water-gate, and so to the pier, its progress marked by the incessant clanging of a bell in the hands of the driver; so that, to reach the pier, arrivals by train have only to step on the tram and stay on to the end of its

journey. But I advise that you walk, for the walk is well worth taking. Nowhere else will you see such red geraniums or such green grass as at Dort. Here, too, just after you leave the station, you come to a row of handsome residences facing the street, but each surrounded by its narrow canal as by a moat, and each with a little bridge going over. The use of a ditch in place of a wall or hedge is common enough in the country, but not in cities the size of Dort.

The streets are narrow and crooked, and most of the houses lean over them so perilously that they seem about to fall; but we were assured that none has ever fallen and so, I suppose, none ever will. Indeed, the story goes that this inclination is the result of design and not of chance, and that the houses were built in this position in order to send the water from the roofs into the gutter and so protect the passer-by below. I am inclined to doubt the authenticity of this, for each building has an angle of its own. It is not uncommon to see a house three feet out of the perpendicular.

Dort's market is held in the public square, about the statue of Ary Scheffer, who was born here, but who was not really a citizen of Dort since his father was a German merely stopping in the town. He stands on his pedestal, palette on thumb, looking pensively at the row of houses opposite as though about to paint them. Why an artist so inconsiderable as Scheffer should have been selected for this honour, when Dort was also the birthplace of Albert Cuyp

and Nicholas Maes and Ferdinand Bol, is one of those mysteries which I suppose can only be explained by the ineptitude of aldermanic bodies.

The square is too small to contain all the market, so it overflows in each direction along the adjacent street, much to the inconvenience of the tram-car, whose bell is constantly in one's ears. There was a lively crowd eddying around the booths, each under its little tent, where one may buy anything — cigars, cheese, vegetables, post-cards, gold-fish, dry goods, hardware, old books, sheet music, patent medicine, baked eels, candy, shoes. Each booth-keeper advertises the merits and cheapness of his wares at the top of his voice, and the bargaining between buyer and seller is most spirited. I never before saw such enormous cauliflowers, and they cost only five cents Dutch apiece. The cheese looked so tempting that we bought some of it and consumed it later with our lunch and found it very good indeed. Also some nougat, by far the best we got anywhere in Holland.

Dort is one of the wettest of Dutch cities. A great inundation in 1421, cut her off from the mainland and left her stranded on an island surrounded by the Merwede, the Maas and the Waal. Indeed, there is an old legend that the city itself was carried bodily down stream for some distance and that the neighbours had difficulty in finding it next day. Much of the water from these encircling rivers flows through her streets in the form of canals. Or, rather, through her alleys; for the canals are back of the houses and

not in front of them, as at Delft. The water laps against their walls, and the tradesman rows along in his boat and delivers his goods through the back windows. The effect is especially picturesque along the main canal, which bisects the town from end to end, crossed by innumerable little bridges, and running far below the level of the streets. We stopped more than once to look at it on our way to the Groote Kerk, and the vistas were almost worthy of Venice.

We found the koster of the church in a little house huddled between the wide brick buttresses; he welcomed us with many bows, sold us two tickets, and then opened the transept door and invited us to enter.

If one were to stroll into the Louvre and come suddenly upon the Venus de Milo embellished with a coat of red paint, his sensations, I imagine, would be much the same as those he experiences when first entering one of the old Dutch churches. For here, instead of the impressiveness of gray stone or the beauty of polychrome decoration, the eye encounters nothing but — whitewash! A Gothic interior, whitewashed! Yet that is the tale which all Dutch churches have to tell; and not only whitewashed, but denuded and disfigured.

Let me relate the dreadful story.

The builders of the Gothic churches of Holland suffered a handicap at the very outset because they had to work in brick and not in stone. There is no building-stone in Holland, since its soil is merely the



A DORDRECHT VISTA.

alluvium from the Rhine and other rivers, and to bring from other countries the quantity necessary to build a cathedral involved a prohibitive expense. An effort was usually made to secure enough for the traceries, the facings of the buttresses and ornamentation of the western front, but even that was not always accomplished.

Now stone is the natural material of Gothic architecture; almost the inevitable material, for, without it, there can be none of that richness of decoration which renders the cathedrals of France and Belgium a wonder and delight. Indeed, it is structurally necessary, for flying buttresses can be rightly built of nothing else, and without flying buttresses to sustain the thrust, there can be no stone-vaulting over the nave and choir. It is scarcely necessary to add that, without stone, window-traceries, where possible at all, are of the simplest form.

Dutch churches, therefore, so far as the exterior is concerned, are not inviting. They are merely bare and rather shapeless masses of brick, remarkable for nothing so much as for their size. A redeeming feature, which makes for picturesqueness, is the fact that little buildings of all sorts cling about them, leaning against their sides or huddling between their buttresses. Some persons complain of this, but to me the effect is very pleasing. Looking up at the great mass towering toward the heavens, one cannot but marvel at the patience with which these millions of clay blocks were piled one upon the other, and

one sees in them another evidence of the untiring industry of the Dutch, whom no task appalls.

The interior also suffers; in the first place from the lack of groining, usually replaced by wooden vaulting of the round or "barrel" type. Then the pillars of nave and choir are round, and there is wanting, in consequence, that effect of airiness and upward-springing which clustered columns give, especially when one of the columns runs up to meet the groining. The traceries of the windows are simple but sometimes very graceful, and, in the old days, when they were filled with painted glass, when the walls were frescoed, when the high altar stood in the choir with its dim candles before it, when the body of the church was embellished with the statues, pictures and other ornaments always to be found in Roman Catholic cathedrals, — one can imagine that under those conditions the interior of such an edifice would be impressive and even beautiful. But, alas! there are no such embellishments. The light streams untempered through white glass; the frescoes are covered with whitewash, the high altar, the statues, the pictures have been swept away; the church is cold, and bare, and barn-like.

It came to pass in the days when Alva was trying to conquer the country for Spain, one night, at Antwerp, a crowd broke into the cathedral and swept it bare; and in city after city throughout the Netherlands this madness spread, until practically every church had been gutted of its treasures. Stained-

glass was demolished, statues pulled down, carvings shattered, paintings defaced. Until that momentous struggle was decided, these churches lay wrecked. Then, in Catholic Belgium, some semblance of their former beauty was restored to them; but in Protestant Holland they were whitewashed and made to answer, as well as might be, the needs of the Dutch Reformed service.

It was a makeshift at the best, for a church built in the form of a cross, with aisles and chapels, is not suited to Dutch Reformed ceremonial — or lack of it. The choir was left empty, that no use might be made of the spot where had stood an idolatrous high altar. Against one of the pillars of the nave a wooden pulpit was affixed, and around this high wooden pews were grouped. Frequently wooden partitions were run up in order that the place might be more easily heated. And there you are. I have gone into this matter thus in detail because it applies to nearly all Dutch churches, and need be dealt with only once.

So it was with a real sinking of the heart that we stopped inside the door of the church at Dort and looked about at its cold interior. And yet this church has points of beauty and relics of the old régime which are lacking in most of the others. In the first place, it is one of the very few Dutch churches with groining and stone-vaulting. Then there remain, in the otherwise empty choir, most of the old stalls; sadly mutilated, it is true, and with their canopies destroyed, but, nevertheless, most interesting examples

of early sixteenth century carving. They were painted by some vandal at the same time, I suppose, that the walls were whitewashed, and, while the paint has been removed, the beautiful colour of the old oak is gone. They are the work of one Jan Aertsz, and, even in their dilapidated condition, are the most noteworthy remaining in Holland.

There is one feature of Gothic choir-stalls which I never fail to examine, and that is the carving under the miserere seats, for it is here that Gothic humour revels unchecked. It is a broad and Rabelaisian humour, but always most human. For those who do not understand the term, let me explain that in each of the stalls is a hinged seat, which is turned up whenever its occupant is standing. As these periods are very long, and as some of the monks were old and feeble, a little bracket was placed on the bottom of the seat, projecting far enough, when the seat is turned up, to afford some support to its occupant, who could thus go through the Mass in a half-standing, half-sitting position less fatiguing than an unsupported one would have been. These little brackets are the miserere seats, and the carving is under them. The seat must, of course, be turned up in order that the carving may be examined. If you will look at the picture of the Haarlem choir-stalls opposite page 134, you will see what I mean more clearly than any description can tell you.

I have never seen more satisfying carving than that on these old seats at Dort. One represents a minor

offender with his legs in the stocks, but he is far from sad, for some friend has supplied him with a mammoth stein of beer, the foam of which is beautifully executed. Another shows the prodigal son, in a most dejected state, feeding two razor-back hogs. A third depicts Delilah at the moment she is despoiling Samson of his locks, while another close by shows Jael piercing Sisera's skull with a nail. Still another shows a man vigorously punishing a boy, by applying a switch to the pitifully-exposed culprit.

We spent half an hour looking at these carvings, and admiring their details, and then took a general look around the church. It differs from most ante-reformation churches in being in the form of a Maltese cross, with nave and choir each of five bays. The lady chapel, instead of being, as usual, at the extreme east end, is at the north end of the north aisle. The effect is one of incompleteness, as though the work on the nave had been stopped before it was finished. The whitewash has been removed in places, laying bare the old frescoes, and the shattered traceries of the windows are being restored.

The pulpits of these churches are always intricately carved, and the pews huddled about them are usually allotted to different classes of the population. Across the nave from the pulpit there is always an elaborate pew for the burgomeester or mayor and his family, and sections are set apart for the church officers, the burghers and their wives, the magistrates, the military, the servants, and so on. Very often

each section, which is enclosed and partitioned off from all the others, has painted on it the name of the class for which it is intended. The poorer and less important the class, the less comfortable the seats; but the best of them must be uncomfortable enough, for they all have straight backs of wood, often with a moulding like a knife-edge across the top. To go to sleep in one of them would be physically impossible.

We asked the koster if the burgomeester, for whom such gorgeous quarters were prepared, was a regular attendant; and he laughed and shook his head. He came back at me by asking whether the burgomeester of my town went to church regularly, and I was forced to confess that I thought not. And then he sighed and said that he supposed burgomeesters were much the same all the world over!

In one corner against the wall was a pile of little wooden boxes, about six inches high and eight inches square, with a hinged door at one end and a perforated top. We asked what these were, and learned that they were *stoofjes*, or foot-warmers. We had seen them many times in Dutch pictures without guessing their use. There is one, very carefully painted, in the left foreground of Jan Steen's masterpiece, "The Doctor's Visit," at the Rijks. A metal or earthen dish containing a burning brick of peat, or "turf" as it is called in Holland, is slipped inside the box, and the woman sits with her feet on it and her petticoats over it, absorbing its grateful warmth.



IN THE CHURCH AT DORT.



Andrew Marvell pictures the scene in his satire, "The Character of Holland":

See but their mermaids, with their tails of fish,
 Reeking at church over the chafing-dish!
 A vestal turf, enshrined in earthen ware,
 Fumes through the loopholes of a wooden square;
 Each to the temple with these altars tend,
 But still does place it at her western end;
 While the fat steam of female sacrifice
 Fills the priest's nostrils, and puts out his eyes.

The "western end," as indicating the feet, is a good piece of Gothic imagery.

Every private dwelling has these foot-warmers, and they must be particularly grateful in winter because of the tiled floors in most of the houses. Many of them are real works of art, made of teakwood, and elegantly carved. They are provided with handles, and it is no doubt a quaint and interesting sight to see a congregation gathering in winter, foot-warmers in hand. What the odour in the church must be from all this smouldering peat can be imagined. I should judge, too, from the scorched places on the floors of the pews, that there is often an incipient conflagration, which must interfere sadly with the services.

We bade good-bye to the bright-eyed old koster, and retraced our steps to the market-place, where we had lunch on the balcony of a little café overlooking the square. The unsold merchandise was being packed away, and the tents rolled up and loaded upon little carts, to be brought back a week hence. The

market-people were gathered in groups, chattering, I suppose, over the day's business; and always Ary Scheffer stood looking serenely across the square, palette on thumb.

We had a fine view of the town as we sailed away, soon afterwards, on the little boat bound for Gorinchem (pronounced Gorcum); the picturesque square-topped tower of the church, with its four great dials, in their clumsy frames, so familiar from Cuyp's pictures, looming above it.

The river, that afternoon, was bright with craft of all sizes and degrees of picturesqueness; great shipyards lined the banks; here and there, whole flotillas of barges, anchored together in the middle of the stream, awaited the call of traffic. The boat stopped at this landing and that — at Benedenveer, Middenveer, Giessendam — little villages built along facing the river, with children playing on the watersteps and women going up and down them with pails of water for the unceasing scrubbing. They were scrubbing windows and doorsteps, the outsides of the houses, the bricks of the sidewalks, and even the cobbles of the streets. Scrubbed furniture was standing out to dry; rugs from which came no speck of dust were being violently beaten and shaken. It is a mania. All over Holland it is a mania. One is constantly stepping aside to avoid the rills of water resulting from this scrubbing. The beating of rugs is an accompaniment to all the other noises of the country. It never ceases.

Scores and scores of brown nets were stretched to dry along the banks, for this is a famous salmon-fishing neighbourhood; and dozens of men and boys, rod in hand, were sitting on the piers and along the river-wall patiently watching diminutive corks; though we saw nothing caught except one small eel. Between the villages, the banks were covered with a rank growth of reeds, tall grasses and bulrushes. The reeds are used for thatching, and we saw great bundles of them, brown and dry, piled up in the yards of the dealers.

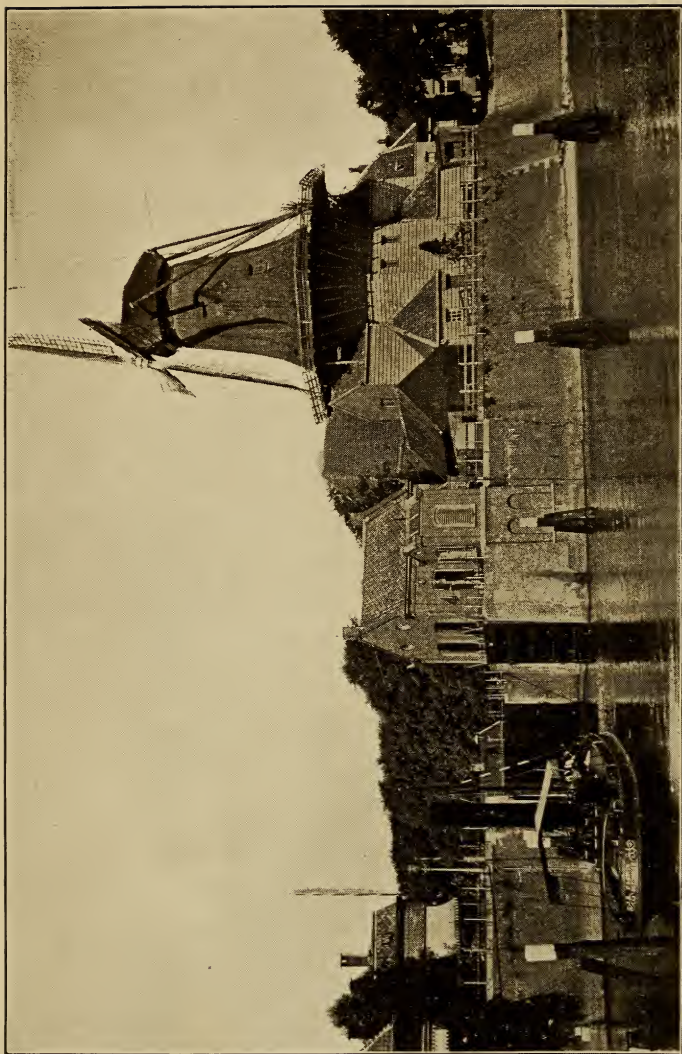
It was at Giessendam that we first noticed a phenomenon, which we saw many times thereafter — trees trained fan-wise to form a sort of aerial hedge close before the upper stories of the houses. We did not know at the time how it was done, but we saw the *modus operandi* afterwards. The trees are planted about a yard in front of the house, and then a strong framework is built between them to which the branches are trained with a patience almost Japanese, so that they all grow either to the right or to the left. When the tree has grown quite large, the framework is taken down, and year by year thereafter the trees are trimmed, until they form a close screen before the upper story of the house — a screen frequently not over a foot thick and quite perfect. If there is a window in the upper story, a corresponding opening is cut in the screen. The effect is most peculiar and picturesque. I have seen a few two-storied screens of this kind — first the tree-trunks,

then the screen of branches in front of the first story; then another stretch of trunk and then the screen in front of the second story. Artifice can no further go.

At Giessendam, just back of the landing, is a little inn I should like to visit; a quieter place I cannot imagine, and the effect of quiet and seclusion is enhanced by the fact that it has one of these aerial screens all around it, with an opening here and there for a window. Beside it was a most picturesque stable-yard, and, in the door, a white-capped, red-cheeked juffrouw to make the stranger welcome!

It took us nearly an hour and a half to reach Gorinchem, a clean little town, especially interesting for its old houses of stone and brick, with mosaic decorations, very odd and charming. Here, too, we first noticed the gayly-painted wooden canopies over the windows, which we found afterwards in every small town and in many of the large ones, and whose use I was never able to understand. I concluded, finally, that they had no use, but were placed there for ornament. How ideas of ornament vary! We walked around to the church, with its great square brick tower, all tilted to one side, and ornamented with beautifully-carved stone trimmings. But we did not go in. A glimpse, through a window, of the bare and whitewashed interior was enough.

It was to Gorinchem that Hugo Grotius was brought in a box from the castle of Loevenstein, a



THE HARBOUR AT CORINCHEM

little way up the river, where he had been imprisoned — a method of escape devised by his wife and admirably carried out; and it was from here that he set forth in disguise for Antwerp, never to return to his native land until brought back to be buried in the church at Delft.

We had tea on a little vine-embowered, geranium-bordered balcony overlooking the harbour, where we watched two men poling a great barge from one side to the other, with incredible exertion. The man takes his station near the prow, drops a long, spiked pole to the river-bottom, places the other end against his shoulder, leans his weight on it, and walks toward the stern of the boat. The pressure against the shoulder must be something terrific, but, even at the best, the boat moves only a foot or two. When he arrives at the stern, he adjusts the rudder, and then goes back for another push. There may be more fatiguing labour, but I don't know what it is; and this is going on all over Holland from morning till night, the women lending a hand — or shoulder — at need!

The ringing of a bell at the landing told us that the boat was ready to start on the return trip, and we hastened to get on board. The sun was just setting as we reached Dort, and, as we swung out again into the river for the run to Rotterdam, the sky was painted red and purple, which the river was a mirror to reflect. We were in new country, now — beautiful, well-kept country — stopping at Papendrecht —

where, just opposite the landing, is a beautiful little house I know I could be happy in — and at other villages with many-syllabled names. The river traffic is very heavy, for this is the main artery of southern Holland, and the Fop Smith Company, which controls the passenger steamers, proudly announces that it carries over a million passengers yearly. It deserves to, for its steamers are very comfortable and well-appointed, and its fares surprisingly low. A first-class ticket from Gorinchem to Rotterdam, a distance of about thirty-five miles, taking three hours to cover, costs seventy-five cents Dutch, or about thirty cents American.

We had a perfect entry into Rotterdam, whose lights swung into view miles ahead, with a great electric sign gleaming atop the Witte Huis, the highest private building in Europe, — a ten-storied apartment house, reaching the unprecedented altitude of one hundred and thirty feet. It was just opposite our hotel, and had been pointed out to us with much pride by the portier. “Though,” he remarked, depreciatingly, “you have higher ones in New York!” Sir Thomas Lipton has secured the top of this giant for his own, and “Lipton Thee” was spelled out across the sky in gigantic letters, over and over, as we glided down the river.

The full moon was sailing up the sky, and sent a broad band of silver light over the dancing water. Every lamp, every light at prow and masthead of the innumerable boats, was reflected in it, and we seemed

drifting into fairy-land. But the bell jingled, the boat bumped gently against the wharf, ropes were made fast, the gang-plank run out, and we were again on the cobbles of Rotterdam.

CHAPTER IV

FIRST LESSONS IN DUTCH

No one should visit Holland without Motley in his head and Baedeker in his pocket. Without Motley, you will lose much of the interest of nearly every town you visit, for they all had a part, and usually a tragic one, in that mighty struggle which resulted in Dutch independence. Without Baedeker you can't find your way about — unless you engage a guide or trust yourself to the intelligence of a cab-driver — a depth to which I am firmly convinced no self-respecting person will descend. For Baedeker I have an admiration the most profound. He is all but omniscient; and I cannot find it in my heart to blame him if he sometimes mistakes his right hand for his left. I often do!

Let me add here that this little volume is neither a history nor a guide-book, and, in writing it, I am taking it for granted that you know your Motley, and have your Baedeker ready to hand.

Already we are picking up some Dutch words, and we have found out that Dutch sometimes curiously resembles English. "Heet water" is hot water and is pronounced "hate väter;" "bagage" is baggage; "bed" is bed. Bed-room is, however, "slaapkamer"

or sleep-chamber — a nice distinction. But some words are surprisingly different. Breakfast, for instance, is “ontbijt.” The word has a most uncanny appearance, and it was a long time before we realized that a door with “Ontbijtkamer” on it indicated the entrance to the breakfast-room.

The time-table tells us that a “spoorweg” is a railway, and a “boot” a boat. A “stoomboot” is, of course, a steamboat. It is well to remember that in Dutch oo does not take the sound it does with us, as in shoot, but the long ō sound. Thus “boot” is pronounced boat. The inquiry which you will have oftenest to repeat is to ask the way to your destination, whatever it may be. At first we were content simply to name the destination and permit our informant to infer we wished to get there. Now we have grown more ambitious and have added four words to the inquiry — “Hoe ga ik naar,” which means, “How do I go to.” “Hoe ga ik naar de stoomboot naar Rotterdam,” for instance. That may not be good Dutch, but it seems to be intelligible. The Dutch word for “the,” by the way, makes one smile. For masculine and feminine nouns it is “de”; but for neuter nouns, it contains the same letters as our “the,” only, in some inexplicable way, they have been juggled into “het.”

We are also getting accustomed to the use of “ij” for y. There is no y in the Dutch alphabet — the ij has never coalesced. Consequently bakery is “bakkerij,” and a dairy is a “melkerrij,” or milkery,

which proves that the Dutch do not coin words unnecessarily. The remarkable word, "maatschappij" is very common on sign-boards, and it puzzled us for a long time; but we got the key in "mateship," or "comradeship," as we would say, partnership or company. What misled us at first is that, alas, in our companies there is so little idea of comradeship!

There are some articles of food, too, which it is well to know the names of. Cheese is easy — "kaas." Coffee is "kaffie." Milk is "melk" — pronounced in two syllables, "mel-ek." The Dutch do not seem to be able to curve their tongues to make one syllable of a vowel followed by the letter l. Half is "hal-ef," Delft is "Del-ef," and so on. We had great fun, one evening, trying to teach a pretty waitress to say milk, short and sharp in one syllable. But she couldn't do it.

It is difficult to recognize the Irish potato in "aard-appellen," or "earth-apples," and curious to reflect that the Dutch have hit upon the same descriptive definition as the French, though superficially "aard-appellen" looks little enough like "pommes de terre." For a long time we were unable to get pancakes for breakfast, until we stumbled upon the Dutch word, "pannankoecken." Now we have pancakes whenever we want them, which is often, for Dutch pancakes are very good.

And the strawberries! "Aardbezie" it is in Dutch — "earth-berry" — remember that word! There never were such strawberries. Bishop Berkeley re-

marked, some two hundred years ago, that God could doubtless have made a better berry than the strawberry, if He had put his mind to it, but He never did. And it is in Holland that human culture has brought this divine delicacy to perfection. The middle of June sees the real beginning of the season, which lasts about a month, and it is worth while to plan to visit Holland at that time, if only for those incomparable berries. They are enormous, a perfect red, and the most luscious you ever tasted, melting, juicy, and so sweet that sugar is unnecessary.

Which is as well, for sugar is expensive in Holland and therefore dealt out charily. The government tax is something like two hundred per cent — hence the vigilance of the customs! Few hotels allow more than two lumps of sugar to a cup of coffee. If you want more than that, it is an extra which must be asked for and often paid for. Except at the Hotel de l'Europe at Antwerp, which is just across the Scheldt in Belgium and so outside this book, but a good story goes anywhere!

Once upon a time, not so very long ago, there arrived at the Hotel de l'Europe an American who had formed the habit of spoiling his coffee with three lumps of sugar. At each meal, therefore, he asked for more sugar. He took four meals at the hotel, and when his bill was rendered he found that he had been charged one franc extra for those four lumps. He paid without a protest, and went out, and came back presently carrying a great sack of sugar.

“Here,” he said, “take this, and whenever any of my countrymen come here and ask for an extra lump of sugar, give it to them out of this, without charge.”

Monsieur the proprietor promised that he would. So if you are an American, and delay your arrival at Antwerp not too long, you can get an extra lump of sugar for nothing at the Hotel de l'Europe.

By all means spend a day at Gouda, one of the prettiest and brightest of Dutch towns. You can get a round trip ticket from Rotterdam, going by rail and returning by river, second-class on the train and first-class on the boat, for eighty-five cents Dutch—a cheap trip, surely. It is about twelve miles from Rotterdam, and the train runs through a rich and beautiful country, with luxuriant fields, and innumerable canals. To the left, you will see the great Zuidplas-Polder, a polder being the bottom of a lake which has been pumped dry. There are many thousands of acres of such reclaimed land in Holland, and it is the most fertile in the country. Polders are always laid out with rule and line, the rectangular fields divided by little ditches, and bearing every variety of crop.

Gouda, which is pronounced “Howda,” is characteristically Dutch, it is so quiet and so clean. And yet not clean enough to suit the women who live there, for they were busily engaged that Saturday morning scrubbing and scraping and scouring it. Saturday is

always a great cleaning day all over Holland, because it will not be possible to clean things again until Monday. And Monday is also a great cleaning day, because, of course, nothing has been cleaned since Saturday.

So the good wives of Gouda, assisted by all the servants, were out in force that morning, and the streets ran with water. Water was everywhere, trickling down the house-fronts, running out the doors, splashing over the sidewalks. The women, their skirts tucked up, their sleeves rolled back, their faces flushed with exertion and set in a kind of frenzy, come and go, carrying great pails of water. The pails are of copper and are painted red inside — a note of colour. The water is splashed over the house-fronts, and dashed over the pavements; through half-open doors we can see that the furniture has all been removed while the floors and walls of the rooms are being scrubbed. The women climb ladders, hang suspended through open windows, strain and twist and perform feats almost acrobatic, for the whole front of the house must be polished with damp cloths. Then the pavement must be wiped up, the windows cleaned until they shine, the door-knob and bell-pull, the very nails of the door burnished until they glitter like spots of gold and silver. All the rugs must be brought out and beaten, and the furniture wiped off before it is set in place again.

It was a never-failing source of delight to us to watch the way in which a rug is beaten. A maid

brings it out, slams it down on the sidewalk, and then attacks it with a beater made of cane. The attack is vigorous and even vicious; the lusty whacks sound like the rapid reports of a gatling gun, and they continue for a long time. But never did we see a speck of dust fly from any rug.

Large rugs receive a different sort of treatment, even more drastic. A woman takes hold of either end, and stretching the rug between them, they pull back and throw it upward with a sharp report. It is quite a trick, I fancy, and it certainly snaps the dust out, if there is any present. More than once have I been awakened by strange sounds outside the window, like the measured and regular reports of a pistol. The first time, I arose and looked out to see if there was a duel in progress; but it was only a duel against dirt. How many times have I caught this sound echoing over the countryside or rising above the other noises of a busy street, and stopped to admire the dexterity with which the rug was handled!

One is apt to suspect exaggeration in the accounts of this frenzy for cleanliness which burns in the breast of every Dutch woman; but when he has seen it he knows that it is incapable of exaggeration. And as I write these lines, one of the phenomena of my boyhood is suddenly explained to me. Not far from where we lived there was a woman who, every Saturday, carried all her furniture out into the yard and scrubbed her house from top to bottom.

The stone before the front door had been scrubbed almost away, and I remember watching her patiently wiping out the dust between the slats of the shutters. Not until this minute have I understood it; but now I realize that she was Dutch.

The Dutch idea seems to be that a house should be soaped and sponged and rubbed like a person. As M. de Amicis puts it, it is not cleaning, it is making a toilette.

At Gouda, as at all small Dutch towns, we made our way first to the market-place, for the market-place is always the centre of interest. Most towns have grown up about a market-place; the oldest buildings look down upon it, the town-hall, the weigh-house, the church; the best shops and brightest restaurants are grouped about it; one day in every week, and sometimes oftener, its cobbles are covered by little booths for the market; in the summer evenings, the town band assembles here for the weekly or semi-weekly concert; and from first to last it continues to be the centre of the town's life.

The square at Gouda is very interesting and characteristic. In the middle of it stands a gay little white stadhuis, very tall and very narrow, with a roof all pinnacles and stepped gables, mounting to a slender tower. A double flight of steps lead to the door, ornamented with sculptured figures in every crevice.

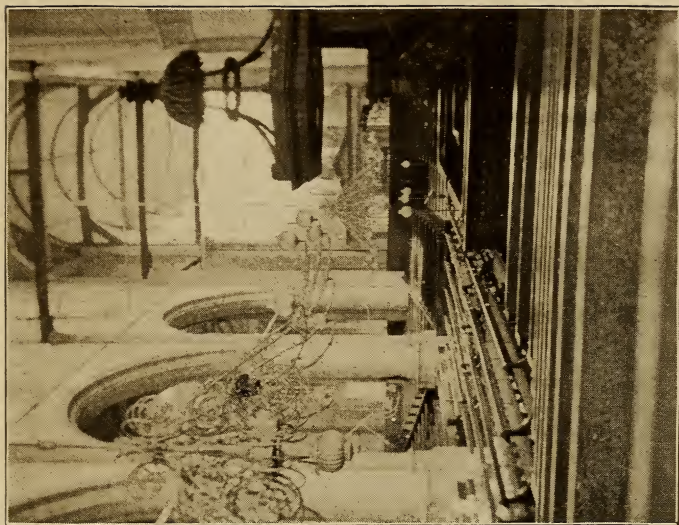
Back of it is the old weigh-house, with painted shutters, the arms of Holland under the gable, and

a remarkable relief over the central door showing a large beam-scale in operation, with an interested group looking on. The square is surrounded by little shops, and must be an animated place on market-days.

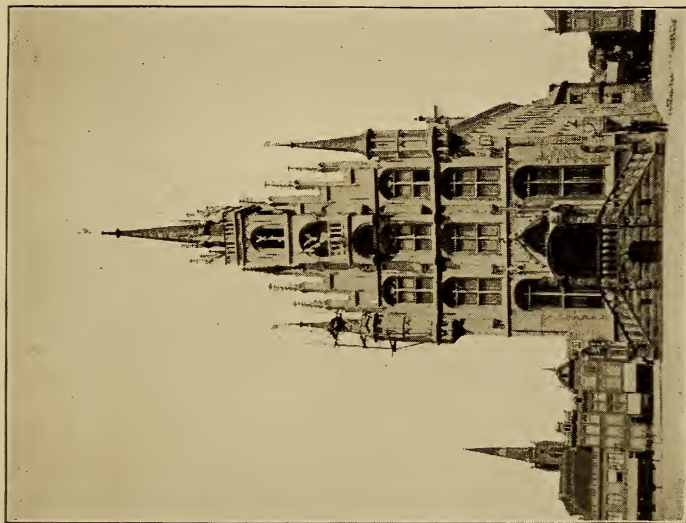
A little farther on is the church, reached by a narrow passage between quaint old houses, with the Manse on one side and the koster's dwelling huddling among the buttresses on the other. No lover of "The Cloister and the Hearth" can enter this little court without a quickening of the pulse, for it was here that Gerhardt Eliassoen found shelter at last; it was here that he and Margaret won peace in labouring for others, and it is in Gouda cemetery that they lie buried in one grave.

The church is the usual great pile of brick, bare and grim without and white-washed within, with ugly barrel-vaulting, and scant round pillars, and carved pulpit and huddled pews. For one thing, however, it is remarkable — by some miracle, its stained glass has been preserved, and the coloured light which filters through it lends a certain mystery and charm to its gaunt outlines.

Most of the glass dates from the middle of the sixteenth century, and was given to the church by various municipalities and great men, so that coats-of-arms and heraldic devices and even portraits of the donors are intertwined with scriptural scenes. Philip II. of Spain, for instance, gave one of the windows, and his portrait appears in its representation of the last supper — a masterpiece of irony.



THE GROOTE KERK, GOUDA.



THE STADHUIS, GOUDA.

The windows seem to me striking rather than beautiful, possessing a certain richness and depth of tone, but too confused and crowded with action, like some of Rubens's canvases. But I am no judge, and can only record my individual impression.

There is a bosky little park back of the church, with a placid canal running around it. Farther on is quite a large canal, in which many boys and men were fishing for roach. Betty is a devotée of the rod, and I gave one of the boys a few coppers to let her fish for awhile. Sour bread is used as bait, and has a way of coming off the hook, so that frequent renewals are necessary. Our youngster was most economical of his bread and the pieces he put on the hook were almost invisible. One of the boys had caught a few minute fish, and had them in one of his wooden shoes, half filled with water. But Betty got not even a bite.

We loitered about the little town for quite a while, looking at the houses, smiling and nodding in answer to the smiles and nods we got on every side from the friendly people, the object of much good-natured curiosity. Betty was wearing a close-fitting sweater and this seemed to draw all eyes and occasion animated discussion everywhere. Dutch women endeavour to conceal the lines of the figure, and for this purpose wear stays that are straight up and down, and sometimes a tight bandage wrapped around and around the body. They have no waists, and their habit of wearing ten or twelve petticoats, one over

the other, has the effect of raising their hips to a point not very far below their arm-pits. In consequence, they are scant above and voluminous below.

I suppose Betty's sweater and straight walking-skirt revolted their sense of propriety. At any rate, they gathered in doorways and stared, excitedly calling other members of the family to see the exhibition; while children scuttled forward to shout the glad tidings of the approaching spectacle. The excitement was not allayed until Betty slipped on her raincoat.

A peculiar feature of Dutch towns is the fact that the side-walks seem to be considered private property, and are shut off by little railings or fences of iron or brass, or sometimes by a festooned chain. Each householder has the walk in front of his house railed off in this way. Consequently one is forced to walk in the street, and the cobbles are anything but pleasant. Klinkers, which are little hard bricks, are used sometimes for the pavement. They are set on edge and even arranged in patterns of yellow and red. The side-walks are more elaborate, usually of tile or coloured stone, laid in mosaic. They are the pride of the housewives, and the objects of incessant scrubbing. But they are plainly intended for ornament and not for use.

We made our way to the pier, at last, and clambered aboard the little boat for the journey down to Rotterdam. It was the pleasantest trip imaginable, for the river winds in and out, sometimes forming a regular

letter S, around the curves of which careful steering is required. I watched a sail-boat beating around these curves, and a delicate bit of seamanship it was. Long lines of loaded barges were being towed down to Rotterdam, and to get these around the bends in the river was also a delicate art, for they would frequently be pointing in two or three different directions.

We saw our first stork at Oudekerk, standing contemplatively on one leg at the edge of a great nest on the rear gable of a church. Just below was another nest with the mother and three young ones in it, and still further down, a third nest, also on a church gable. Some of the churches were flying flags to indicate that a wedding was in progress.

As we gazed to right and left across the low country, we realized for the first time the real hollowness of "Hollow-land," for the river was at least twenty feet above the surface of the land, and we could just see the roofs and gables of the houses built along it peeping above the bank.

The Dutch are great consumers of brick, and vast quantities are made along this stretch of river. We passed yard after yard with long rows of new-made bricks stacked up to dry. Most of the work is done by hand; and gangs of labourers were carrying the heavy clay from the scows to the moulding-houses in shoulder-baskets, each holding perhaps a hundred pounds. Some of these carriers, all soiled and clay-bedaubed, were women — young women, for old

ones could not have stood it for an hour. And everywhere other women, more fortunate than those poor bedraggled slaves of the clay-pits, in that they had a house to look after and presumably a family to attend to, were dipping up the water in huge buckets and scrubbing the houses and steps and pavements and furniture and household utensils.

We got back to Rotterdam in time for the Saturday night market, which stretched for blocks along one of the widest streets. Everybody was out for the evening, and the streets were crowded;—little soldiers with red-cheeked girls on their arms; boys calmly puffing at great cigars; bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked old men; old women with faces like withered apples. We walked past the towering pile of the Groote Kerk for a look at it in the twilight, and then about the streets, watching the people, looking in the shop-windows, stopping at a café, savouring to the full all these strange sights and sounds and smells. It was a good-natured crowd, as every crowd in Holland is, and the streets were thronged until late into the night.

CHAPTER V

TRAMS AND TREKSCHUIITS

IF one is modest in one's needs and content to travel with light luggage, it is very easily managed in Holland, for a bag can be sent ahead by train from one town to the next for about ten cents, and the traveller is free to follow leisurely by tram or trekschuit, and to stop off wherever he pleases. Now when one is travelling, to be free of luggage is to be care-free, and is worth some sacrifice.

Not that any great sacrifice is necessary. One soon finds out how few the really essential things are—essential, that is, to cleanliness and comfort. A trunk may be used as a source of supplies and sent from one large city to another; but for day-to-day travelling, a suitcase for each person is amply sufficient. More than that is a nuisance.

One never suspects how many travellers are slaves to their luggage until one gets to Europe and sees the poor, distracted creatures searching through great piles of trunks in the stations or arguing with gold-laced officials, who understand not one word in ten of what is said to them, and who wish to understand not even that. Many people prepare for a European trip as though it were wildest Africa they were going

to penetrate — a savage country where none of the trappings of civilization could be obtained, and where laundries were unknown. I shall never forget the increasing disgust with which, as our journey progressed, Betty and I contemplated the huge pile of handkerchiefs we had brought along, nor the weeding-out process which resulted in our getting everything we needed for day-to-day travelling into one bag for both of us.

Economy in luggage means economy of time and temper, to say nothing of economy of money, for baggage is an expensive luxury in Europe, where every piece which you cannot carry with you into your compartment must be weighed and paid for. One doesn't mind paying for what one needs, or wants, or gets pleasure from, but I know of no reflection more provoking than that one is wasting time and money dragging a lot of useless luggage about Europe with him.

Our stay at Rotterdam was finished, and sending our bags on to Delft by train, we embarked at noon on Sunday on a tiny steamboat which plied along the narrowest of canals. The seats were camp-chairs arranged in two rows on top of the low cabin, and they were all taken, for Sunday is a holiday with the Dutch and they make the most of it — especially when it is as bright and pleasant as that Sunday was. The people were all dressed in their best — the men in “decent black,” shining from constant brushing;

the women in bright silk bodices and spreading petticoats.

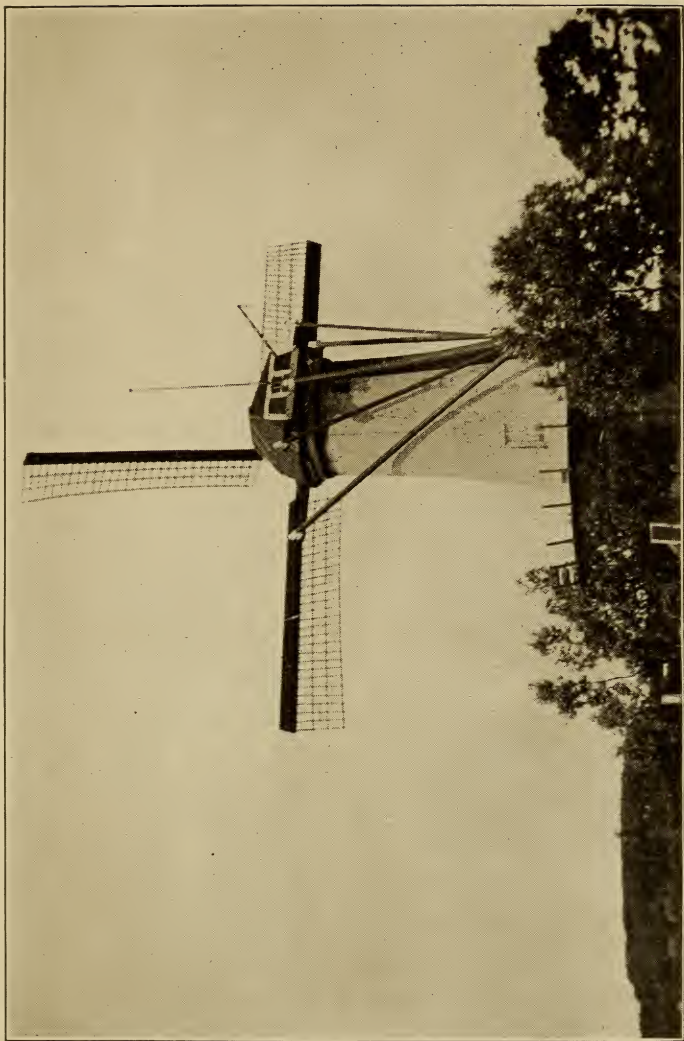
The captain of the craft was a wrinkled and weather-beaten old Dutchman, yet looking wonderfully healthy and hearty, whose principal business was to collect the fares and warn his passengers to duck their heads to escape the bridges. He also assisted the deck-boy in lowering the funnel for the same purpose, and at every such operation the unfortunate second-class passengers in the stern were deluged with smoke and covered with smuts. Some of the bridges were too low for us to pass, and had to be tilted up out of the way by a system of counterweights; and when this was necessary, or when we went through a lock, there was a toll to pay, which was collected in a wooden shoe at the end of a fishing-line.

Wooden shoes are useful for many things besides for footwear. One of their nicest uses, I think, is to tell how many of the family are at home. They are never worn in the house — even leather ones send a thrill of horror and dismay to the heart of the cleanly huisvrouw. Wooden shoes are slipped off just outside the door, with a movement incredibly quick, and the family goes about indoors in its stocking-feet, which must be trying in winter, for the floor is usually of tile. Cloth slippers are worn, however, and in some places stockings are made with leather soles — more, no doubt, to protect the stocking than the foot within it.

So one can always tell how many people are inside the house by the number of shoes before the door. It looks very quaint to see those big and little shoes standing there, all pointed toward the door, just as they were stepped out of. And, let me add, that the door to which I refer is the back door and not the front door. The latter is opened only for marriages and funerals and such-like important ceremonies; but the family makes its exits and entrances at the back door, and callers always knock there.

Once clear of Rotterdam, the little canal ran past quiet fields and pleasant villages and placid farmsteads, and we were so close to the people on the banks that we could almost have shaken hands with them. Nearly every family was sitting in a little arbour or summer-house overlooking the canal, and trifling with tea or coffee or refreshments of some sort. They looked very happy and contented, and most of them waved to us as we passed.

Every Dutch house has its garden, however small, and the garden is always beautifully kept and luxuriant with bloom. The roses, grown like little trees, with a stem an inch in diameter and three or four feet high, are a constant delight. I have seen the statement many times that the Dutch do not really care for flowers, that they cultivate them merely to sell, but I do not believe it. For flowers are used everywhere, much more abundantly than in this country, and if appearances count for anything, the Dutch care a good deal more for them than we do.



A WINDMILL NEAR DELFT.

We presently passed a great barge loaded with flowers being towed in to Rotterdam for the Monday market, and such a mass of bloom I never saw before. The flowers were arranged in crates, one above the other, and I have only to close my eyes to see that mass of delicate pinks and whites and deep reds float by.

When a Dutch garden has a canal at its foot it is complete; for then you can sit in the back yard and fish, or lounge in the summer-house and watch the boats go by. These harbours are always gay and highly-coloured, and the Dutch seem to be very fond of sitting in them. And, let me add, most Dutch gardens *do* look out on a canal; for in this country nearly every house is a port where one may take boat for any part of the world.

Our little boat chug-chugged placidly along, stopping at numerous landings, delivering a passenger sometimes at his very door, passing groups of boys in swimming, the captain exchanging greetings with friends along the banks, with everybody in the best possible of humours. We passed some beautiful wind-mills, and always there were two or three on the horizon, with cows and sheep grazing in the intervening meadows, and men and boys fishing in the streams. Fishing seems to be a recognized Sunday sport, and Dutch boys do not have to do it surreptitiously, as I did. It is taken very seriously, and the Dutch fisherman goes forth fearfully and wonderfully equipped, with rod and minnow-bucket and

creel and landing-net and lunch-basket and camp-chair, and other implements whose use I do not know. Sometimes you will see a fishing-club starting out, looking like a company of Tartarins equipped for the Jungfrau. But I have never seen them catch a fish which warranted any paraphernalia more elaborate than a piece of string and a bent pin.

At the end of an hour and a half of this pleasant travel, Delft loomed ahead of us, with the tall tower of the Nieuwe Kerk looking particularly imposing. At the landing, as we were inquiring the way to the Hotel Central, to which the portier at the Weimar had recommended us, a tall and gawky fellow, evidently very proud of his halting English, came forward and offered to accompany us, as it was on his way home, but I have since suspected that it was in quite the opposite direction. En route, he regaled us by enumerating the picture post-cards which had been sent him by Americans he had met at Delft, and it sounded like the catalogue of ships in the Iliad. He had evidently committed them to memory, and rattled off the list in a high, nasal sing-song which threatened to be never-ending. We promised to add one to the collection. He also told us that Delft was a dead and uninteresting place and was astonished when he learned that we contemplated staying there for some days.

We found the Central a typical little Dutch inn, scrupulously clean and with a head waiter most anxious to please. He had married an English wife

— just why or where I never learned — and he introduced her to us next day and was evidently very proud of her, and was working every day to improve his English, in the hope of some time getting to that paradise of waiters, New York. He was the only one about the place who could speak any English, and he answered the bell every time we rang, the chambermaid evidently fearing even to be seen by the strange foreign monsters; but I believe the failure of all the other employes to understand us was due largely to the fact that they were too scared to listen. I don't know why, but whenever we addressed them they grew visibly paler, and I would almost swear they trembled. It was so everywhere — at Haarlem, at Enkhuisen, at Kampen. At the latter place it was really ridiculous, — but I shall tell about that in time.

We strolled forth into the town, after lunch, and found it indeed dead, for everyone had joined the Sunday rush to The Hague and Scheveningen, only a few miles away. We decided that we might as well do so, too, in order to see that famous watering-place at its best — on a bright Sunday afternoon at the height of the season. A steam-tram runs from Delft to The Hague, covering the distance in a few minutes, and we were soon set down at the border of the Dutch capital. From there another tram took us to the “Plein,” where we caught still another to reach the edge of the wood on the “Oude Weg” to Scheveningen.

I have traversed that old road many times, but

never has it lost its charm for me, with its great trees cut into six avenues, its merry children, its fresh-faced nurse-maids, its promenading couples, — yes, even its tram-cars. These tall trees, with the wood to the right, are all that remain of the great forest which once ran all along this coast — a single other remnant at Haarlem excepted. The road itself was made more than two centuries and a half ago — about thirty years after the settlement of Boston! On the right is the wood I have spoken of — the “Scheveningsche Boschjes,” it is called, or park of Scheveningen, — and it is open to the public and is intersected with beautiful walks. On the left is the chateau of “Zorgvleit,” or “Sans Souci,” once the residence of Father Jakob Catz, whose homespun rhymes are so dear to the Dutch heart, and who died there in 1660. Midway of the road, its creator, Constantyn Huygens, is commemorated by a bust. The road runs for about a mile through this beautiful wood, and then debouches into the brick streets of Scheveningen.

The modern town of Scheveningen is not interesting — indeed it seems a little sordid; it is certainly bare and not over clean. It lives only for the magnificent beach which it faces. Most of the town is built behind the dunes, but on top of them and facing the ocean is a row of great hotels, reminding one of Atlantic City. That is it, in a word: those who enjoy Atlantic City will enjoy Scheveningen; those who detest the one will detest the other.

And yet there are some things about Scheveningen



ON THE " OUDE WEG " TO SCHEVENINGEN.

which are unique. One is the hooded chairs, covering the beach from end to end like a strange fungous growth. Another is the freedom of the love-making, even in full day, in the sand of the dunes. Still another is the hilarity with which well-dressed men and women shed their shoes and stockings, hitch up their trousers or skirts, as may be, and run forth to paddle in the waves, the skirts getting higher and higher as the fun progresses.

The dunes mount steeply to a height of forty or fifty feet, and, once on top of them, one must walk charily for fear of stepping on a pair of lovers. From the top, a wide view may be had over the gray sea on one side, and the gray land on the other — a wild and rough country given over to birds and rabbits, and with a penitentiary in the middle distance. Reed grass, persistently sown, holds the sand in some sort of consistency, else every wind from the ocean would roll it inland.

There was much eating and drinking going on, and the crowd was perspiring and good-natured, with more than the usual sprinkling of soldiers, owing to the nearness of The Hague. Most picturesque of all were the fisherwomen of the village, with their wide skirts, their white caps, their complicated metal ornaments, and their parti-coloured bodices with a kerchief folded about the neck. A pretty face loses nothing by a white cap, and there were a lot of pretty ones on the beach that day. Children, too, swarms of them, adventuring into the water with their knobbly

little naked legs, and shrill screams whenever a roller came in.

The fishermen of Scheveningen catch other fish than herring these days; for they were busily engaged, that Sunday afternoon, in persuading their guileless countrymen to go sailing with them on the briny deep, at a florin a head. The red-sailed, broad-beamed boats, for all the world like the fish-wives in appearance, were run in as far as they could come, and the prospective voyagers carried out to them on the fishermen's shoulders. We expected a sensation when a woman prepared to go, but the fishers were ready with a board slung from their shoulders, on which the lady sat quite comfortably, with her arm around her bearer's neck. Happy fisherman! Or perhaps not. I did not see the lady's face!

We watched with interest the process of launching one of these boats, when it had got its complement of passengers aboard. It was firmly grounded in the sand, and it was no small task to get it off again. An anchor was carried out to sea a little distance and dropped to the bottom, and the rope wound up on the windlass. Then a dozen fishermen gathered under the bow, and as the boat lifted with a roller, they lifted and shoved, and the men at the windlass strained and pulled, and perhaps the boat moved an inch or two. It took anywhere from ten minutes to half an hour to warp it off into deep water.

When the boats come back from a fishing voyage, they are run in on the sand as far as they will go,

and are then hauled out high and dry on the beach by means of a team of horses attached to a block and tackle. They are, of course, built very strong, or they could not stand all this bumping. How many there are at Scheveningen I don't know, but there were about twenty lined up along the beach that day.

At the edge of the water, too, are the bathing-machines, which we do not have here in America, perhaps because our bathing costumes are not so scant as the European ones. A lady enters the machine — which is nothing but a little box on wheels — a horse is hitched to it and drags it out a little way into the surf, and turns it around, so that the door faces the open sea. And presently, you catch a glimpse of a female figure as it springs down the steps and plunges into the waves. The absence of a skirt certainly makes for freedom of movement, and it may be that the European way is better than ours. At some of the smaller beaches there are no bathing-machines, and there a maid waits at the water's edge with a voluminous sheet in which to envelop her mistress as she emerges.

Looking down on the beach from the promenade high above it, or from the great pier which runs out into the sea, it has a most peculiar appearance, with the crowd squirming in and out among the chairs for all the world like insects, and the chairs themselves standing there like huge mollusks, each with its occupant.

But the most interesting part of Scheveningen lies a little distance to the south, where the fishing village huddles behind the dunes — a village of little old brick houses with red roofs, and steep streets overflowing with children. The children are regular young cannibals, and as soon as we appeared, surged around us, clamouring for “money, money!” stamping on our feet with their great wooden shoes, and behaving generally in the most outrageous manner.

Betty fled at the first onset, but I wanted a picture of that old street, and tried to get my camera in position. It was impossible with that mob about me, and finally, in despair, I flung a few coppers as far as I could send them, and took the picture while the young savages were fighting over the spoils. The fisher-folk of Scheveningen are said to be a proud and honest race, but I am inclined to think the report exaggerated. I haven't much confidence in the pride or honesty of any people whose children are permitted to beg. Let me add, that at only two places in Holland did we encounter begging children — at Scheveningen and at Marken — and both places have been corrupted by tourist exploitation. As a whole, the Dutch people *are* proud and honest, and they should not be judged by these two debased communities.

We walked along the dyke for a time, and then made our way back to The Hague through the beautiful wood, and there took tram again for Delft.



A STREET IN OLD SCHEVENINGEN.

Not until I had ridden on a Dutch tram did I appreciate to the full those immortal lines by Mark Twain:

Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passengjare!
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare,
Punch in the presence of the passengjare!

Here in America, we pay our five cents and ride to our destination, whether it be ten blocks or a hundred. But in Holland, and, indeed, all over Europe, the fares are nicely adjusted to the distance you wish to travel. The conductor carries on his arm, like a palette spread with colours, a tin-case in which the various tickets are arranged — blue slips and red slips and buff slips and green slips — all the colours of the rainbow, as well as some of which no rainbow would be guilty. You state to the conductor your destination, he selects the colour to fit your case, punches it, and points out to you the fare, printed legibly across it, which you pay, and the transaction is ended; except that it is then the conductor's duty to get out a complicated chart or table and make a note on it of the sale he has just effected. An inspector boards the car occasionally to look at the passengers' tickets and compare them with this table, though how he can tell anything by it I have never been able to imagine.

It was in the tram from Delft to The Hague that we met our first discourtesy in Holland. The car was

full, but not crowded, and Betty sat down on one side, while I started to sit down on the other, when I was astonished to see a man spread out over the space and refuse to make room for me. The number of persons who may sit on either side of the car is regulated by law, and it seems that his side already had the stipulated number, though, as many of them were children, there was still plenty of room.

A sort of electric shudder ran through the car at his action. The people on the other side moved closer together and invited me to sit there, glaring at the offender, who stared straight ahead with a determined scowl on his countenance. I sat down smiling, for it was all very funny, thanking those who had made room for me. In some way the conductor got wind of the matter, and came in and delivered a lecture in emphatic Dutch, waving his arms over the head of the guilty man, who tried to look unconcernedly out of the window.

I think most of the people in that car felt that the nation had been disgraced. The man next to me tried to explain, but his English and my Dutch were so limited that we couldn't get together, though I think he was trying to tell me that the offender was not a Dutchman, but a low and unprincipled German, of whom anything might be expected. The conductor scowled at the unfortunate victim — for so I began to regard him — every time he entered the car, and he was visibly glad to hasten away the instant the car stopped.

Let me add here that that one example was the only bit of discourtesy or apparent unfriendliness shown us in Holland. To overbalance it is a long record of kindnesses which we shall never forget.

This visit to Holland has explained the battle of Waterloo to me. You will remember that it was not until eight o'clock in the evening that Napoleon ordered that last desperate charge of the Old Guard, which the allies repulsed and which was followed by the rout and slaughter of the French. I had always had a vision of those grenadiers sweeping on through the darkness, and up the slope where the allies lay entrenched, guided only by the flashes of the cannon. But I know now that that charge was made in full daylight, and that there was still an hour of daylight for the pursuit. For in June it does not really grow dark here until after nine o'clock.

The way the daylight lingers is a constant source of astonishment to us. We sat for a long time after dinner, that evening, watching the busy life of the streets, having our coffee served at a little table in the café that we might see it better. The front of the café consisted of two great windows which are removed in summer, so that one sits in the full air at the edge of the sidewalk. Not until nine o'clock did the twilight deepen sufficiently to demand lights; then the street lamps flashed out, shop windows were lit up — and every gleam of light was reflected in the quiet canal flowing along the middle of the street.

The curtains were drawn behind us, to shut out the lights of the billiard-room, and we sat there in the darkness, with the busy street like an illuminated stage before us.

It is one of the pleasantest features of Dutch cafés that they are always divided in this way by heavy curtains, so that those who sit at the little tables near the street are in darkness, broken only by the glowing ends of cigars and cigarettes or the occasional flare of a match. It is a warm and neighbourly darkness, alive with the murmur of conversation, and one has the sensation of sitting at the theatre, with the never-ending human drama passing before one's eyes.

CHAPTER VI

OUDE DELFT

I HAVE said that, to appreciate Holland, one must go there with Motley in his head. This is true especially of Delft, for it was here that William the Silent lived during the closing years of his memorable struggle with Spain, it was here that death found him, and it is here that he lies buried. Not to know that story is to miss a supreme emotion when you stand at the spot where that tragedy — one of the great tragedies of history — was enacted; a spot unchanged since that day, with the mark of the assassin's bullet still in the wall.

Nor, I fancy, is the town much changed. The broad and placid canals, bordered by lime trees, flow through the streets, mirroring the carved and painted façades of the sixteenth century houses; the air is tuneful with the chimes from the towers of the stad-huis and the Old Church and the New; peace and quiet brood over the little city. Its presiding genius is Hugo Grotius, "The Wonder of Europe, the sole astonishment of the learned world, the splendid work of nature surpassing itself, the summit of genius, the image of virtue, the ornament raised above mankind,"

to quote a portion of the epitaph above his tomb in the New Church. Modern opinion has placed Grotius on a pinnacle considerably less exalted; but his image in bronze, showing him clad in a long doctor's gown, stands in the market-place, dreamily contemplating the stadhuis.

He was born here at Delft, and he seems to have been one of those horrible things known as infant prodigies, for he wrote Latin verses at nine, a Greek ode at eleven, and a philosophic treatise at fourteen — and was, no doubt, at every age thoroughly insufferable. Maurice of Nassau seems to have found him so, for he sentenced him to life imprisonment in the castle of Loevenstein, whence he escaped, as we have seen, in a way reminiscent of the immortal D'Artagnan's capture of General Monk. Not until after his death did his birthplace claim him, build him a gorgeous monument and set up his statue in the market-place, to gaze for ever at the stadhuis.

The stadhuis at Delft is worth contemplating — though not through all eternity — for it is a pleasing renaissance structure, with columned front and dormered roof and broad square tower. Behind it is the inevitable weigh-house, with the usual sculptured relief of a beam-scale in operation. The stadhuis has its scales too, held by the figure of Justice.

Facing it, across the square, is the Nieuwe Kerk — new only by comparison with the Old, for it dates from the fourteenth century — a church which, from the front, seems all tower. That tower springs to a



A CANAL AT DELFT.

height of nearly four hundred feet and is visible all over southern Holland.

Within the church lies the dust of William the Silent, as well as that of all the other princes of the House of Orange down to the present day; but the bright fame of their illustrious ancestor shadows their names to comparative obscurity. It is only of the great William we think as we stand before the magnificent monument erected by the United Provinces to his memory. It is a masterpiece in its way, with the Prince in white marble lying upon a black marble sarcophagus, with his dog at his feet.

There were two dogs famous in the Prince's life — one, in 1572, when two Spanish assassins crept into his master's tent in the camp at Malines, gave the alarm and so saved his master's life; and another, no less devoted, unable, indeed, to save the Prince from the assassin's bullets twelve years later, but refusing meat and drink thereafter, preferring to starve rather than owe allegiance to a lesser man. I am uncertain which dog this is intended to represent — perhaps the latter, faithful after death, or perhaps an embodiment of the love and fidelity of both; at any rate, lending a touch of simplicity and pathos to a monument rather too florid for our taste today.

The character of this devoted patriot, great general, and wise ruler reminds me irresistibly of that of our own Washington; for surely these two men were alike in many things, and one might almost fancy that the Father of the United States modelled himself

consciously upon the Father of the United Netherlands, just as this Republic was modelled upon that. When he died, as Motley says, "the little children cried in the streets"; and certainly it is impossible, remembering his struggles and tragedies and disappointments, so patiently endured, to stand here above his dust unmoved.

I have said that the monument is too florid for modern taste; and this is a fault of most Dutch monuments. They possess neither dignity nor simplicity. The violent contrast of black and white marble, the mass of sculptured detail, the crowds of allegorical figures, the lavish ornamentation — all this misses the mark by over-shooting it, just as the high-flown epitaphs fail to impress because of their hyperbole, and end by being ridiculous.

The Oude Kerk, or Old Church, is not far away, and as one approaches it, the eye is caught by the tower, so perilously is it out of perpendicular. It seems to overhang the canal at its foot, and I should imagine the building of great towers on the soggy borders of canals a dangerous experiment. The church is a huge one, of brick, even to the traceries of the windows. The aisles, both of choir and nave, have separate gabled roofs, very steep. This means, in the first place, that there is no triforium, and, in the second place, that the clerestory is very high, though the windows are carried down only a portion of the way. At the back and front of the church, the great buttresses come so near the canals that

arched openings have been cut through them to afford a passage. The north aisle is considerably wider than the south, and contains the lady chapel, as is the case at Dort. The interior is bare and white-washed, the roof of wood and barrel-vaulted, the nave cluttered as usual with carved pulpit and high pews and one portion of it cut off by a frame partition to form a gallery.

There are in the church a number of tombs of more than usual magnificence. Most interesting is that of Maarten Harpertzoon Tromp, lieutenant-admiral of Holland, that redoubtable old sea-dog who tied a broom to his masthead as indication that he had swept the English from the sea. The boast was not an empty one, for he was victor in thirty-three engagements, and died, no doubt as he would have wished to do, at the moment of victory in the last and greatest — a second Nelson.

This battle, the defeat of Admiral Monk off Texel, in 1653, is depicted in bas-relief on the side of the pedestal. Above, on the rudder of a ship, lies the figure of the hero, in full armour, and against the wall is a marble slab with the usual fulsome epitaph. When one enters the church, one receives a little pamphlet entitled "Description of the Principal Tombs in the Old Church at Delft"; a description written by Dr. G. Morre, and done into English by one D. Goslings, whose command of the language appears to be more theoretical than idiomatic. His translation of Tromp's epitaph is worth appending here:

FOR AN ETERNAL MEMORIAL.

You, who love the Dutch, virtue and true labour, read and mourn.

The ornament of the Dutch people, the formidable in battle, lies low, he who never lay down in his life and taught by his example, that a commander should die standing, he, the love of his fellow citizens, the terror of his enemies, the wonder of the ocean.

MAARTEN HARPERTSZOON TROMP, a name comprehending more praise than this stone can contain, a stone truly too narrow for him, for whom East and West were a school, the sea the occasion of triumph, the whole world the scene of his glory, he, a certain ruin to pirates, the successful protector of commerce; useful through his familiarity, not low; after having ruled the sailors and the soldiers, a rough sort of people, in a fatherly and efficaciously benignant manner; after fifty battles in which he was commander or in which he played a great part; after incredible victories, after the highest honours though below his merits, he at last in the war against the English, nearly victor but certainly not beaten, on the 10th of August 1653 of the Christian era, at the age of fifty six years, has ceased to live and to conquer.

The fathers of the United Netherlands have erected this memorial in honour of this highly meritorious hero.

I should like to add D. Goslings' description of the monument, but it is too long, for no detail — and there are a thousand of them — escapes his notice. Such a riot of carved cherubs, coats-of-arms, ships, helmets, cannon, battle-axes, shields, anchors, tritons and dolphins was never seen outside of Holland, and the designer of the monument outdid himself by using red marble as well as black and white. D. Goslings announces proudly that the carving cost ten thousand florins — so may good money be wasted!

Scarcely less flamboyant is the tomb near by of Pieter Pieterszoon Hein, another naval hero, "principally renowned," as D. Goslings says, "for his taking the so-called Spanish silverfleet." Here the sculptor has placed the armoured figure of the admiral on a "beautifully carved mattress," not one crease or button of which is left to the imagination. His epitaph is even longer than Tromp's. It declares that he "surmounted unsurmountable obstacles," and tells the story of his life with a detail I have met with nowhere else in stone — told, it would seem, regardless of expense!

Anthony Van Leeuwenhoek, the inventor of the microscope, is also buried here under a monument erected by his daughter, Maria. The epitaph is by "the Dutch poet, Huibert Corneliszoon Poot, who is to be compared with the celebrated Scotch poet, R. Burns," and concludes with these words: "As everybody, o wanderer, has respect for old age and wonderful parts, tread this spot with respect: here gray science lies buried in Leeuwenhoek."

There are other tombs in the church, notably that of Elizabeth Van Marnix, whose epitaph declares "There is virtue enough in having pleased one husband." The only inference I can draw from this is that, had she survived him, she would have remained a widow.

And now let us leave the church and cross the little canal to the spot where William of Orange breathed his last.

The Prinsenhof, as the building is still called, was originally a monastery, but in 1575 was fitted up as a residence for the Prince of Orange, and was his home until his death, nine years later. A wall divides the courtyard from the street. Crossing this courtyard, and entering the door in the building opposite, we are on the spot of the tragedy. The murderer was a fanatical Catholic, named Baltasar Gerard, who, from his youth, had nursed the idea of killing the Prince, and whose chance finally came when, by fraud, he succeeded in gaining admittance to the house. Concealing himself in a dark recess in the vestibule, he waited until the Prince, coming from dinner, started to mount the stair to the upper story, and then, stepping to within a foot or two of him, he discharged a pistol full at his heart. Three balls entered his body, one of which passed clear through him and struck the opposite wall. He died almost instantly. Gerard, seeking to escape, was seized and put to death with awful tortures.

The scene has not changed since that day. The mark of that fatal bullet is still on the wall; there is the dark recess in which the assassin hid; there is the old stair.

The dining-room from which the Prince emerged has been converted into a museum containing objects connected with his life, and is presided over by a most courteous custodian. But, after having been so near the mighty patriot as one seems to be at the foot of the old staircase, mere documents and portraits

and signatures have little interest. More interesting it was to us to reflect, as we walked the streets of Delft, that Father William once strolled along these pavements, hat in hand, conversing with workman and with farmer, listening to their grievances, adjusting their disputes, assisting at their marriages and christenings, loved and revered — as his memory is to-day.

The map of Delft reminds one of a gridiron, so regularly is the town laid out, with a canal along every street, and a broader canal running around it like a moat. No doubt it was a moat, at one time, and some of the gates are left that guarded it. Most interesting is the Oostpoort, or East-gate, its round towers reflected in the canal at its feet, and the distant spire of the New Church enclosed by its arch as by a frame.

A quiet and clean town it is, though fallen from its ancient splendour, for the manufacture of that old faience, which made Delft celebrated throughout the world, is a lost art, and its modern imitation is not to be compared with it. The City of Phoebus it was — Delphi Batavorium, or the Delphi of Batavia, as a line upon Tromp's monument points out; now but a sleepy Dutch village. The town has been immortalized by one of her sons in one of the most beautiful canvases ever painted — that "View of Delft," from the brush of Jan Vermeer, which hangs in the Mauritshuis at The Hague, with the Oostpoort in the foreground, and the tower of the New Church

springing upward in the distance — a canvas before which one stands entranced, so natural is it, so quiet and so truthful.

This consummate artist, perhaps the greatest painter of genre who ever lived, was born at Delft in 1632 and died there at the age of forty-three. Little more is known of him, and for a century and a half his very name was forgotten, his pictures being attributed to various other artists. Then a French connoisseur, attracted by the beauty of these pictures, set on foot an investigation which brought Vermeer the fame so justly his. One need not go to Holland to see an example of his delicate art, for the Metropolitan Museum of New York possesses a superb example. But in Holland one sees the others, — all too few! — and each remains in the memory like an unrivalled jewel — the tender “Head of a Girl” at The Hague gallery, so charming and so exquisite; the “Keukenmeid” at the Rijks, one of the most delightfully natural pictures ever painted; and so on through the list. Though he painted for twenty-five years, less than forty of his pictures are known to exist. The fate of the others is one of the great mysteries of the artistic world.

I have spoken of Vermeer here not only because he was born at Delft, and spent his whole life there, but also because he stands apart from other Dutch artists, and many things which may be said of them would not be true of him. His art, indeed, is not Dutch — it is cosmopolitan; it is at home anywhere



THE EAST GATE AT DELFT, NEW CHURCH IN DISTANCE.

in the world. Not for him were the great corporation pieces, nor the rude scenes of inn and kermess. He had a soul too fine and a touch too delicate for such uses; and, if the others reach his height occasionally, it is worth remembering that he never descends to their depths.

It was at Delft I bought my Dutch dictionary, a tiny vest-pocket affair costing a florin, and worth its weight in gold. We had long since realized the necessity of knowing some Dutch if we were going to stay in out-of-the-way places, and we had discovered the uselessness of a phrase book, which never says what one wants to say. So I hit on the idea of a dictionary and in a book-shop at Delft found this one, small enough to carry in the vest-pocket, and yet with two alphabets, one Dutch-English and one English-Dutch. After that I was never without it. It did not, of course, enable us to converse in Dutch, but we could always find the key-word of any sentence, and the key-word was usually sufficient.

Even in the small towns, however, English is spoken quite generally, especially by the young people, for it is regularly taught in the schools. More than one shop-keeper has hastily summoned his daughter, when he found we were Americans, to talk to us; and, after her first shyness and excitement were over, she usually did very well. Besides, it is wonderful how much can be accomplished by gestures!

I spent some time in the bookstore at Delft, for I was curious to know what sort of English literature

was honoured by translation into Dutch. Detective stories easily took first place. There was Sherlock Holmes, in all his incarnations, and the tales of the ingenious Mr. Oppenheim, and others which I have forgotten. Art books seem to be great favourites in Holland, and the young lady in charge of the store was greatly interested in a national book exhibition, or "tentoostelling," to be held shortly at Amsterdam.

The bookstore was also adorned with flaring posters announcing the next lottery, chances for which could be purchased there. It is, as I understand it, a national affair, conducted under the supervision of the government, and the drawing takes place every eighteen months. There are 21,000 tickets, costing seventy florins each, and the prizes range all the way from a hundred thousand florins down. It is, the young lady told me, very popular, and all the money realized from the sale of tickets is distributed in prizes, except enough to pay the actual running expenses. The government argues, I suppose, that if its citizens are determined to gamble, it will see that they get a square deal.

We fell in love with Delft and made it our headquarters for many days, visiting The Hague from there, and even returning from a flight as far as Leiden. We loved to wander about the streets; to sit of an evening in that darkened café, watching the street life and listening to the chimes. There are no such chimes elsewhere. The Old Church and the New Church both have them; tier on tier of bells

up in those tall towers; and they are always ringing, always prodigal of their melodies — with simple harmonies at the quarter hour and the half, and intricate carillons at the hour. So high they are, so sweet, that they hover over the city like the very Angel of Music, and produce in the brain a delight so delicate and subtle that I fancy sometimes that that great artist of whom I have been speaking drew something of his subtlety and delicacy from their inspiration.

CHAPTER VII

THE "BLYDE INCOMSTE" AT LEIDEN

WE had been conscious for some days of gorgeous placards in windows and upon hoardings announcing a celebration of some sort at the famous old university town of Leiden, and when we asked about it we were told that it was a student festival, and that Tuesday the 21st of June would be the best day to see it. So, with visions of student-foolishness and horse-play in our minds' eye, we decided to go. Never were two unsuspecting mortals more agreeably surprised.

We might have known better, as I pointed out to Betty afterwards, for Leiden is no ordinary university. You have all heard the story — how, in 1574, the city was besieged by the Spaniards, defended herself desperately, suffered every agony, and was relieved only when William the Silent cut the dykes away down at Delftshaven and drove his fleet up to the city walls; and how when the great Prince asked the heroic burghers what reward they would have for their bravery, they petitioned for a university; how it was founded in 1575, and how its fame soon extended to every part of Europe. Evidently, that was not the place for horse-play!

We might have known it, too, when we reached the station, that morning, and found the platform crowded with grave-looking men in top-hats and frock-coats, and their wives in creaking silk. The crowd filled the train, but when we got to The Hague there was another and larger crowd waiting, and we witnessed an amusing instance of Dutch deference to law.

I have told of the man in the tram who refused to make room for me because the seat already held the number the law prescribed. This was another case of the same kind. Our compartment had four roomy seats for eight persons, and there were eight persons in it, but three of them were children, and there was easily room for two more without crowding. But when we stopped at The Hague, the Dutchman nearest the door closed it and held it shut, despite the entreaties of the men and women on the platform. They were willing to stand; they were willing to do anything! But he shook his head and held fast to the door, and those wonderful people did not get angry and seize him by the collar and jerk him out and trample on him, as an American crowd would have done; they did not even argue with him. They just turned away sadly, recognizing that he was within his legal rights, and searched for a seat somewhere else.

At Leiden we found the streets and houses elaborately decorated. All the way up the long street from the station were tall standards wound with cedar,

with a cedar wreath about half way up and an orange pennant floating from the top. Here and there a great arch crossed the street, with greetings in Dutch. Farther along, both sides of the street were bordered with festoons of coloured lights, for the evening celebration. The householders had outdone themselves, and every building was gay with bunting and flowers and flags and painted coats-of-arms, and many of them were outlined with electric lights in preparation for the evening. I have never seen handsomer decorations, and it was evident at once that this was no ordinary celebration.

This was apparent, too, from the crowd in the streets, which were fairly jammed with people. It seemed as though all Holland had poured into them, and every train brought hundreds more, while the roads leading into the town were black with vehicles of all sorts. There never was such an opportunity to study costumes, for the peasant women had put on all their adornments, all their petticoats, all their jewelry, in honour of the great event.

We bought an official program to find out what it was all about, and deciphered it by means of my little vest-pocket dictionary. The great event of the day was to be a costumed procession representing the "Blyde Incomste," or happy arrival at Amsterdam, on May 20, 1642, of Frederick Hendrick, Prince of Orange, accompanied by Henrietta Maria, Queen of England. Henrietta Maria, it will be remembered, was the consort of Charles I., and her visit to Holland

at this time was for the purpose of securing money and munitions of war to carry on the contest which that ill-fated monarch was waging with the parliamentary army. She was accompanied by a magnificent suite, and was met outside the city by the Prince of Orange, the city dignitaries, the foreign ambassadors, and, of course, an imposing array of soldiers. It was the entrance of this cavalcade into the city which the procession at Leiden was to represent.

In preparation for it, the householders along the line of march had erected stands on the sidewalks, and seats in these could be procured for a consideration. We got two on the Breedstraat, or Broad Street, not far from the stadhuis, and sat down to await events. We were exceedingly fortunate in our host, if the man of whom we bought the seats can be called so; for when he found we were from America and understood little or no Dutch, he hunted up a friend who could speak English, and introduced him to us, and asked him to explain things. It was then that our eyes were fully opened to our good fortune in being in Leiden on this day.

For this celebration is a great event. It is held yearly in one of the university towns — there are five in Holland, Utrecht, Leiden, Groningen, Delft and Amsterdam — and lasts a week, with various elaborate ceremonies, among which is always the representation of some event in Dutch history. This one at Leiden included, besides the parade, an open air pantomime, " Alinora," a masked ball, a water-

fest, a bal champêtre, and concerts and receptions, and alumni dinners innumerable.

The street before us was becoming more and more crowded, the stands, most of them taken entire by various societies, were rapidly filling up, the banners were waving against the bluest of blue skies. Beggars and gypsies were everywhere, grinding dilapidated street-organs, showing a monkey or perhaps only a guinea-pig, singing a song, reciting a poem, leading a blind man, displaying a deformity, or perhaps just plainly begging without a pretence of offering anything in return—standing for long minutes with hand outstretched and the countenance pulled into an expression supposed to be pitiable. One feature which provided great laughter was a man who had undertaken to keep dancing all day, to the strumming of a guitar by another man. What measures were taken to insure his carrying out his part of the contract I do not know, but I suspect he and his comrade might have been found in a dark corner of some inn drinking beer together as soon as the receipts justified it. The repertoire of the hand-organs, and of the itinerant musicians, seemed to be confined to two selections, one a jumpy little march and the other a languorous waltz. The latter was repeated so often that I fancied it must possess some especial importance, so I asked what it was.

“Te Tollar Preencess,” answered our host.

I shook my head.

“What is it in English?” I asked.

He called his friend the interpreter, and explained.

"But," said the latter, "dat iss English — te Tollar Preencess."

"Oh," I cried. "Yes — the Dollar Princess!"

It was the waltz from that comic opera which had just reached Holland, and, apparently, quite conquered it.

"Will you and your lady not have some refreshments?" continued the interpreter.

"Refreshments?" I repeated.

"Certainly," and he motioned to our host, who, fairly beaming, led us along a hallway and to a little gravelled court at the rear of the house where a table was spread with mineral waters of various kinds, strawberries, sandwiches, cheese, little cakes, and many other things which I have forgotten. Here he introduced us to his wife, and insisted that we sit and eat. Would we have tea or coffee? Was there anything else we would like? And both of them, together with a white-capped maid, bustled about, very much excited and apparently very happy.

We found out afterwards that refreshments were included in the price of the seats; but even if they had not been, I believe they would have been produced by these hospitable and simple-hearted people, so kind and so characteristically Dutch. I have never seen any other people so pleased to give other people pleasure. Christmas, with its giving of presents and its joyful surprises, must be a great event with them. Indeed, Dutch pictures prove it so.

But a blare of trumpets announced the approach of the procession, and we hastened back to our seats. In a moment, the vanguard came in sight under an arch at the end of the street, and a beautiful panorama unrolled before us. For here was no hastily-prepared spectacle, with tawdry costumes, but a carefully-ordered pageant, historically correct, with costumes in replica of the real ones — with real point-lace, and sumptuous silks and velvets, and the most magnificent plumes I ever saw on a hat. What those costumes cost I hesitate to guess; but they gave a glimpse of the wealth and solidity of this splendid little nation.

The pageant was a replica of the actual one which had occurred two hundred and fifty years before, down to the minutest detail. First came the trumpeters and various minor Dutch dignitaries and their attendants on horseback; then William Frederick, Count of Nassau, and his court; then a throng of military officers; then Henrietta Maria and her court, the ladies in magnificent state coaches, drawn by six or eight horses, with outriders, postilions and all the rest of it, and looking very beautiful in their powder and patches — the Duchess of Bristol, the Duchess of Lenox and Richmond, the Countess of Hanau; then the various ladies attached to the Dutch court, the Baroness of Brederode, the Princess de Portuhal, the Queen of Bohemia and her daughters, together with the guards of honour; then the officials of Amsterdam, the burgomeester and his councillors;



THE " BLYDE INCOMSTE " AT LEIDEN.

then Frederick Hendrick, of Nassau, in beautiful damascened armour, with the gentlemen of his court, and his captains, and the various ambassadors resident in Holland, each outvying the other in magnificence; and finally a throng of soldiers on foot and nobles on horseback impossible to enumerate here.

I had always fancied the Dutch rather a stolid people, but certainly there was nothing stolid in their behaviour that day. The cavaliers were showered with flowers and confetti, great wreaths were handed up to them; each new costume was greeted with applause and exclamations of delight, and the plumed hats were sweeping the horses' necks continually in response. All along the route, the people at the windows had supplied themselves with flowers; and we were especially amused at the excitement of some young ladies in the windows across from us. Their supply, albeit generous enough, was soon exhausted, and they attacked a double row of gorgeous geraniums growing in a long box which extended right across the building. By the time the procession had passed, not one bloom remained!

During the intermission, Betty and I started out to see something of the town. To Americans, of course, it is especially interesting as the place where the "Pilgrim Fathers" found a refuge for the ten years which followed their exile from England. I suppose most of us, in our youth, have repeated Mr. Rankin's ingenuous verses, beginning,

“The word of God to Leiden came,
Dutch town by Zuyder Zee.
Rise up, my children of no name,
My kings and priests to be.”

Leiden is a good many miles from the Zuyder Zee, and Zee rhymes with “bay” and not with “be,” but I suppose these discrepancies must be forgiven the exigencies of the verse.

Not many mementoes of the Pilgrims remain. On the Kloksteeg, under the shadow of the great church of St. Peter, is the site of the house in which John Robinson “lived, taught, and died, 1611-1625,” as the tablet on the wall of the present house, of later date, puts it. He was buried in the church opposite and a tablet to his memory has been placed on its wall by the National Council of the Congregational Churches of America.

Leiden has the usual attractions of a Dutch town—a handsome sixteenth century stadhuis, two immense churches, and three or four museums; but she has no pictures worth seeing, despite the fact that many of the greatest of Dutch painters were born here, among them Rembrandt, Jan Steen, Gerard Dou, Jan Van Goyen, William Van Mieris, and Gabriel Metsu—which is the more peculiar since most of them painted here for many years.

Rembrandt was born in a house near the Wittepoort, on the bank of the Rhine, where his father had a mill, but mill and house have long since disappeared; Jan Steen tried to manage his father's brew-

ery, failed at that and opened a tavern at the Lang Brug, but brewery and tavern are no more. Indeed, the position of Steen's grave in St. Peter's church, where he was buried, is not even known. Gerard Dou lived here at Leiden all his life, but nobody can tell where his studio was, and his grave seems to be as unknown as Jan Steen's. Such is the irony of time, and the forgetfulness of man. What a joy it would be to wander through that old mill where Rembrandt spent his boyhood, or to sit in that smoke-stained tavern where Jan Steen and his comrades spent so many merry nights! That would be worth all the rest of Leiden, — with its museums of natural history, and ethnography, and Greek and Roman antiquities, and geology, — and I know not what besides!

It has, however, still existent, one unique and unspoiled relic of the past in the St. Anna Hofje, or home for old women. You reach it from the street through a sculptured gateway and along a narrow passage, and instantly you are back in the fifteenth century; for this courtyard, and the bright little houses surrounding it, are almost exactly as they were when the place was built — and that was the same year that Columbus set sail from Palos! The whole history of this western hemisphere has occurred since then; the world has been shaken by tumult and revolution, governments have arisen and disappeared, but life in this little square of earth has gone placidly on. The only change has been in the occupants of the

houses, new ones succeeding as the old ones were borne away to their last resting-place.

The houses are all more or less awry, but as clean as can be; and each of the nice old women spending their last years there has a room to herself, with a white little wall-bed, a cupboard containing a change of clothing, a chair to sit on and a Bible to read. There is a refectory, where each inmate has her plate and cup and knife and fork and spoon, and a kitchen with a shining range and two of the old women in white caps peeling potatoes. The chapel is just as it was when it was first built, the quaintest little building, not over fifteen feet square, with a tiny chamber above for the use of the priest, furnished just as it was when the last priest who officiated here, in the years before the revolution, left it never to return. I shall speak of hofjes hereafter, when we come to that symposium of hofjes, Haarlem, but no one should miss seeing this one at Leiden.

We loitered about the streets for a time, after our stop at the hofje, watching the crowd, looking at the decorations, and finally stopping at a bright little restaurant facing the Rhine for dinner. The Rhine, a mere ghost of its old self, flows right through the centre of Leiden, two branches known as the "Old Rhine" and the "New Rhine" uniting in the middle of the town into a single stream which wanders placidly on toward the sea, while the Singel seems to flow all around the town without getting anywhere in particular. But Dutch rivers have such a fashion

of starting from nowhere and ending in nothing, that I have long since ceased to wonder at their eccentricities.

The little restaurant was crowded and the waiters so excited by the unusual patronage that we had some difficulty in making ourselves understood, even with the aid of our dictionary; but a good-natured student at an adjoining table volunteered his assistance, and we fared very well. There was an orchestra playing in the garden, and, while we sat there, a portion of the procession marched past, looking dusty and weary and hungry.

When we got back to the streets, we found that most of the other people had been having their dinners, too, evidently washed down with copious draughts of beer or wine, or perhaps enlivened with the insidious Schiedam. At any rate, the Spirit of the Kermess was abroad. Little booths had sprung up along the street, where eels and wafelen and poffertjes were cooking and being devoured in appalling quantities. I had noticed these fried eels for sale during the day and had speculated on the correct way of eating them. Now I saw how it was done. You take the head of the eel in one hand and its tail in the other and tear the flesh off the backbone with your teeth. Those who were thus engaged seemed to find the morsel a delicious one.

And the poffertjes and wafelen! Wafelen, of course, you know; we have our hot-waffle-men going about the streets here in America, and the product is

not greatly different to the Dutch one; only the Dutch waffles are immense. You will see a pair of waffle-irons leaning against a chair near the fire-place in Jan Steen's diverting picture, "The Oyster Feast," in the Mauritshuis at The Hague, and the size is not exaggerated. The waffles are very thin and crisp, and are served with a dusting of powdered sugar, and (as we found out afterwards) are very good indeed.

But the *poffertjes* are unique, and the process of their manufacture most fascinating. There is a great pail of batter, and a sheet of iron with little round depressions in it over a hot fire, and into these depressions a woman drops little blobs of the batter with incredible rapidity, while another turns them over and then spears them out with a fork as soon as they are nicely browned, puts a pile of them on a plate, sifts some sugar over them and there you are. We had some afterwards at Amsterdam, and found that they taste much like our own batter-cakes.

As the dusk deepened, the fun grew more furious, and we returned to our seats in the *Breedstraat* in order to watch it without becoming involved. The Dutch idea of fun seems to be for a lot of young men and women to lock arms and go dancing and capering along the street, shouting in chorus. It is not edifying to look at, and I don't see how it can be edifying to do, but the participants seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely. It took one back to the pictures by Hals and Jan Steen; and though we saw

no actual love-making, I don't doubt that that followed as a matter of course as the evening advanced. This capering through the streets was probably only the preliminary canter.

At last it was dark enough for the evening illumination, and most elaborate it proved to be. All along either side of the street a festoon of coloured glasses had been hung, each with a candle in it, and groups of men were soon at work lighting them. Then the electric decorations were flashed on, the old stadhuis leading the way with an elaborate display.

For an hour longer, the peasants and servants had the streets to themselves, and took every inch of them. Then the stands began to fill again, and finally the parade of the morning was repeated, except that it was rendered still more picturesque by the "fakkellichts," or torches carried by the students. Then the streets were given over to the peasantry in earnest, while the alumni and their friends attended the concert of the Leiden "Muziekkorps," or one of the many class reunions.

For us, the problem was to reach the station, and, bidding our hosts the kindest of good-byes, we plunged into the street. The crowd was a good-humoured one, however, though extremely boisterous, and we had no reason to complain, except at the slowness of our progress. This was not without its compensations, as it gave us time to see some of the decorations more closely. The canals were especially beautiful, illumined with rows of Chinese lanterns, and

many gayly-decorated boats idling along them, — an effect almost Venetian. We should have liked to see the waterfest, scheduled for an evening later in the week, but some wishes must go unsatisfied. So without misadventure we reached the station, secured seats in the crowded train, and in due time arrived safely at Delft.

I cannot close this chapter without relating an incident peculiarly pleasant. I have said that the proprietor of our seats thought it his duty to provide refreshments, and this had the effect of making the holders of the seats acquainted with one another, particularly at the "tea" which was served in the afternoon. Near us were seated a lady and her two daughters, with whom we fell into converse, for they could speak a little English — the youngest daughter, indeed, speaking it quite well. As they were leaving, they asked us with the shyness of the gently-bred, if we would not have lunch with them some day at their home at The Hague, and they were so evidently nice people, of the sort one loves to know, that we at once accepted.

Neither of us will soon forget that visit. Their home was a typical old Dutch mansion on the Zeestraat, full of beautiful things, and Mijnheer B., the husband and father, a handsome Dutch gentleman of the best type, a man of affairs, whose hobby was rose-culture. There was a beautiful garden back of the house, which was his especial pride and care, and

such roses blooming in it as I have rarely seen. He presented Betty with a bouquet of the most beautiful — a compliment which she appreciated at its full value. It proved a most charming experience for both of us, and illustrates better than many pages of description could do the characteristic hospitality and kindness of the Dutch people.

CHAPTER VIII

IN "THE COUNT'S ENCLOSURE"

"THE HAGUE" does not appear on any map of Holland, for, to the Dutch, their capital is known as 'S Gravenhage, which means "The Count's Enclosure," — certainly a sufficiently curious name for a town. But long before there was any city here, one of the Counts of Holland built a hunting-lodge on the bank of a lake which he called the "Vijver," or "Fish-pond," and put a hedge around it to keep out the wild beasts. About 1250, Count William II. tore down the lodge and built a palace on its site, and this was afterwards enlarged and rebuilt and added to, until it grew into the present great pile of buildings known as the Binnenhof.

Maurice of Nassau, son of William the Silent, chose this as his residence, so it became the capital of the country and grew rapidly into a large and elegant city. But it has always kept the name taken from that first little hunting-lodge, "The Count's Enclosure." English tongues, however, halt at 'S Gravenhage, and for us it is "The Hague." The beautiful lake in the middle of the town is still "The Fish-pond."

The Hague is no more typically Dutch than Wash-

ington is typically American. It is a modern town with broad, straight streets, handsome shops, far more French than Dutch in appearance; no doubt a most delightful place of residence, but too cosmopolitan to be of interest to the traveller in search of local colour. There are three things at The Hague, however, which must be seen — the Mauritshuis Museum, the Mesdag Museum, and the Binnenhof.

There is a famous old inn at The Hague, the "Vieux Doelen," looking out upon a pleasant square and with the Vijver just around the corner; but, alas, it has come to be "patronized by English and American travellers," as Baedeker puts it, and advertises the fact by displaying the flags of those nations at its door, on either side of the Dutch flag. The Dutch colours are red, white and blue, — a favourite combination with republics, — arranged lengthwise of the flag in three stripes of equal width, the white in the centre.

"Doelen" is a favourite name for inns in Holland. It means "shooting gallery," and is reminiscent of the old days when Dutch gentlemen met regularly for target-practice, in order to be ready to defend their country, should need arise. Now target-practice begets thirst and hunger, so refreshments were always at hand for the sustenance of the patriots, and those who came to shoot remained to eat and drink. The country's enemies were subdued, in time, and the need for target-practice passed; but, as Partridge remarked, hunger and thirst are enemies which always return to the charge, no matter how often defeated, and the

“Doelens” had become the natural places in which to assuage them. So the guns and targets were put away, more tables secured, the kitchen and cellar enlarged, and that which had been a shooting-gallery became an inn. We have seen how old names persist, in Holland — how the country’s capital is still called “The Count’s Enclosure” — so it is not wonderful that these places continued to be known as “doelens,” though the only practice studied there was the art of wielding knife and fork and emptying bottles.

The one thing at The Hague on no account to be missed is the collection of paintings lodged in the handsome residence built in 1633 for Count John Maurice of Nassau, and still known as the Maurits-huis. The collection has had its tribulations, for, like most of the others in Europe, it was carried off to Paris by Napoleon, and not until after Waterloo was it returned to Holland. Even then, Louis XVIII. refused to restore it; but the Duke of Wellington, remembering, no doubt, how gallantly the Dutch troops, with the Prince of Orange at their head, had held the centre of his line at Waterloo, insisted that the pictures be given up. So the French king yielded, the pictures were loaded into ambulance wagons, and on November 20, 1815, arrived at The Hague, welcomed by the thunder of cannon and the ringing of bells. The collection now numbers some seven hundred paintings, more than three-fourths of which are by Dutch artists.

All of the Dutch masters are well represented, the most famous picture of the collection being, of course, Rembrandt's "School of Anatomy," with the deadest of corpses, so wonderfully foreshortened, and the group of earnest faces gazing down upon it. But it does not impress me as does that other masterpiece of his, "The Syndics," at Amsterdam.

Next to the "Anatomy Lesson" in reputation comes Paul Potter's "Bull," before which an admiring group is usually assembled; but it grievously disappointed both of us. Indeed, it does not seem to me to be a picture at all, but rather a painstaking attempt to portray a single animal with photographic accuracy. Nobody can deny the life-likeness of the bull; but the rest of the picture is almost slovenly. It has no depth, no atmosphere; the landscape is flat and hard; the tree and the herdsman and the other animals quite uninteresting. Please understand that I am no connoisseur, and make no pretence of speaking with authority

But for me the two pictures at the Mauritshuis, above all others, are Jan Steen's "Oyster Feast," and Gerard Dou's "Young Housekeeper." The "Oyster Feast" is hung near a window, where it gets a good light, and there is a seat in front of it, so that one may sit and examine it at leisure. I never weary of looking at it, especially at the wonderful figure of the girl kneeling before the fire and putting oysters on the coals. That figure seems to me the summation of drawing and painting.

“The Young Housekeeper” is also a miracle of painting; a tender subject — merely a mother and her two children in the kitchen of their home, with vegetables and game and fish and kitchen utensils piled about — tenderly and charmingly handled; with minute care expended on every inch of it.

Another interesting picture by Jan Steen shows himself and his family gathered about a table, having a good time. Jan, pipe in mouth, laughs full-face out of the canvas, just such a plump and jolly fellow as one would imagine him to have been. But the whole party is jolly, and what a pandemonium of noise must fill that apartment!

I hope you will spend some time before that wonderful picture of Delft, by Jan Vermeer, of which I have spoken, and whose charm I am quite unable to describe or explain. But then there are so many pictures here worth lingering before; for it is here that you will begin to understand and love Dutch art — the art of such men as Steen and Dou, of Van Ostade and Terbourg and Van de Velde and Metsu, and all the rest. I shall not attempt even to enumerate these treasures; but there is one other picture I hope you will not miss, the masterpiece, perhaps, of Adrian van Ostade, “The Fiddler,” so full of kindly human interest that one smiles involuntarily in looking at it.

The Binnenhof is only a few steps from the Maurits-huis. One enters the court through a vaulted gateway, and is at once upon the scene of one of the great tragedies of Dutch history, the execution of

John of Barneveldt, who was beheaded in this court on the thirteenth of May, 1619, his last moments watched from the window of the tower opposite by Maurice of Nassau, whose tutor and prime minister he had been, and who repaid his great services to the young republic by condemning him to death.

The old buildings of the Binnenhof completely surround this court, which has a most mediæval appearance. On the east side is the Hall of the Knights, now used as a storehouse for state records, while the other buildings are occupied by the Dutch parliament. They are interesting only as parliament buildings usually are.

In the square outside is the gloomy old tower known as the "Gevangenpoort," which has also witnessed its tragedies — the most famous being the murder, in 1672, of Cornelis and Jan de Witt by an infuriated mob, which dragged them from the prison into the place outside and tore them limb from limb. If you have read "La Tulipe Noire," you will never forget the details of that murder, described by Dumas with even more than his accustomed vigour, though not with entire accuracy.

The Gevangenpoort is no longer a prison — it is a museum; a museum in which one shudders; for here in these dark and narrow cells scores of men and women were done to death. Here are the rack and thumb-screws and barbed boots and branding-irons; here are the implements of the water-torture; and here, finally, are the axe and block which ended

the sufferings of such of these unfortunates as were not reserved for the stake.

One is glad to get out again into the sunlight, and to turn one's thoughts from all these horrors by entering the Steengracht gallery, a little distance away. The Steengracht is not of the first importance — scarcely, perhaps, of the second — but it has some good modern pictures, a masterly Rembrandt, "Bathsheba," and two fine works by Hals. From there one may go to the Municipal museum, chiefly notable for its paintings by modern Dutch artists; but if one's time is limited, little is lost by omitting these two collections altogether, and going straight from the Gevangenpoort to the house in the Laan van Meerdervoort which shelters the extraordinary collection presented to the state by H. W. Mesdag.

It seems strange that one must come to Holland to study the work of the Barbizon school; yet such is the case, and it is here at the Mesdag museum that it must be done. For Mesdag, himself for a time a member of the Barbizon group, was one of the first to appreciate its merits, and his Corots and Millets and Daubignys were bought at a time when they were more or less of a drug on the market. The collection is particularly rich in Corots, and while none of them is quite equal to the wonderful ones at the Louvre, there is one which is especially beautiful — a little clearing in a wood, with a long avenue of trees stretching away into the distance.

In the ante-room on the second floor are two studies

by D. C. A. Artz which are also very charming — interiors dimly lighted and most suggestive. One shows a boy on the floor holding a baby, while another boy watches an old woman as she lights the kitchen fire; the other shows a family of five or six at table, and both are full of atmosphere and feeling.

It was interesting to compare Bastien-Lepage's sketch for "The Haymakers" with the finished painting, now in the Luxembourg. The "sketch" is also a finished painting, and differs from the other, so far as I could see, in only one detail — but that is a vital one. If you know the picture, you will remember that its whole point is in the tragedy in the face of the woman seated on the ground and staring straight before her with eyes which see nothing. In the "sketch" there is no such point, for the face is that of a thoughtless girl. Was it in the watches of the night, I wonder, that the inspiration came which transformed a very ordinary composition into a great picture?

We had the pleasure of meeting M. Mesdag at the museum, and he was good enough to take us around and tell us something about the pictures, speaking English very well, but with a voice the most peculiar, in which the fogs and tempests of his own sea-days seemed to linger. An imposing and venerable old man, verging, I suspect, towards second childhood; he is yet one of Holland's best painters of marines. There is one of his pictures here, a seaview by moonlight, especially beautiful, pervaded by that atmos-

phere of pearly gray which dominates all his work. We saw many of them afterwards, and while I should scarcely call them masterpieces, their restful skies and stretches of quiet water are certainly very charming.

There are two other show-places at The Hague which I suppose you will wish to visit, the royal palace and the Huis ten Bosch, but I am afraid you will be disappointed in them, at least in the former. As you enter the royal palace and cross the resplendent entrance hall, tap one of the imposing marble columns with your knuckle. You will find it gives off a hollow sound, for it is not marble, but plaster very cleverly painted. Most of the marble here and throughout the palace is imitation — a thing which I cannot understand, for I would have supposed that any sensible being would rather live surrounded by honest oak, for instance, than by this tawdry pretence of grandeur.

Indeed, the whole palace shows a disconcerting lack of taste, for the decorations are garish red and white and gold, of the most extravagant rococo, and the pictures upon the walls are uninspired representations of unimportant occasions in which Dutch royalty figured, or wooden presentments of the same royalty's wooden faces. The palace is not worth a visit, except as an example of how not to do it — and, perhaps, for a look into the Java room on the ground floor.

The Huis ten Bosch is better worth while; for, in the first place, the way to it leads through the charming Haagsche Bosch, or Hague wood, a beautiful

drive; and, in the second place, the palace itself has a number of associations interesting to Americans. For it was here that John Lothrop Motley wrote a portion of his "Rise of the Dutch Republic," and it was here that the first International Peace Conference met in 1899.

The chief attraction of the palace is the orange saloon where this conference was held, an octagonal hall decorated with highly-coloured paintings relating to the achievements of Prince Frederick Henry of Orange, whose widow built the palace. Nine painters are said to have laboured four years on these pictures; but that does not make them good. More interesting is the parquet floor, ingeniously laid in the form of a spider-web. Two other rooms in the house, the Chinese room and Japanese room, should be visited by admirers of Oriental faience and the art which delights to spend a lifetime carving a cherry-stone. For myself, I do not admire a chandelier simply because it is made of cups and saucers, or a table-top because it contains a million bits of stone.

Most of the towns of Holland make a specialty of some candy or confection. At The Hague, it is the Haagsche Hopjes, a variety of coffee-flavoured bon-bon, concerning whose origin the following tale is told. In 1778, the Baron Hop was ambassador of the Austrian Netherlands residing at The Hague. This nobleman became such a devoté of coffee that the supply available at meal-times did not satisfy his

craving, and he thereupon invented a coffee-flavoured confection to be eaten at odd moments, so that the taste of the berry might be always on his palate. There were many other devotés of the same sort in Holland, so an enterprising firm secured his recipe, and put the bon-bon on the market, naming it after its inventor. This recipe has never left this firm's possession, and, from that day to this, the real Haagsche Hopje may be secured only from it. At least, that is the tale the firm tells. The confection, while good, scarcely merits all this trumpeting, and I should imagine it not difficult to reproduce.

At Delft, the specialty is the "Delftsche Jaapmaatjes," also monopolized by a single firm, which has manufactured them for over a hundred years. We got some. They are put up in tin boxes, and are little flat rectangular cakes, tasting very much like crisp and well-baked ginger-cakes. At Haarlem there are two specialties, halletjes and houtjes, but we did not sample them, and I must leave them for some other traveller to describe.

It was most regretfully next morning, that we bade the head-waiter at the Hotel Central good-bye and turned our backs on Delft. Both Betty and I had grown fond of that clean and pretty city, and we hope to see it again some day. But we were soon rolling away toward Haarlem, with the familiar, quiet, lovely Dutch landscape unfolding under our eyes.

There are two things of interest in Europe; one

is Europe, the other is one's fellow-travellers. Europe has been described many times; it is there unchanging, and, more or less, the same for all of us. But our fellow-travellers are our own, they answer to our reaction, they are never quite like those of anyone else.

There is no better place to study human nature, to catch it with the mask off, than in a European railway train. This is not at all true of America, because the arrangement of our passenger coaches discourages intimacy. We sit with our backs to each other; there is not that coziness nor the provocations to acquaintanceship which the European compartment offers. For instance, here in America we don't have to ask pardon whenever we get on board a train for stumbling over our fellow-travellers' feet. The necessity for so doing whenever one enters a train in Europe is usually the opening wedge to conversation, for it is always the first words which are most difficult.

"Beg pardon," I said, that morning, as I entered the train at Delft and stumbled over two pairs of protuberant feet; and then proceeded to see that Betty had the best seat available facing the engine and that our luggage was safely in the rack overhead.

Then I sat down and glanced at the owners of the feet—a man and a woman, middle-aged, weary-looking, with lack-lustre eyes.

"I guess you're from the States, ain't you?" asked the man, as he caught my glance.

"Yes; from Ohio."

“ We’re from Chicago. Been over here long? ”

“ Not very.”

“ We’ve been travellin’ for two years.”

“ Two years!” I echoed, dismayed.

“ Yes,” he said, with a smile of triumph, “ and we’re figurin’ on two more before we go back home. We’ve done Italy and France — ”

“ In Paris we stayed at the Grand Hotel,” put in the lady, with an air I did not then understand, not having, as yet, been to Paris. Afterwards I understood.

“ Yes,” went on her husband, “ and in Rome we also stayed at the Grand.”

I have never been to Rome, but I presume the Roman Grand is a replica of the Paris one.

“ I suppose you enjoyed Italy? ” I asked tentatively.

“ Oh, so-so,” said the man. “ This Europe is a pretty run-down place.”

“ But one has to see it, you know,” added the lady, answering the question which was on my lips.

“ Been staying at Delft? ” asked the man.

“ Yes,” I said; “ we’ve been there nearly a week.”

“ Pretty slow, ain’t it? ”

“ Oh, yes; it’s slow; but then it’s Dutch.”

“ Going to The Hague? ”

“ No; we’ve been there.”

“ How long did you stay? ”

“ We didn’t stay at all,” I explained. “ We ran over from Delft three or four times and looked around.”

"But, my dear sir," exclaimed the Chicagoan, astonished, "you don't call that seeing Holland, do you? Why, The Hague's the capital. We expect to stay a month — at the Old Doelen — that's the best hotel there, I've heard; and then we're going on to Scheven — or whatever the name of the place is — for another month."

"At Scheven we'll stay at the Palace," put in his wife.

"Yes, that's the name. You see, we're taking our time."

"You're lucky to be able to," I said.

He glowed at the words, and his wife visibly preened herself.

"Ya-as," he agreed, affecting a yawn. "And we stay only at the best hotels. Ever stay at the Grand?"

"No," I said; "we'll hit Paris later."

"It's a dream!" he said. "A bit expensive, of course," he added deprecatingly.

As I said, I have since seen the Grand; have, indeed, gone to the extent of taking dinner there. A drearier place I cannot imagine — the vestibule full of "guides," and nothing but English in the corridors! I wonder what the Chicagoan would have thought of that dear little inn just around the corner from the Louvre where we spent three delightful weeks? Or, rather, I do not wonder, for I can see his nose turning up as he looks at it.

I was glad when the train stopped at The Hague, and so delivered us from our companions. And I

heard Betty's sigh of relief as she settled back in her corner.

But they are not all like that.

One day, a nice-looking young couple wandered in — it was a corridor train — looking for seats, and, seeing they were Americans, we hastily made room for them. They sank down thankfully, and we began to talk. They were from Texas and were travelling on a Cook's circular ticket, which was made up in a book of many coupons.

"Theh's anotheh one gone," the Texan said, as the guard came through and tore one out of the book.

I wondered at his tone.

"Do you mean you're glad?" I asked.

"Glad!" he echoed. "Glad ain't strong enough, suh! I'll be so almighty delighted when I come to the last one I won't know what to do! Why, suh, this country is fough hundred yeahs behind the times. Look out theah, now," and he motioned to a field where some men were cutting hay with scythes. "Wouldn't that make you ill? Men mowin' like that, an' this the twentieth century! Takin' a week to do what one of ouh mowehs would do in ten minutes! Have you eveh been to Texas, suh?"

"No," I admitted; "I never have."

"It's God's country. Come theah, suh, next time, instead of to this old, worn-out antique. Why, suh, every time I pay a bill oveh heah I'm ashamed — ashamed that I'm throwin' away among these rascals

the good money that was made in Texas and ought to be spent theah!"

He lapsed into gloomy silence, while the two ladies compared notes of the trip. Finally he aroused himself.

"Do you smoke, suh?"

"Yes," I answered, "and the cheapness of good cigars here is a wonder."

"I don't cahe foh cigars."

"I smoke a pipe myself, at home," I exclaimed; "but it seems like flying in the face of providence not to consume as many as possible of these cigars."

"What tobacco do you smoke, suh?"

I named the plebeian brand to which I have been addicted since my college days.

"So do I," he said, waking to sudden life, "and I ain't had any foh a month an' three days. I can't find any oveh heah—I can't find any that I can smoke. My tongue's hangin' out!"

I made a dive for my bag, and fished out my tobacco pouch.

"Here," I said, pressing it upon him; "fill up."

I shall never forget the gleam in his eye as he got out his cigarette paper—for he smoked it in that form. Then he hesitated.

"We can go out in the corridor," I said, and we spent a happy half hour there together, while he told me how he was going to make a fortune out of pecan trees.

I have never regretted that benefaction; though

my supply of the precious mixture ran out one day in Germany, and I burnt the skin off my tongue and nearly killed myself trying to smoke the native brands. But that story is too tragic to tell in the pages of a book like this!

CHAPTER IX

ON THE ROAD TO SLOTERDIJK

WE found a bright little inn at Haarlem, where even the head-waiter's knowledge of English was of the slightest; but we were growing independent of head-waiters and all other intermediaries between us and the Dutch language. Constant use of our little dictionary was giving us a vocabulary, besides which there were always the street signs as a source of education. A very good education may be had from street signs — as in the case of Sam Weller, who was brought up on them!

And here let me correct any possible misconception concerning these small inns of Holland. They are not, of course, as elaborate as the big hotels which are built to cater to tourists — there is no orchestra in the dining-room (God be thanked!); but they are scrupulously, spotlessly clean, and in them you are treated like a fellow-human and not like a victim. Sanitary science has not, perhaps, made the advances in Holland that it has with us; but every inn we stayed at, and there were a lot of them, had a bathroom and the ordinary toilet conveniences.

I have said that they were clean; but they were more than that. The mania for scrubbing is just

as great in these inns as in private houses, and more than once have we returned to our room in the middle of the day to find it turned upside-down and inside-out for the semi-weekly cleaning. The bed-linen was always immaculate, the beds most comfortable, and the attendants in a tremble of agitation in their eagerness to be of service. And this eagerness was not from hope of a tip, but from desire to make the guest comfortable.

To be sure, the bath-rooms were sometimes primitive; but water is always water, however it is got into the tub; and, lacking a sense of humour and a disposition to make the best of things, no man can be a really successful traveller. At Delft, one evening, I asked for a hot bath, and, ten minutes later, made my way to the bath-room, where I found a maid and a waiter staring with starting eyes at the heater. I fancy that neither of them had had much occasion to use that heater; at any rate, they had allowed the gas to accumulate beneath it before touching the match, with the result that it went off with a bang and a blaze that frightened them nearly out of their wits. They had hastily turned the gas off, and were afraid to turn it on again. When we finally got it started nicely, and the hot water pouring from the faucet, you never saw two more delighted people. They confided to me afterwards that, rather than run any further risk with the heater, they had decided to carry up the water from the kitchen.

Nor shall I soon forget the bath-room of the inn

at Kampen, where the preparing of a bath was a matter of such high moment that it could be entrusted only to the proprietor himself, and where the bathtub was almost big enough to swim in!

So do not imagine that there is any loss of comfort by going to these modest inns. Indeed, there is often a gain in comfort; and a very great gain in studying Dutch characteristics and in meeting Dutch people. After all, one goes to a country to see the people and to observe their customs, and one certainly does neither at the hotels "patronized by English and Americans," where even the waiters are French! To say nothing of the fact that you never eat a typical Dutch meal at any of them. But I shall tell about Dutch meals by and by.

Haarlem is also a town where you will need your Motley, for, like Leiden, it suffered siege by the Spaniards; but, unlike Leiden, William of Orange was unable to succour it and, with its citizens starving in the streets, it was finally forced to yield to Alva's son after a resistance the most heroic. Warned by the fate of other towns which had fallen before that fierce soldiery, the burghers prepared for a desperate sortie, to cut their way through the Spanish lines, with their women and children in their midst. But Don Frederic promised them their lives, if they would surrender; and at once proceeded to slaughter them, as soon as the town was his. The women and children found refuge in the Groote Kerk; but the clergy, the

entire garrison and more than two thousand of the townspeople were tortured and butchered in the streets. Gardens and promenades now occupy the site of the ancient ramparts, but many of the old houses still look down upon the clean and quiet thoroughfares, and the huge mass of the old church still dominates the town. When I say that the streets are quiet, I must except one of them, and that is the one which runs from the station up through the town to the market-place and then on out to Haarlem wood. This street is anything but quiet, because a horse-drawn tram runs along it, and on each tram-car there is a bell, and that bell is clanged incessantly by the driver. "Old Clangey" we got to calling him, and he certainly deserved the name.

I don't know why it is, but if there is a bell within a tram-driver's reach, he can't keep his hand away from it. At Dort it was the same. There may be nobody in the street for a block ahead, but the bell is still kept clanging. In thinking over the problem, I have come to the conclusion that the bell is used as an advertisement and not as a warning. Whatever its purpose, it is in one's ears day and night.

The environs of Haarlem are as interesting as the town itself, and we spent the first day among them. An electric tram runs to Amsterdam along an embankment, with great polders stretching away on either side. To the south is what was once the sea of Haarlem, seventy-two square miles in extent, a

stormy and treacherous body of water, which threatened even Amsterdam itself. It witnessed a savage sea-fight between the Dutch and Spanish; but, after the Spanish were driven from the country, the sea remained, an enemy even more dangerous. It was too big to be drained by windmills, but finally the invention of the steam-pump solved the problem, and it was pumped dry. To look at those broad and fertile fields, with their farmsteads and canals and rows of trees and men in blue trousers making hay, and windmills with their great sails apparently walking across the country, one would never suspect that, seventy years ago, all this was the bottom of a lake.

To the north was the broad morass of the river Ij — we put the two letters together and call it the Y — a stream subject to floods and at all times dangerous and uncertain. Strong lock-gates were constructed at Halfweg to hold this water back, but it was always a menace to the great polder, so the Ij was diverted, the morass drained, and now the only considerable body of water in sight from the tram is the wide and placid canal which follows the embankment, and gives direct water-connection between Amsterdam and Haarlem. If you look at this landscape understandingly, you will realize that it is no empty boast when the Dutch claim to have made the very land they live on.

The little village of Halfweg is, as its name indicates, halfway between Haarlem and Amsterdam, and we left the tram there for a walk through this beauti-

ful country, striking off to the south across the Haarlemmer polder, along a tree-bordered road, past red-roofed farm houses, with outbuildings clustered about them, and great ricks of hay overtopping even the barns; each cluster of buildings nestling in a grove of trees and surrounded by a narrow canal as by a moat, with a bridge leading out to the road in front and another to the fields in the rear. Rows of crocks and pans and other utensils of dairying were drying and sweetening in the sun, and we could catch glimpses of the women, their skirts tucked up, hurrying about with pails and brushes, intent on their never-ending cleaning. It is difficult to imagine anything more cozy and homelike than these little farmsteads, and, though life there is doubtless hard enough, their occupants seem happy and contented. And the softer things of life are not lacking either, for every house had its little flower garden, gay with roses and geraniums.

The day was a perfect one, soft and warm, with the bluest of blue skies tempered here and there by the fleeciest of clouds—the typical Dutch sky of Ruisdael and Hobbema. To take advantage of this splendid weather, the hay-makers were out in force, turning the green hay over and over with long forks, or loading the cured hay upon high-beamed wagons to be carried away to the ricks, which grew every hour higher and higher. The ricks are simple affairs—four tall and massive poles upon which a thatched roof slides up and down. The roofs are carried to

a sharp point at the centre, and when the rick is full and the roof at its topmost notch, the whole affair looks startlingly like a Chinese pagoda.

The fields are separated from each other by ditches full of water, so that the wagons had to be driven around to the bridge; but the labourers hopped across wherever they wanted to by means of little poles. Many swans, both white and black, with little gray woolly broods, were swimming about in the water and bringing up samples of the bottom. It rather goes against our ideas to use for food a fowl so decorative; but swans are so used in Holland pretty generally, and have been from time immemorial, as the Dutch pictures prove. Few of the old pictures of dead game — and there are hundreds of them upon the walls of the galleries of the Netherlands — but show a great white swan among the pigeons and partridges and hares.

One would think these canals too small to harbour fish, and yet there were many fishermen sitting along them; and we saw one, a boy, with a rod about a yard long, catch five or six diminutive silver-scaled fish, something like those which in my own youth we used to call "lamp-lighters." The borders of these little canals make famous grounds for wild-flowers, and were bright that day with delicate vanilla, and turquoise-blue forget-me-nots, and scarlet poppies, and ox-eyed daisies, while the ditches themselves were gorgeous with yellow flags and white and yellow water-lilies. These water-lilies, the most

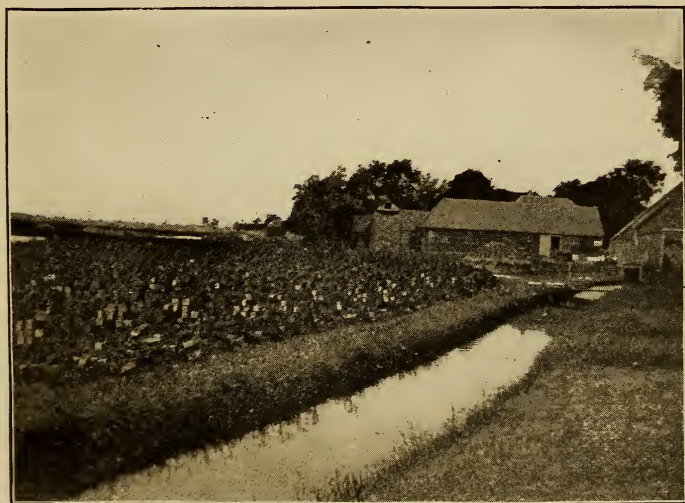
beautiful imaginable, fill the ditches and edge the canals all over Holland, but the Dutch do not seem to care for them, and only once, at Gouda, did we see any offered for sale. All through Holland the fields are spangled with buttercups and daisies, just as they are in England.

It is an old joke that the Dutch have rescued their land from the water, only to consign it to the flames, because the principal fuel of the country is peat, and wherever the peat is dug out the water rushes in. Some of it is dredged up from the bottom of the canals, so that two birds are killed with one stone, and we had seen piles of this drying along the bank. We were now to witness the more destructive process.

About a mile beyond Halfweg, we came to the great peat-fields which were once the bottom of the Haarlemmer Meer, and, ages before that, a swamp covered with the rank growth which time has turned into peat. Two men were busily engaged in cutting it, using for the purpose a sharp spade-like implement, and never pausing in their labour; and all along the field nearest the road, great piles of the peat bricks were stacked up to dry. Wherever this had been cut, the water had poured in, and, instead of broad fields divided by narrow canals, the country had been converted into wide sheets of water divided by narrow strips of land. When one considers that this is going on pretty much all over Holland, the problem which the country faces would seem to be a serious one. I suppose, in the end, the government



CUTTING PEAT ON THE HAARLEMMER POLDER.



PEAT DRYING FOR MARKET.

will have to put a stop to peat-digging, except upon the higher ground to the east, and compel the inhabitants to use the more expensive coal, mostly brought in from Belgium.

That will mean a great readjustment, for now the peat traffic is an important feature of Dutch life. The canals are filled with barges carrying it to market, or returning to the peat-fields laden with sweepings and debris to dump into the holes from which the peat has been taken; and the streets of the towns are busy with little carts peddling the brown bricks from door to door, so that the peat business gives employment to a large number of persons. It seems a convenient fuel, as well as a cheap one, and we grew to like its pungent odour. Yes — and if there is no more peat, what will become of those little foot-warmers which have been used in every Dutch house for hundreds of years, and which I have already described?

We lingered for quite a while watching the peat-cutters at work, and then went leisurely onward, through a tiny village of not more than a dozen houses, along a road shaded by trees of more than usual beauty, and then back along a cross-road toward the tram-line. We stopped for a time to admire a friendly drove of little black-and-white calves, who obligingly posed for their portraits, — and it wasn't their fault that I didn't get a good one! — and then, at the entrance to a quaint old house, we made an acquaintance.

It was a peddler driving a cart to which three dogs

were harnessed. A collection of brushes of all shapes and sizes dangled from a high framework running lengthwise of the cart, and its bed was also heaped with brushes, while from the sides hung many pairs of wooden shoes. The demand for both commodities must be very heavy in Holland!

I was preparing to take a picture of the outfit, which was certainly most picturesque, when the proprietor himself hurried out of the house and posed himself in the background, plainly delighted to do so. I snapped the picture, and put my hand in my pocket to extract a few pennies, but he sprang forward, shaking his head.

“Neen, neen!” he cried, and swept the wooden shoes away from the front of his cart, and pointed to the name there:

C. BAKKER,
Sloterdijk.

Then he pointed to himself and to the camera.

I understood, of course, and promised him that he should have one of the photographs, which was duly sent forward to him afterwards. When we reached home again, we found a postal awaiting us from Mr. Bakker thanking us for the picture, and wishing us health and good fortune. I hope I may see him again some time, and I am sorry the picture was not a better one, but the shade was too deep for a snapshot.

We walked on along the road to Sloterdijk, a

beautiful little village built in a semi-circle, with its back to the canal, with the housewives at their doors chattering with the peddlers, and a picturesque old tap-room with a few rustics sitting at the tables. We had lunch in the garden of a café overlooking the canal, and sat for a long time watching the life about us. Across from us a man was painfully unloading sand from a scow, by shovelling it into a wheelbarrow and then wheeling it ashore up a steep plank. Why he did not simply shovel it ashore I don't know.

Some boys were fishing in the canal, which was quite wide and deep, and we were the witnesses of a tragedy. One of the boys pulled out a good-sized fish — for Holland — and, as it had got all full of sand when he whacked it down on the bank, he picked it up and ran to wash it in the canal. At the feel of the water, the fish gave a wriggle and flipped itself out of its captor's hand, and was off. I shall never forget the boy's face as he stared at the spot where the fish had disappeared — it was most comical with dismay. Then he saw us laughing at him; his face changed; he laughed back, waved his hand, and sat down like a philosopher to catch another.

We caught the tram back to Haarlem, after awhile, and had dinner that evening at the Café-Restaurant Brinkmann, overlooking the beautiful market-place, and with a dignified head-waiter who looks like Arthur Pryor. It is a nice place, and we went there many times during our stay at Haarlem.

While we sat there that evening, over our coffee,

looking out into the busy square, a little fire-engine, drawn by eight or ten men, rattled by, in the midst of an excited crowd, and we followed along to the fire. Smoke was pouring from the upper windows of a house on a side street, but the police kept the crowd back, not without much savage argumentation with obstreperous boys. The policemen wear fierce-looking sabres, but I doubt if they know how to use them. They are certainly themselves anything but fierce-looking!

That was the only fire we saw in Holland; and I should imagine that fires there are very rare, for the houses are practically all of brick, with tile roofs and tile floors. The stoves are usually great porcelain affairs, sometimes most elaborately decorated. How effective they are I do not know. I have never seen any in use — as a stove; in summer they are used as cupboards or refrigerators, and seem to make good ones!

CHAPTER X

HAARLEM

THE interest of Haarlem centres about its market-place, one of the most beautiful in Holland. At one side rises the immense mass of the Groote Kerk, or Church of St. Bavo, as it was originally, next to which is the unique vleeschhal or meat-market, and facing it across the square the old stadhuis.

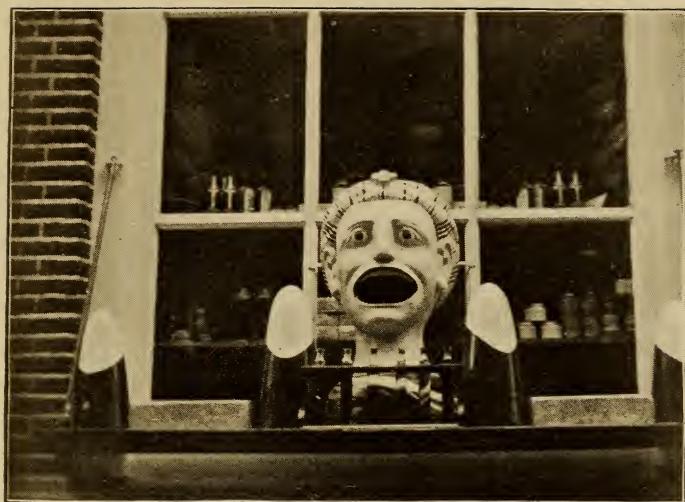
One may go from the station to the Groote Markt by tram, as I have said; but I would advise you to walk; for the street is a quaint, narrow, twisty one, and there never were such entrancing shop-windows as those which border it. Especially the bake-shop windows, for Holland is pre-eminently the land of cakes and cookies. I never thought so many different kinds of little cakes existed, and, more wonderful still, they all looked supremely good.

Along this street, too, is an unusual assortment of gapers — the gaping Turk's head which, in Holland, is the sign of the chemist's shop. I have searched in vain for a reasonable explanation of that sign. You will see it in every Dutch city — a face sometimes quite dark, sometimes lighter, sometimes quite white, with wide-open mouth, very red on the inside, and staring eyes, the head crowned with a resplen-

dent turban. Usually the sign is over the door, but later on, at Zwolle, we found a beautiful one gaping from a window-sill. Perhaps the sign is a survival of the old days when the popular medicines were snakes' livers and frogs' eyes and such-like things, and when the druggist was supposed to be an adept in the lore of the Orient. The shops are modern enough now, and the person in charge is usually a bright-faced girl of whom it is a pleasure to make a purchase.

The bright, particular star of the Groote Markt is the vleeschhal, whose use is indicated by the sheep's and steers' heads which ornament it. Built in 1602 by Leiven de Kay, it is one of the quaintest brick-and-stone buildings existing anywhere on this earth. Around at the back of the building, you will find a little door with an iron knocker. Knock at this, and presently the custodian will come and let you in. It is a visit not to be omitted.

The market-hall occupies the entire lower floor of the building, the great doors at either end opening directly into it. It is now crowded with cases containing the archives of North Holland. The floor above is gained by a narrow winding stone stairway in one corner. Here was the meeting-place of various corporations or guilds, a great beamed chamber with the side-beams also showing, all of oak and as solid as the day it was built. The hall is divided into smaller rooms by screens of leaded glass, and the beautiful old furniture and priceless tapestries which



A ZWOLLE GAPER.



A HAARLEM GAPER.

adorn these rooms combine to give one some idea of the dignity and importance of the bodies which met here.

You will find it always true that, in viewing a building such as this, your own interest reacts on your guide's, and that his enthusiasm mounts with yours. Our guide at the vleeschhal was a young clerk or scrivener with some knowledge of English, and the more we wanted to know, the more he wanted to tell us. And finally, when we were looking at the long quill pens on the table, he went to a drawer, got out a swan's feather and made us a pen as a souvenir of the visit.

Next to the meat-hall in interest is the Groote Kerk, one of the few churches in Holland which it is a delight to visit. Its exterior is much more satisfying to the eye than that of most Dutch churches, and the picturesque effect is heightened by the unusually quaint huddle of houses clinging to its buttresses. The windows have not been walled up, the aisles are covered by sloping roofs and not by gables, and the tracery of the windows is of stone, flowing decorated, and very beautiful. The lower part of the church is of brick and the clerestory of stone, with the buttresses faced with stone all the way down. There are no flying buttresses, and the interior vaulting is of wood, though it is supported by stone groining. Stone vaulting is used only at the crossing of nave and transept, where the great central buttresses carry the thrust; but I fancy it was intended origi-

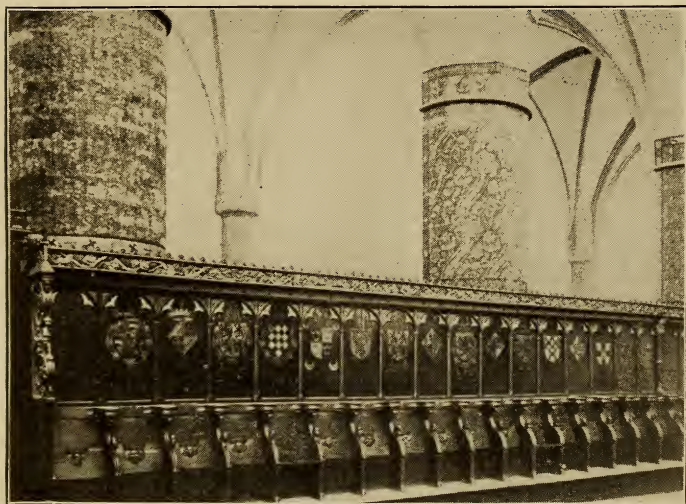
nally to use stone vaulting throughout, because on the buttresses of the clerestory places were left for the flying buttresses to start from. The building as a whole is immense and impressive, and you have only to look at one of the Ruisdael's pictures of Haarlem to see how its mass dominates the town.

The interior is also satisfying, despite the clutter of pews and benches in the nave, and the flamboyant organ towering at the west end. The organ is a feature of every Dutch church, and the more elaborate it is, the more it seems to be esteemed. That at Haarlem is nearly two centuries old. There was no organ in existence to compare with it when it was built, and it remains one of the largest and most powerful in the world. To hear its deep tones rolling through the church is truly awe-inspiring. Handel has played this organ, and one day a boy of ten came into the church while the organist was practising and asked permission to try it. The organist consented; the boy took his place on the bench, and such music burst forth as that church had never heard — for the name of that boy was Mozart. The old stalls remain in the choir, and by some miracle are almost unmutilated, with many-coloured coats-of-arms above the seats, and the carving plain but good. Quaint animals decorate the arms, while under the miserere seats are grotesque heads. One evidently has the tooth-ache, for it is swathed in a voluminous bandage.

Some of the old decorations on the pillars of the



INTERIOR OF GROOTE KERK, HAARLEM.



CHOIR-STALLS, GROOTE KERK, HAARLEM.

choir have recently been relieved of their coat of white-wash, and seem to be intended to represent rugs or tapestries hung against them. They have, at least, that effect. A few old stained glass windows also survive, and the carving of the ambulatory screen is very fine. In the nave is a monument to Conrad, the engineer who constructed the great locks at Katwijk by which the Rhine is discharged into the sea, and at one end of the transept is an old coffin-case of iron, but the koster's command of English did not suffice for him to tell us its history. He did, however, show us a cannon-ball imbedded in the wall — a memento of the great siege of 1573.

The church has a unique decoration in a little fleet of three tiny ships, hanging one behind the other in the south aisle, with sails spread and flags flying, just as though they were sailing away past Texel bound for the Indies. They date from 1688, having been given to the church by the "Schonenvaarders-gild," or Dutch-Swedish Trading Company, and show exactly the sort of ship the Dutch went to sea in two centuries and a half ago. They replace three others hung here in the church as a votive offering by Count William I., to commemorate the fifth crusade, of which he was the leader. The old models fell to pieces at last, and these later ones were hung up instead. These are interesting, but how much more interesting those old ones would have been!

I paused for a last look about the church, as we turned to go, and pictured to myself the scene on

that July afternoon, in 1573, when the women and the children of the town crouched here on the pavement, praying frantically to God, while the city gates were opened to Alva and his Spaniards. What sounds of the slaughter that followed penetrated to them we can guess — what shrieks, what cries of agony and rage; but they themselves seem to have been spared those greater horrors which marked most Spanish victories, and for this mercy no doubt were thankful, though husbands and fathers and lovers lay flung apart in the gutters.

Haarlem has another memento of that day in the piece of lace which is still hung at the door of a house where the stork is expected or has just arrived. Moved by unaccustomed tenderness, Don Frederic promised that no house should be disturbed where a woman lay in child-bed, and commanded that a piece of lace be displayed at the door of every such house. More wonderful still, he kept the promise, and to this day the same token is used to announce the arrival of a baby. If the lace is draped over a pink silk ball, the baby is a boy; if combined with tinselled paper, the baby is a girl; if the lace is double, the family has been increased by twins. It used to be that this lace at the front door guarded the house for ten days from all creditors, and perhaps it still does. From Haarlem, the custom has spread all over the province, and the amount of lace displayed argues well for the perpetuity of the Dutch people.

In the centre of the Groote Markt stands a bronze statue of Laurenz Janszoon Koster, with his name in Latin on the front of the pedestal, and "Typographiæ letteris mobilibus metallo fuis inventor" on one side — a bold claim which later investigation has disproved. The legend is that Koster, who was born in Haarlem toward the end of the fourteenth century, walking one day with his family in the wood to the south of the town, to amuse his children broke a branch from a beech-tree and cut some letters in relief upon it. Returning home, he watched the children dipping these letters in ink and pressing them on a sheet of paper, and the idea of printing with movable type occurred to him. He experimented, perfected his apparatus, and finally, in 1440, printed a book, the "Speculum Humanæ Salvationis." On Christmas night, of that year, he took part in the midnight Mass at the cathedral to thank God for permitting him to accomplish a thing so great; but on returning home, he found that one of his workmen had disappeared, carrying with him his type and his instruments, and had destroyed all the copies of the book which he had just completed. Poor Koster was so overcome by this misfortune that he sank down in a fit from which he never rallied.

Now, proceeds the legend, this knavish servant was none other than Faust of Magonza, the elder brother of Gutenberg. He crossed into Germany with his plunder, and a few years later, the first book printed from movable type came from Gutenberg's press.

The Dutch believed all this for many years, set up the statue of Koster in the market-place, and another statue in the wood, on the spot where he broke that branch from the tree. Both statues still endure, but the legend has long since been exploded, and to Gutenberg belongs the glory of having been the inventor of printing with movable type. The most that Haarlem can claim for herself is that she was the first Dutch town to set up a printing press; but all Holland soon resounded with hurrying presses, it became the great printing-house of Europe; its greatest glory the shop of the Elsevirs at Leiden.

On the other side of the Groote Markt stands the old stadhuis—a building interesting not only in itself, but in its contents. It dates from the twelfth century, and was originally one of the residences of the powerful Counts of Holland. It was afterwards acquired by the town, and converted into a town-hall. The larger portion of it is now used as a museum. One enters at the lower door and mounts into a great beamed-room with a handsome fire-place, evidently the banquetting-hall in the old days, but now empty save for a few tables and chairs. At one end there is a bell to ring, and you are ushered into the museum, whose chief glory is a collection of great corporation pieces by Frans Hals—a collection unrivalled elsewhere. Aside from these, the gem of the collection is a little “Cupid and Venus” by C. B. Van Everdigen, the drawing and colouring of which are wonderfully done. Cupid is tickling his mother

under the chin and she is laughing right out of the canvas.

Of the corporation paintings I feel scarcely competent to speak. For myself, I do not care for them; they are too crowded, too overloaded with detail, to be pictures in the real sense of the word. However admirable may be the grouping, the drawing, the painting, and however interesting the faces of the sitters, I cannot appreciate a picture which refuses to be seen as a whole, but which has a dozen points of interest to which the eyes are continually shifting. Please understand, this is merely a personal opinion; but for myself, I would rather have his "Jolly Man," who leers from the wall at the Rijks, or his "Jester," or his portrait of himself and his wife than all the corporation pieces Frans Hals ever painted.

There is a registry book at the museum in which each visitor writes his name, and the custodian showed us with great pride the signature of Theodore Roosevelt, occupying an entire page. As we were coming out, a man in livery, on the lookout, of course, for a tip, motioned us through another door, and conducted us to the meeting-room of the burgomeester and the city fathers. I wonder if any city council in America ever had such a room? It was most beautiful and impressive, with a great Gobelin tapestry along one wall. The tables were of polished oak, aged to a lovely brown, each with its quill pen and pewter inkwell shining like burnished silver.

As we came out, I could not but speculate as to whether it might not pay to experiment along this line with American councils and boards of aldermen. If we should provide them with meeting-rooms of high dignity and beauty, cleansed of all cheap and tawdry things, would such surroundings, I wonder, impress themselves upon the councilmen, and give them added dignity and beauty, too? I am inclined to think so; to make the council-chamber a room so beautiful that it would be a privilege to enter it would surely have its effect upon the business transacted there!

We went out, that afternoon, to Zandvoort, a seaside resort built in the last few years around an old cluster of fishermen's huts huddling behind the dunes. The new hotels and villas, whose occupants visit Zandvoort only in the summer, have no such necessity of protection from the bitter winds of winter, and are built on top of the dunes, defiantly facing the sea. The old part is, of course, the more picturesque and interesting, with its little crooked streets and squat houses, painted white or yellow with red tiled roofs. No costume was perceptible save that rough and serviceable one which poverty and heavy toil make necessary.

The dunes extend inland for some distance, and the electric tram runs through them, skirting a beautiful old winding road, shaded by magnificent trees, along which one would love to wander. The villas begin

before the higher line of dunes is reached and continue to the sea-front. They are all new and clean, with shutters painted in red and white diamonds, and most of them are named "Marie," or "Hildegarde," or "Antoinette," or some other female appellation. I speculated somewhat as to whether these were the names of the owners' wives, or merely ideal names — but I finally rejected the last idea, as leading to unending complications.

The villas, as I have said, are very bright and attractive, but the surroundings are as yet rude and scrubby and very sandy. But the Dutchman has a way of making the wilderness blossom. Already rose gardens have been started and shrubbery planted, and no doubt in ten or fifteen years these gardens will begin to assume that beautiful and finished shape which Dutchmen love. How they make anything grow in that soil passes me; but behind one villa we found a patch of potatoes growing and apparently flourishing right in the sand!

We got back to Haarlem in the dusk of twilight, and again we sat at the Café Brinkmann and watched the busy life on the market square. It was Saturday evening, and the scene was more than usually animated, the shop-windows brighter than ever, the carillon seemingly more beautiful. How clean and healthy and nice-looking these Dutch people are. And how good-hearted. You may bring your dog with you into the restaurant — if he is well-behaved, as all Dutch dogs seem to be — and the waiter will

bring him a plate of meat, so that he may eat at the same time his master does. And he eats like a gentleman, with no unseemly haste. If I wasn't an American, I believe I should like to be a Dutchman.

CHAPTER XI

ROUND ABOUT HAARLEM

BETWEEN Haarlem and the sea lies one of the most picturesque parts of Holland. For here the line of dunes which keeps out the North Sea, reaches its greatest height, and here, too, are the remains of the great forest which in years gone by clothed the whole coast. In consequence, it is here that the wealthy Dutchman has chosen to build his country-house, and it is here that he and his family spend a large portion of every year. For the Dutch are very fond of the outdoors, and the country-house is preferred to the town-house as long as the weather permits of wide-open windows.

These country-places are not "estates," as the word is understood in England and France, and is coming to be understood in this country — that is to say, they consist of only an acre or two, but that little tract of land is made as beautiful as possible. There is the house of red brick, with its steep roof and tall windows, carefully placed so that none of the old trees will be interfered with; the grounds are planted with flowering shrubs, and further brightened by beds of tulips and geraniums and begonias; canals and ponds are laid out, and water-lilies planted in

them; a pretty little summer-house is built where the family may take its meals out-of-doors, and the passing years make the place complete. A more attractive one would be hard to find anywhere.

These are the older villas, the summer-residences of the aristocracy. The newer ones, built by ordinarily wealthy men-of-affairs, are of wood, gayly-painted, set in the midst of a flower-crammed half-acre. They, also, are most attractive; for the Dutch do these things better than we!

It was to see these villas, new and old, and to explore the dunes beyond them that we left Haarlem that Sunday morning, taking the electric tram to Bloemendaal, itself a collection of country-houses, each more charming than the other. Just beyond the town, the wood commences, a wood of mighty elms and beches, through which are many paths. The main road leads to the famous old inn, the Duin en Daal, back of which, on a lofty dune, from which a large Dutch flag was flying, is a lookout whence one may see Haarlem with the Groote Kerk high in its midst, Amsterdam with its many towers and great gas-tanks, and, farther to the left, the clustered wind-mills of the Zaanland.

Turning to the right, just before the hotel is reached, is the road leading to Meerenberg and the ruins of the castle of Brederode, and this we took. The road runs on through the wood, with the dunes mounting steeply to the left, past villa after villa, each with its garden, and sun-parlour and out-door

dining-room, and each with its windows wide open to the soft yet bracing breeze. I have heard it said that a Dutchman never opens the windows of his town-house and never closes those of his country one, and I can at least testify to the truth of the latter part of the epigram. In the country he certainly seems to have a passion for fresh air. All of the houses had their brightly-painted wooden shutters swung back against the wall, and the design most common was a green border, with an hour-glass in red from top to bottom, and the triangles at the sides in white. This is the favourite design all over Holland, and I think it is intended to simulate a red curtain tied together in the middle. When the shutters are closed, the figure certainly has that effect.

A mile farther brought us to the picturesque, ivy-grown brick ruins of the *château*, once the stronghold of the powerful counts of Brederode. If you have read your Motley, you will remember the hard-drinking, hard-swearing, rash and yet patriotic nobleman of that name who so helped and hindered William of Orange in the first stages of the struggle for Dutch independence, the founder of the "Beggars," who were to strike the first effective blow of the contest, and you will approach these ruins with heightened interest. It is evident that the castle was an extensive one, and the ruins are both imposing and beautiful. The wide moat is still filled with water, gay with lilies, but a permanent wooden bridge has replaced the old drawbridge, and only one of the towers

can boast a roof — a modern one of slate. A winding and worn brick stairway leads to the top of this tower, whence is a pleasant view of the woods and the dunes.

A portion of the keep has fallen down, exposing the narrow stairway leading to the top. It is of brick, and each step is supported by a little brick arch so perfectly built that it has survived unshaken the weight of centuries. The walls are very massive, battlemented, and pierced for the archers or musketeers. The wide Dutch fireplace survives in what was once the banquetting-hall, and the beautiful stone flagging of the floor is well preserved.

I do not think that many visitors from other lands find their way to this picturesque spot. For one thing, the custodian seemed much impressed by our arrival, and for another he knew not a single word of English. It is a pity, for the place is well worth visiting in itself, and the country round about it is as interesting as any in Holland.

From the ruins, we turned along a narrow road shaded by tall trees, known as the Berg Weg, or Mountain Road, and were soon among the dunes that Ruisdael loved to paint. Indeed, it was from this neighbourhood that he drew his inspiration almost wholly in the early days of his career, before the demand for "ideal scenes," waterfalls and old mills and such things, corrupted his brush.

We left the road, presently, and struck off among the dunes, through groves of dwarfed and twisted



RUINS OF THE CASTLE OF BREDERODE.

pinus, with the needles thick underfoot, filling the air with their delicious odour; across the dry and brittle moss, through the furze and sand-grass, starting a great rabbit now and then, as brown as the ground it scurried over. Here and there, across the face of the dunes, a streak of vivid yellow marked a sand-slip, but the prevailing tones were of dark green and dark brown, deeply melancholy. Wild roses were thick underfoot, and green and yellow moss, and pretty little blue and yellow flowers, and thyme and eglantine, dwarfed to mere miniatures by the poverty of the soil in which their lot was cast. It was interesting to note how their size increased in the damp hollows and diminished on the dry ridges. The yellow broom seemed to be the only plant indifferent to wind and drought, and its feathery plumes waved to us from every side, while its long roots pushed far out in all directions in search of sustenance. The growth of the broom is encouraged in every way, because its vigorous roots help to bind the sand.

It was a windy day, with gray clouds scudding across the sky and a dash of rain now and then — just the weather to fit the scene. I wish I could describe it. The dunes are not mere mounds of sand, but hills rising sometimes to a height of two hundred feet, and extending inland three or four miles. And since they were formed by wind and not by water, the effect at first is most bewildering. For there are no ordered valleys and continuous ridges as in water-formed hills, but peaks and hollows without system or

connection. It is not possible to follow either a ridge or a valley, but one is continually either mounting or descending.

We walked for an hour or more amid this wild and desolate waste, coming upon an artist under his white umbrella in a sheltered corner, and from the tops of the higher dunes catching glimpses of the gray sea to the west or of the plains, with their canals and windmills, to the east. A station of the Waterstaat reminded us that even here vigilance was necessary to guard against the encroachments of the sea — and perhaps even more to keep these shifting sands from rolling inland over the fertile country.

The wind presently drove the rain before it, and the sun shone from a sky of soft blue, with great banks of white clouds piled across it. We made our way back to the road reluctantly, for there is a fascination about these dunes — the sort of fascination that makes one long to spend days and nights dreaming among them.

We followed the road through a wood, and past the dearest of old Dutch farmsteads, lying close to the ground and guarded by great elms and by a mighty hay-rick, full to bursting, and a scarcely-less-mighty woodpile, pregnant with promise of cheerful winter evenings. Around it stretched the sand, but in that sand vegetables of all kinds were planted, and — I know not by what miracle of culture — apparently thriving. The farmers here on the borders of these dunes have a problem to confront exactly the opposite

of that which confronts all the other farmers of Holland. Elsewhere it is a never-ceasing battle against water; here the battle is just as bitter against drouth. The Dutch farmer seems to be able to win both.

We came back, at last, into the Meerenbergsche Weg, with its gay villas, each with its name painted over the door. Here there was greater diversity than at Zandvoort, for besides women's names, we noticed such mottoes as "Wel Tevreden" or "Well Content"; "Buiten Zorg" or "Without Care"; "Anna's Lust," the latter word meaning pleasure or delight; "Groot Genoeg" or "Large Enough"; "Mijn Rust" or "My Repose"; "Neit Zoo Quaelijk" or "Not So Bad," — each motto being, I suppose, a sort of formula of the philosophy of the owner of the place. This philosophy, I may add, seems pretty much of a piece, for the mottoes all belong to the same family, and occur again and again on country-houses all over Holland.

We stopped for lunch at a clean little inn at the crossroads, and then, striking into a pretty foot-path, made our way back through the woods, and so to the tram for Haarlem.

Haarlem improves with acquaintance, and one is always discovering new points of interest. That Sunday evening, the orphans were especially in evidence, strolling about the streets. We had first become aware of the orphans at Leiden, where, having noticed

among the crowd, certain bright-faced girls of sixteen or seventeen in white caps and neat black gowns, we had asked if they were nurses, and had been told that they were orphans. We did not fully understand, then, and let the matter pass in the hurry of the moment, but when we got to Haarlem, and saw boys and girls going along the street in costumes one sleeve of which was blue and the other red, the thing demanded investigation.

It then developed that these orphanages exist all over Holland, every town of importance having one or more. They are privately supported, and as most of them have been in existence since the middle ages, they are usually well-endowed. Some of them are sectarian, others are maintained by various societies, and still others are open only to the orphans of a particular locality; but it is considered rather an honour to be admitted to them, and the children so admitted are carefully educated, the girls to be good housewives, the boys to be useful men.

The orphanage at Haarlem is a large one, and its peculiar costume is very ancient. That of the boys is a suit all black, except that the left sleeve of the coat is a bright red, and the right sleeve a bright blue; but the costume of the girls is very fetching, their white caps setting off their rosy and healthy faces, and their parti-coloured sleeves being elbow-length, with snowy undersleeves extending to the wrists. As one sees them pass, so pretty and so happy, with eyes so blue and innocent and lips so

red and inviting, one cannot but marvel that they have not been appropriated long since. I can well believe that the work these orphanages do in educating these children is a most important and beneficial one.

Nor is it with the children alone that the Dutch concern themselves. All over the land are institutions where the old may find a refuge for their last years. Haarlem is particularly rich in these hofjes, as they are called, but every town has them, as we have seen at Leiden. They are usually pleasant groups of little dwellings arranged around a beautifully-kept court, each with its own front door. Sometimes you pass through a weather-beaten arched gateway from the turmoil of the busy street into the quiet of one of these retreats, whose inmates are sitting placidly at their doors, knitting and gossiping, — awaiting, without fear I hope, the last summons.

These hofjes are not, as I understand it, maintained by the state, but by private endowments, and the restrictions governing them vary greatly. Admission to many of them may be gained by the payment of a certain sum; others are open free under certain restrictions; in some the life is of an almost conventual strictness; in others it differs little from the life of the rest of the world. Of the value of these institutions I am too little informed to hazard an opinion; but the nice, clean old men and women in them certainly seem contented and happy, and I can imagine no better way of passing the years after one's usefulness is over.

The people of Haarlem seem brighter and better-dressed than elsewhere, but this may be only the reflection of their pretty town. Looked at closely, few of the women are beautiful and few of the men handsome; but most of them look kind-hearted and honest, which is, perhaps, of more importance. On Sunday afternoon, they turn out en masse, and the main streets are thronged from side to side by the parading crowds in their best clothes, the men gravely tipping their hats to each other, but not to the women, as they pass. There is a great deal of flirtation, and the girls seem uncommonly ready to smile and be talked to and treated to beer and poffertjes. The cafés are crowded, and the result is apparent as evening falls. Filled with beer, the peasant is moved to an elephantine gayety; but his idea of a good time seems to be limited to singing raucously up and down the streets, or putting his arm around his best girl and charging along the pavements with her. The police evidently do not consider this disorderly.

In the evening, we strolled out to the beautiful forest of Haarlem to the south of the town, with its fine avenues of limes and beeches — such a pleasure-ground as no American town I know possesses. The clear light of the evening filtered through the leaves, and the incomparable odour of the woods filled our nostrils. Near the entrance, a band was playing, softened by the distance, and the moment was one to soothe and uplift the spirit.

But the lights and bustle of the streets lured us

back, at last. Never were there such delicatessen and sweet-meat displays as those in the Haarlem shop-windows! Outdoor bakeries of poffertjes and wafelen are on every hand, and even more frequent are the hand-carts heaped high with fried eels. The eels are carefully assorted as to size, varying from mere worms to monsters a yard long, and they are sold by weight. They are very dark, as though they had been smoked, and are anything but appetizing in appearance, and still less so as to smell. We speculated as to whether the proper way to eat an eel was the same at Haarlem as at Leiden, and whether one should begin at the head or the tail. Observation showed that the flesh must be gnawed off sideways, from left to right.

Lovers of old Dutch silver, brass and pewter — tin, they call it — will find many attractive shops at Haarlem, and the prices surprisingly reasonable. Most attractive of all, I think, is a little shop huddling under the great buttresses of the Groote Kerk. Never did brass and pewter shine as they shine here, and nearly as bright is the face of the pretty woman who owns it, Madame van Veldhuijsen, to whom my compliments and best wishes. The neighbourhood of Haarlem is rich in this old ware, and I should hate to tell how many pieces Betty purchased!

CHAPTER XII

A STROLL ON THE BEACH

WE left Haarlem next morning for a day along the North Sea, running down to Leiden through the fields of horticulturists, looking for the most part dead and sere, now that the tulips were done blooming and the bulbs in the ground waiting to be dug. April is the time to see these fields in their full glory. A few fields of Japanese iris were still in bloom, but even they were beginning to fade. The sandy soil about Haarlem is peculiarly suited to the culture of these bulbs, and the business has grown to great proportions. But it is a steady and humdrum business now, quite without that element of romance which attached to it in the days when Cornelis van Baerle grew his Black Tulip, and, here in the Haarlem market-place, won, at the same time, the prize of a hundred thousand florins and the hand of the woman he loved!

At Leiden we walked up to the Korte Galgewater, stopping on the way to admire a tall windmill, beautifully placed behind a screen of trees, and reflected in a tiny river at its foot. At the wharf, we found waiting the little black, narrow steamboat for Katwijk aan Zee. The skipper, a short and stout little Dutch-



A WINDMILL AT LEIDEN.

man, and the crew, a lean and scraggy one, received us with great empressement.

Having assisted us to the deck, the crew rang the landing-bell and cast loose, and the captain punted the boat around until she was headed the right way, then the crew dived into the engine-room, the engine began to beat, the screw to turn, and we were off. We were the only passengers. The freight on board could have been carried in a wheelbarrow, and it was difficult to see how the boat paid expenses — but the same mystery attaches to almost all these little boats.

We came to a railroad bridge, presently, and tied up alongside until a train passed. Then the bridgemen laboriously unbolted the fish-plates, swung the bridge open for us to pass, and we puffed through without paying toll, and headed down the Rhine. The Rhine — think of it! The same river which had its origin nine hundred miles away in Switzerland — though I doubt if any of this water came so far. The Dutch play hob with the Rhine as soon as they get their hands on it. They divide it up into three lesser streams, which they name the Waal, the Ijssel and the Lek. The Rhine, as such, drops out of the world entirely, only to bob up again like a ghost here at Leiden. A very attenuated ghost it is — scarcely a shadow of the great river which rolled down from Germany.

It was Monday, and therefore wash-day, and the women all along the banks were kneeling in their washing-boxes and swishing clothes around in the

stream. These washing-boxes are little water-tight compartments sunk level with the water at the back doors of the houses along the river-edge, and the women knelt in them and rubbed a little soap on the garment they were washing, and pounded it on the platform in front of them, and then swashed it around in the cold water, and wrung it out and laid it on the grass to dry. It looked back-breaking and clammy work, but it seems effective enough, for Dutch linen is the whitest in the world. There was a time, before artificial bleaching was discovered, when linen from all over the world was sent here to be whitened, the damp atmosphere and the water of the canals, especially at Haarlem, being supposed to possess some mysteriously effective quality; and so "Hollands" came to be the generic name for white linen — a name which is still sometimes used.

Presently we saw a stork's nest on top of a high pole, evidently placed there especially for it, with the stork standing immobile on one leg disdainfully watching the scene below. There were two youngsters in the nest, and by the way they were craning their necks out of it, they seemed much more interested in the world than their mother was. The Dutch peasant believes that no woman will die in child-bed in a house on which a stork has built, and as the Dutch birthrate is high, the stork is as sacred in Holland as the ibis was in Egypt. It is an interesting coincidence that both birds belong to the same family.

Katwijk-ann-den-Rijn is a pretty cluster of red-

roofed houses, set so close to the river that the boat almost grazes them as it chug-chugs along. Just beyond, two big canals enter the river, which broadens to a considerable stream, confined between high banks, its margin gay with white and yellow water-lilies. All along, in the fields on either side, were men and women on their knees digging potatoes with little trowels. And at last, ahead of us, we saw a great five-arched water-gate — one of the eleven which hold back the waves of the North Sea and keep Holland safe.

This great engineering work, constructed over a hundred years ago by that Conrad whose tomb we have seen in the church at Haarlem, deserves a close inspection, and is most impressive. Time was when the Rhine did not get to the sea at all, but ended ignominiously here in a sandy swamp, a constant menace to the country. The Dutch decided to change all that; high banks were built to guard the river, a way was cut through the dunes, and a series of sluices built to carry the water into the sea. During high tide the gates are closed, to keep out the water of the ocean, which rises many feet above the level of the river. At low tide, the gates are opened, and the banked-up water of the Rhine rushes forth with a force which sweeps away the sand which the waves of the sea have heaped up in the channel.

Sometimes, during stormy weather, the wind piles up the waves so high along the coast that the gates cannot be opened for several days; and then, if the

river happens to be also in flood, the low country along it is in great danger from the accumulated water. One look at those mighty gates is, however, enough to show that the sea will never break through them. The dyke stretching away on either side is also very massive, of solid masonry which nothing but an earthquake could displace. It stands defiantly holding back the sea, keeping watch and ward over the land, which sleeps in peace behind it, knowing that it is strong and trustworthy.

It was noon when we reached Katwijk, and as we made our way toward the sea-front along the crooked streets, we passed a school which had just been dismissed, and the clatter of the wooden shoes on the cobbled pavement was something terrific. Men and women were returning from work in the fields for the noon meal — strong and straight, most of them, and with honesty's fearless eyes.

Like most other Dutch seaside resorts, Katwijk is divided sharply into two parts — the old part, consisting of the huddled houses of the fishermen, and the new part, consisting of the villas and hotels for the summer visitors. And, as always, the fishermen's houses crouch behind the dunes, while the hotels stare insolently down upon the sea from above them. The old quarter is of more relative importance here than at the larger resorts, for the town still has seventy smacks engaged in the herring fishery.

But we had come to Katwijk only as a starting-point for one of the most characteristic beach-walks



THE MOUTH OF THE RHINE, KATWIJK.



SHELL-GATHERER ON THE BEACH, KATWIJK.

on the Dutch coast, and as soon as we had glanced at the town, we turned our backs upon it, and, making our way over the Rhine locks, headed away toward Noordwijk, three miles distant. The tide was out and just at the turn, so that there was a beautiful stretch of smooth, hard sand — better walking by far than the cobbles of the towns. There was a strong wind at our backs, with dark clouds scudding across the sky, and a spatter of rain now and then, and the sea was gray and angry, with a booming surf.

Waist-deep in this surf, a number of men were working with little hand-nets, which they would dip into the waves, as they rolled in, and then would empty into a high, two-wheeled cart, which had been driven as near them as the waves would permit. We could see that the nets were heavy with something, and we were puzzled for a long time as to what it was the men were catching; but finally one of the carts came driving past us along the beach with one of the men in attendance, and we saw that it was heaped high with shells. The waves bring these shells in in great quantities, and it is quite in line with the Dutchman's idea of the fitness of things that the ocean should be made to provide its own manacles. For these shells are calcined into lime in the kilns at Katwijk, and this lime furnishes the mortar which holds the dykes in the neighbourhood together. This shell-gathering seems to be the principal pursuit of the Katwijk fishermen outside the herring season, and the beach was lined with carts almost as far as

Noordwijk. The shell-gatherers were tall, sturdy fellows, as hard as iron, and did not seem to feel the exposure consequent upon standing in the cold water for an hour or two at a time.

Half-way down the beach, we passed the blackened remnants of a wreck, buried in the sand, with a flock of gulls and some darker birds whirling about it. The beach widened as we neared Noordwijk, which is a resort of more importance than its sister to the south, for the beach is covered with hooded chairs, as at Scheveningen, and the villas and hotels topping the dunes are quite elaborate.

We returned to Leiden by the crookedest of tram-lines across a country which must be one of the garden-spots of Holland. As far as the eye could see were broad stretches of gardens, with men and women on their knees digging potatoes and tulip-bulbs, picking strawberries, or preparing the land just vacated by one crop for another, for no season of the year is wasted here in Holland, and the ground is seldom empty.

This being Monday night, the town orchestra of Haarlem, about forty strong, was assembled in a temporary grand-stand in the middle of the Groote Markt, as we came out from dinner at the Brinkmann. We did not linger, but rode out to take another look at the beautiful forest of Haarlem. The trees are very tall and straight, truly like the pillars of a cathedral, especially a Dutch cathedral, where the pillars are

always slim and round. Luckily it has not occurred to the Dutch to whitewash the wooden ones as they do those of brick, and a stroll along these green-vaulted aisles, scented as no incense ever scented stone-vaulted ones, is truly a balm to the spirit.

We had a last look through Haarlem next morning, and a visit to Madame van Veldhuijsen under the shadow of the cathedral, lured back by some old pewter without which we could not summon up resolution to leave the town. We saw, too, the first funeral we had seen in the country, proceeding solemnly to the obscure burying-ground somewhere in the outskirts. Two men marched in front in cocked hats, which they wore fore and aft, so to speak, while the driver of the hearse wore his crosswise. There may be some etiquette in this which the stranger in the country does not understand; or perhaps it is only a matter of personal preference. The hearse was very ornate, but without glass, so that the draped coffin within was fully visible. Behind came the pall-bearers on foot, each in a braided frock-coat and rusty top-hat, which evidently had seen service at many former ceremonies. There were eight pall-bearers in all, and after them came the mourners in two carriages with the curtains tightly drawn.

Time was when this procession would have been headed by a huilebalk, with wide-brimmed hat and long-tailed coat, a black-bordered handkerchief in his hand, and real tears coursing down his cheeks; but I fear the huilebalk has vanished from this earth,

together with knights-errant and magicians and princesses in distress, and many other charming and interesting things!

I have already spoken of the wonderful shop-windows of the Haarlem pastry-cooks; and those of the toy-shops are scarcely less wonderful. Dutch children seem to be educated in household ways by means of elaborate toys, and it is possible in these shops to buy all sorts of household things in miniature, even to a residence completely furnished. These, I imagine, are for the girls, as these houses always have a nursery in them, with the baby in its cradle; while for the boys are devised startling mechanical contrivances of all degrees of ingenuity. The Dutch are great lovers of such contrivances. Many of their clock-towers are equipped with mechanical figures, which perform when the hour strikes; elaborate automata are exhibited at all the festivals; sleight-of-hand and unusual dexterity of any kind are much admired; and acrobats form a part of every entertainment. That fellow who practised with a handful of peas until he could impale them all upon pin-points at a single throw would have been well rewarded in Holland!

There is a story that, when Peter the Great was ready to leave Amsterdam, he desired to take back to Russia a memento of his stay in Holland, and commissioned a Dutch nobleman to have made for him a miniature replica of a Dutch mansion. That commission was undertaken in the gravest spirit. Expert cab-

inet-makers made the furniture; expert jewellers the plate; the carpets were woven at Utrecht, the lace at Bruges, the linen at Ghent; tiny books, readable only with a microscope, were engraved for the shelves of the library; miniature-painters executed the pictures for the walls. At last the house was done. But twenty-five years had elapsed; a hundred thousand florins had been expended; and Peter, who had other things to think about, had long since forgotten the commission. So this most elaborate and costly of all toys found a resting-place in a museum at The Hague — a monument to Dutch patience and ingenuity.

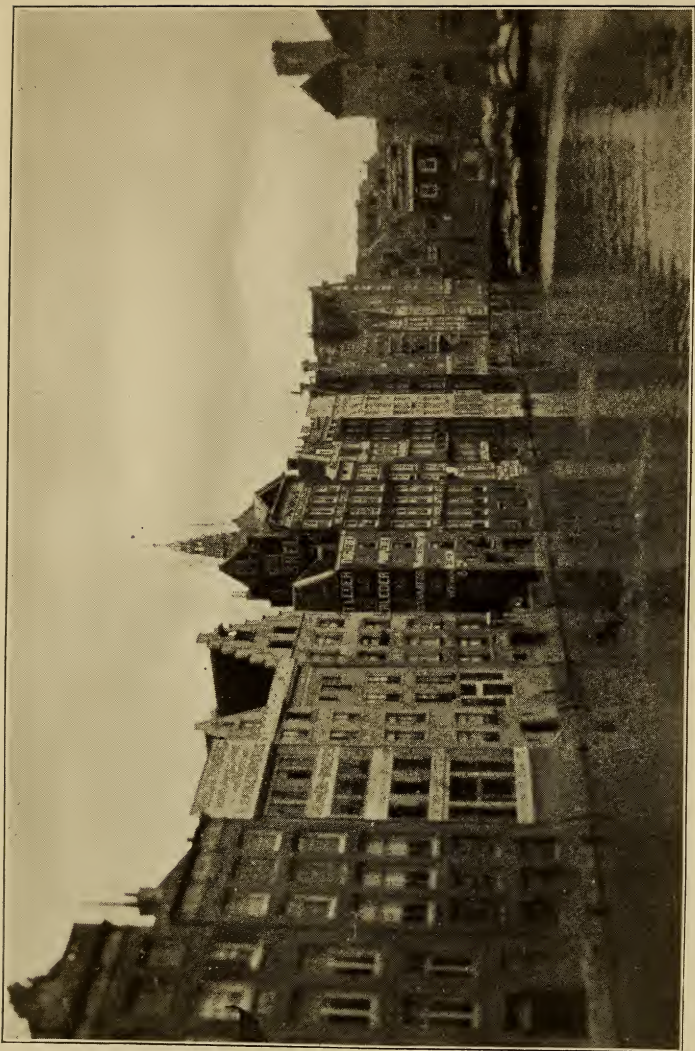
The Dutchman, too, likes to see what is passing in the street. The open fronts of Dutch cafés are a proof of this, but there is another, even more striking. For, to the front of nearly every private house, is affixed a double mirror set at such an angle that a person sitting inside the window can see up and down the street. Or perhaps it is the women who demand this diversion. It is somewhat startling, as you are walking along the pavement, to find yourself gazing suddenly into a pair of tranquil eyes, and it is a moment before you realize that you are looking at some lady seated at her work inside the house, who, of course, is also looking at you!

CHAPTER XIII

THE TOWN ON THE AMSTEL

HAARLEM grows on one, the longer one remains there, and we looked back upon it with regret from the windows of the train which bore us away to Amsterdam, only a few miles distant. Most towns in Holland are "only a few miles distant," and railway journeys are soon accomplished. By rail from Haarlem to Amsterdam takes about fifteen minutes, and before the Groote Kerk of Haarlem was out of sight behind, the clustered towers of Amsterdam loomed ahead. Half an hour later, we had found a quiet inn, engaged a gorgeous apartment on the first floor at a price ridiculously small, even though it did look out upon the busy Damrak, with a little vine-embowered balcony in front, where one might sit and watch the crowded life in the street below.

Amsterdam is the most characteristic of the three great cities of Holland. Its broad, concentric canals, mirroring the narrow, high-gabled houses leaning above them, and thronged with boats from every portion of the country, give the town a Dutch air not to be mistaken; and, especially in the older parts, it is indescribably picturesque. I can imagine nothing more so than the maze of narrow and crooked streets



AN AMSTERDAM CANAL.

about the Oude Kerk, which look to-day much as they must have looked three hundred years ago.

The Dutch atmosphere is further accented by the presence of many costumes in the streets, for Marken and Volendam and Broek are not far away, and their women are especially esteemed, here at Amsterdam, as nursemaids; added to which is the queerest costume of all — that of the local orphans. At Haarlem they were conspicuous enough with one sleeve red and the other blue; here they fairly take one's breath away, one-half black and one-half red.

I mean that literally, astonishing as it may sound. If the orphan is a boy, the left half of his coat is of bright red cloth and the right half of black; if a girl, both skirt and bodice are divided longitudinally in the same manner. Betty said it reminded her of the "Boo-hoo, ha-ha" chorus in "The Three Twins." Why the boys' trousers are not divided in colour I don't know, but they are of decent black. Perhaps the moralists thought it dangerous to encase one leg in red.

We were surprised to see male orphans swaggering about the streets smoking or promenading with their best girls, and the female orphans, or "Amsterdamsche burgerweismesjes," as they are called, quite grown up and much interested in the men. But it seems that orphans stay in the institution until they are of age, after which they are expected to shift for themselves. The boys are usually apprenticed to some trade and the girls are found a position in a

private family. They are much sought after, because of their excellent training.

The orphanage at Amsterdam was founded early in the sixteenth century by a woman named Haasje Claas, who gave seven houses in the Kalverstraat for the purpose. I do not know whether Haasje prescribed the costume, but it dates from very early in the institution's history. It was made as striking as possible in order that it might be instantly recognized by tavern-keepers, who are forbidden to serve orphans, and also by railway officials and drivers of all public conveyances, for no orphan may travel away from the city without a special permit.

Haasje Claas's gift was only the beginning of an endowment which is now very large, for the orphanage gets many legacies every year; this sort of benefaction being very popular all over Holland. To be admitted the applicant must be the child of citizens of Amsterdam belonging to one of the Protestant churches. The body must be looked after, no less than the mind, in all these orphanages, for I never saw healthier, nicer-looking boys and girls.

My pen falters at the task of trying to describe Amsterdam, it is so varied, so immense, so many-sided. Its greatest attraction—the greatest in all Holland—is the Rijks Museum, that unparalleled treasure-house of Dutch art, for which I shall reserve a separate chapter. Then there is the Municipal Museum, rich in modern Dutch art; the royal palace, the two great churches, the teeming Jewish quarter,

the superb Zoological garden, and last but not least, the streets — above all, the Kalverstraat, that narrow and crooked thoroughfare packed every evening from curb to curb with a jocular, good-natured mob. Nowhere else have I seen anything quite like the Kalverstraat.

Amsterdam is built like a horse-shoe, or, rather, like a lot of horse-shoes, one inside the other, or like a great amphitheatre with the river Ij as the stage, and the streets and canals the rows of seats. For they run in semi-circles, beginning and ending in the Ij, and in the centre is the Dam, where the routes of all tram-cars also begin and end.

The Dam is where the town started, for this is the spot which, in 1204, Gijsbrecht II. selected as the site for his castle. At that time, the Amstel flowed into the Ij here, and so Gijsbrecht had to build a dam to turn the Amstel aside, and from this dam the town took its name. Gijsbrecht's followers built their hovels about the castle walls, and so a town began. Strangely enough, the Dam has remained the hub about which the city has grown in concentric semi-circles.

If your hotel is near the Dam, you will have no trouble getting anywhere; and, better still, you will have no trouble getting back, for all trams stop there sooner or later. Also you will become acquainted with the most persistent guides in Europe — little men in rusty black, with fat umbrellas under their arms, and a burnished badge on their hats, who beg,

who insist, who threaten for the privilege of showing you the sights — not for their sake, be it understood, but for your own, in order that they may accomplish for you a vast saving of time and money.

I have wondered in vain why it is that the guides of Amsterdam are more leech-like than those of any other town — far surpassing even those at the entrance to the Louvre. Perhaps it is because their case is such a desperate one; for no one with a tongue and pair of eyes in his head has the slightest need of them. Betty and I passed there so often, that at last they got to know us, and even touched their hats to us and smiled in a sort of sheepish camaraderie, as though asking us not to give them away.

Another acquaintance we made was a beggar, whose beat was up and down the Damrak. He was a jovial-faced fellow, both of whose legs had been cut off just below the body in some accident, and who navigated up and down the pavement on a stool, which he manipulated with wonderful dexterity. We gave him a few cents the first time we saw him, and after that he was a sworn friend of ours, always stopping to smile and lift his hat as we passed by, and never again did he ask us for money. We could not but like him for the light-hearted way in which he faced the world which had used him so terribly.

The Dam, then, is the natural starting-point for all expeditions about Amsterdam, and some of the principal attractions are near by. The royal palace shadows it to the west, and the Nieuwe Kerk to the

north. From its southern side starts the Kalverstraat, and a little distance down this is the entrance to the municipal orphanage, while the next side street leads to the Begijnenhof, still kept by the sisters of St. Begga much as it was five hundred years ago.

One gets into the palace by going around to the back and ringing at a door there; but before doing so, one should know a few facts of its history — that it was built as a town-hall about the middle of the seventeenth century; that when, in 1808, Napoleon annexed the Netherlands to France on the theory that they were really French soil, the alluvium of French rivers, and made Louis Bonaparte king of the country, Amsterdam presented this building to the new king for his residence, and the latter did his best to remodel it into something it was not intended for — a place to live in. So, as one goes through the building, one sees these two purposes constantly at war; for Louis Bonaparte's disfigurements and partitions of imitation marble have been allowed to stand. The queen lives here for a week every year, as Dutch law requires, and it may be that, after the palace at The Hague, she would not feel entirely at home without some imitation marble on the premises.

There is nothing imitation about the magnificent marble put into the place when it was built, and one can only marvel at the wealth of sculpture, admirably done by Artus Quellin and his assistants. In the carving about the doors of the various offices of the city government, Dutch humour had full play.

Above the door of the secretary's office is Discretion, with a finger on her lips, and Fidelity, typified by a dog watching his dead master. About the door of the room for marriages are carved billing and cooing doves. The old court-room is decorated by reliefs showing Wisdom, as exemplified by the judgment of Solomon, with a soldier, as usual, holding the baby up by one leg ready to slice it in two; Justice, as exemplified by Brutus ordering his sons to execution; and a number of other scenes of the same sort. The door opening into the office for bankrupts has a relief showing the fall of Icarus, who tried to fly too high, and an ornamental moulding of rats and mice gnawing scattered papers and empty money-boxes.

The building is full of this sort of sculptural allusion, which reaches its culmination in the reception hall, a magnificent and imposing apartment, entirely lined with white marble, and with so many allegorical groups in it that it takes quite a while to puzzle them out. Our conductor, a nice-faced old man, was determined, however, that we should miss nothing, and especially delighted in calling our attention to the deceptive paintings in some of the rooms — a marble frieze which was really only a flat surface, a row of palings before which one stopped but which were really painted on the wall a yard away, and so on. This is the sort of childish tomfoolery of which the Dutch seem especially fond

We had quite a chat with the custodian afterwards when, feeling that he had done his whole duty by



THE QUEEN, THE PRINCE CONSORT AND JULIANA.
(From the most popular post-cards in Holland.)

us, he permitted himself to relax. He was very proud of Wilhelmina and of the Princess Juliana and even condescendingly friendly toward the Prince Consort.

The Dutch people generally seem to be fond of the queen and the baby, and to regard the prince as a necessary evil. Pictures of them are everywhere — in hotels, in public buildings, and in private houses; and an immense traffic is done in two postcards, one showing the queen snuggling the baby's face up to hers, and the other displaying the prince sitting stiffly upright with the baby on his knee. It is a difficult position, and he looks rather foolish, as who would not! I never see that picture without thinking of an evening, many years ago, when I happened into a music-hall in lower New York. It was one of those music-halls where the audience is expected to join in the choruses of the songs; but they didn't warm up to it that night until one of the performers sang a sentimental ditty about the joys of home and wife and children, with a chorus that went something like this:

He never cares to wander from his own fireside,
He never cares to wander or to roam;
With his baby on his knee,
He's as happy as can be,
For there's no place like home sweet home.

I have never forgotten those words, though I never heard them again, nor have I ever forgotten how those tattered, toil-stained, poverty-bitten, sin-scarred men and women joined in singing them. It was just the

sort of pathos to appeal to that audience. And the picture of the prince, "with his baby on his knee," is just the sort to appeal to the sentimental Dutch. I doubt, however, if the rest of the song applies to him. He certainly doesn't look "as happy as can be."

The fondness of the Dutch for Wilhelmina is due partly to the fact that she is a nice, quiet, unimaginative huisvrouw, and so typical of what they would have all their women be, and partly to the fact that she and her baby are the last members of that House of Orange, of which the venerated "Father William" was the first and greatest. The Dutch feel that, as long as that line endures, the country owes it place and honour. But most Dutchmen will tell you that they don't really need a queen; they could get along just as well, and somewhat less expensively, without one; but so long as the queen is a nice girl and not too extravagant, and especially as long as she is a descendant of "Father William," no one objects. Most of them, I think, like to see her around, and she seldom does anything to annoy them. The real governing, of course, is done by the parliament, an elective body.

It is in the Nieuwe Kerk, just across the square from the palace, that the Dutch rulers are crowned and take the oath to preserve the constitution of the country. Wilhelmina was crowned there in 1898, and the event is commemorated in a great stained-glass window, decidedly more satisfying than such

windows usually are. When we went over to the New Church for the first time, a wedding was in progress. We tried to bribe the koster to admit us, but he shook his head almost tearfully; so we had to idle about the Dam for a time. Then we saw the wedding-party come out — the bride very tall and statuesque in white satin and a long veil; the groom hurried and embarrassed, as grooms always are; and one of the nicest-looking, white-haired, fresh-faced old clergymen I ever laid eyes on. When we entered, some of the guests were still sitting around in the side rooms sipping “bride’s tears” wine and eating little cakes, and in the church itself a lot of men were busy clearing away the chairs and the wedding-carpet, which had been laid in the choir, between the screen and the spot where the altar once stood.

The koster came to us and explained that he had not dared admit us because this was a wedding of the better class, costing twenty-five gulden.

“If you were a Hollander,” he said, in broken English which I shall not attempt to indicate, “you could tell that by the carpet.”

“By the carpet?”

“Oh, yes; for the cheap ceremony, which costs but five gulden, we use only a single strip; for ten gulden we use two strips; but for twenty-five gulden we use the large handsome carpet which you see yonder. We do not get it out very often,” he added, with a sigh.

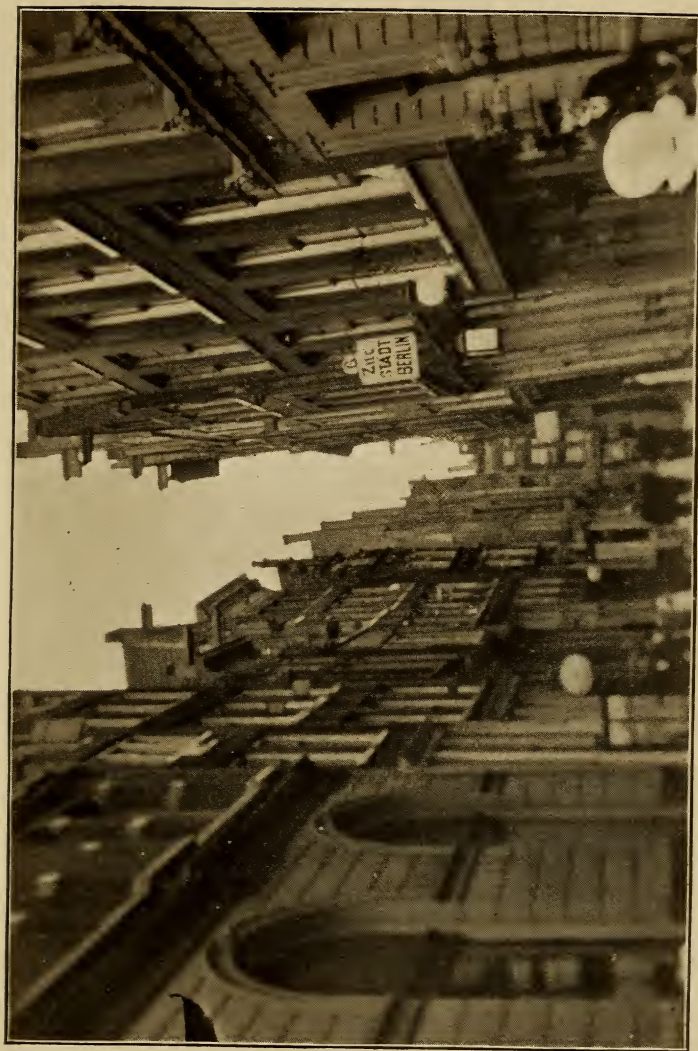
He hurried away, after that, to speed his parting

guests and to gather up any stray tips, leaving us to our own devices, with a printed description of the church, which he had given us when we bought our tickets.

Like all the churches of Holland, this is new only by comparison with the old, for it was completed in 1414, though it has been partially destroyed by fire and rebuilt two or three times since then. The principal show-piece is the tomb of Admiral de Ruyter, with the hero carved in marble, his head resting most uncomfortably upon a cannon, with a crowd of allegorical figures grouped about him, and the usual flamboyant epitaph engraved above. Various other naval heroes are also buried here and extravagantly commemorated — for when it came to building a monument to an admiral no expense was spared.

The “Oude Kerk” is not far away, and is reached through a maze of tortuous and narrow streets, looking like rifts opened by an earthquake. It would be difficult to find but for its lofty tower, which rises far above the houses as a guide. It is really old, dating from 1300, and looks it, so weather-beaten and rain-worn it is, so gray and venerable. It is more impressive outside than in, and the thing that I remember about it most distinctly is the beautiful and cozy little pastor’s study, overlooking a quiet canal, in which we had to wait for a time. In a study like that, one ought to be able to write a book really worth while!

The most interesting church in Amsterdam is that



A VISTA IN AMSTERDAM.
“Like a rift opened by an earthquake.”

which stands in the middle of the old Begijnenhof, of which I have spoken. You turn from the Kalverstraat down the Begijnen-Steeg, pass under an old gateway, and you are in a court surrounded by quaint old buildings, each with its screen of trees. The buildings are the home of the Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Begga, and the Mother Superior, if such is her proper title, will detail one of the sisters to show you some of the rooms — little white-washed chambers, with a narrow white bed guarded by a crucifix, and a curtained alcove for the sister's garments, a chair and a strip of carpet — and that is all. In the refectory, each sister has her little cupboard with her dishes in it, and she is expected to keep them clean, as well as attend to her own room. They all looked very tranquil and even happy — at least with a sweet serenity which must be very close to happiness. And in the middle of the court is a tiny white church, like a toy-church, almost; which was set apart, in 1607, for the use of a community of Scotch weavers who had been persuaded to settle at Amsterdam. It has remained in the possession of the Scotch Presbyterians ever since, and English services are held there every Sunday.

I should consider seeing the palace and these three churches a good day's work, and such time as is left may be well employed loitering about the streets. For there is a perpetual interest about Amsterdam's streets. Each seems to possess a character of its own, varying from the excitement of the ever-crowded

Kalverstraat to the never-disturbed placidity of the old and aristocratic Heerengracht not far away. And the canals also have their peculiar character. They are not so crowded as the ones at Rotterdam, they seem to move more slowly, and those who do business on them are more deliberate, if such a thing is possible.

Then there is the Jewish quarter, out near the Zoological garden. The best time to see it is Friday evening, when it is a real ghetto of the Middle Ages; but it is worth seeing at any time. There is nothing like it anywhere else in western Europe, for Amsterdam has been a refuge for the Jews since the fourteenth century, and there are over seventy-five thousand of them there now. It was they who brought the art of diamond-polishing to Amsterdam, and they still very largely control the diamond trade. It is something of a shock to see a man who looks like a vagabond take a little package from his pocket, open it on a table, and coolly begin to turn over its sparkling contents with the nail of his little finger, which is left long like a tiny scoop. These are real Jews, the Jews of tradition, unchanged by contact with the Gentile.

But for that matter, even on the Kalverstraat diamonds are handled with remarkable freedom. You enter a shop and ask to look at some, and the proprietor reaches under the counter and gets out an old cigar-box, and lifts the lid and discloses scores of little folded papers. He opens these, one after

the other, and in each of them is a pile of diamonds of various sizes. The cigar-box seems to be the accepted receptacle for the stock-in-trade in all the Amsterdam diamond shops.

For dinner, don't stay at your hotel, however inviting the menu. I never see travellers returning dutifully to their hotels for every meal but I mourn their wasted opportunities. The place to eat is in the restaurants where the natives eat; and this is especially true of Amsterdam. Go to a café on the Rembrandt Plein, or to one on the Kalverstraat, or to the great Café Krasnapolsky, and take two or three hours to the meal. It will probably be worth it; and the life, the movement, the types you will see are most interesting and diverting. I know that a good many travellers seem to think that the only things worth seeing in a country are its monuments; but to me, the monuments — and by these I mean the churches and palaces and museums — are of an interest quite secondary to that of the people themselves.

Aside from the Café Krasnapolsky, with its multitudinous mirrors, the cafés of Amsterdam reach their culmination around the Rembrandt Plein. In summer, as evening advances, the chairs and tables from these cafés overflow the sidewalk into the street; every chair is taken, and the waiters fly about with a frenzy of movement which threatens every instant to bring destruction to the glasses and dishes they carry, and which yet never does. There is a hum of talk, dying down as the orchestra plays a pia-

nissimo passage in some popular favourite, and always leaping into a burst of applause when the music stops, for the Dutch are fond of music. Less-favoured passers-by stop to look at the scene; children hang about its outskirts, their fingers in their watering mouths; sometimes a beggar tries to ply his trade until a waiter appears and runs him off.

The people are of all sorts — solid fathers with their wives and grown-up children, military men in full uniform, merchants come to celebrate the conclusion of a bargain with a bottle of wine, betrothed couples who do nothing but smile at each other without knowing what they are eating, men-about-town dining the Dutch equivalent of the chorus girl — all this goes on till far into the morning.

Along the Kalverstraat, there are two or three dining-places of severe impeccability, with the windows curtained with lace and all their appointments severe and expensive. But most of the cafés there are of a cheaper and noisier class, with a table d'hôte dinner early in the evening, and after that liqueurs and more liqueurs, over which the visitors sit for hours at a time. The seats near the windows are the favoured ones, for here one may look out at the crowded street, which is too narrow to permit chairs and tables on the sidewalks, and in which, after a certain hour of the evening, no vehicles are permitted.

It was Erasmus of Rotterdam who made the famous jibe that his neighbours of Amsterdam dwelt in the tops of trees like rooks. They really dwell on the

bottoms of them, for the piles upon which every house is built are, of course, driven point down. I saw them making the foundation for such a house. A shallow hole had been dug in the black and oozy mud which underlies the city, and a pump was trying unsuccessfully to keep the water out of it, while a pile-driver was sinking a pile a foot at every blow. The piles are driven close together, so as to form a solid platform upon which the first timbers of the house are laid, and the action of the water is said, in time, to petrify the whole mass.

Upon this foundation, the brick building is reared, the front and rear walls never being built until the roof is on, so that there may be a free passage of air to dry the side-walls, which support the roof's weight. Then the other walls are added and the interior is finished, not with plaster, but with canvas pasted to the bricks and the wall-paper pasted upon that, so that there is always an appearance of dryness. The canvas comes loose sometimes, and more than once, lying in bed, I have seen the whole wall apparently bulge towards me, as a current of air passed behind the canvas. But the dampness doesn't trouble the Dutch, who move in the moment the house is ready. Let me add, that it never troubled us, either, and we never felt the slightest ill-effects from it.

The foundation of piles usually settles more or less unevenly, and the building is tilted forward or back at a dangerous-looking angle. But the Dutch know how to mix good mortar, and it never falls.

The most expensive part of an Amsterdam building is its foundation. It is this, of course, which accounts for the fact that the houses are so narrow, since the foundation must be made as small as possible, and so high, since the foundation, once made, must be utilized to the uttermost. The narrowness of the houses means steep and narrow stairways, up which nothing bulky can be carried, so from the upper gable of every house a crane projects by means of which bulky articles are lifted through the windows. To go up a Dutch stair is a good deal like going up a ladder; in descending, one always has an impulse to turn around and come down backwards.

The Zoological garden, or "Artis," as it is usually called, is worth a visit, for it is one of the best in Europe and very attractively laid out. Also the diamond-polishing works. Diamonds may be bought at Amsterdam at a price about one-third less than is charged here in America (but then there is the duty!), and any of the more prominent and old-established houses is quite trustworthy. Then there is the harbour, overlooked by the squat "Weepers' Tower," where the friends and relatives of departing mariners used to gather to watch them forth upon their desperate enterprise; and a great many other things of lesser note, which you will find in your guide-book. But the life of the streets, the bustling, ever-changing crowd, is for me the great attraction of Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XIV

A GLANCE AT DUTCH ART

KING LOUIS BONAPARTE, it is true, disfigured Amsterdam's town-hall by cutting up its beautiful galleries with partitions of imitation marble; but, on the other side of the balance, it should be remembered that, in 1808, he issued a royal decree establishing a National Collection of Dutch art, which has since grown into one of the greatest in the world. He may not have been wholly disinterested in this, for the decree was the only contribution he made to the collection, and, until his deposition, he kept the pictures thus assembled on the walls of his own palace; but at least the coalescing word was his, and the collection has steadily grown in interest and importance from that day to this. It is especially rich in the work of the Dutch artists of the seventeenth century — so rich, indeed, that these artists, with the exception of Frans Hals, can be studied nowhere else.

The Dutch art of the seventeenth century is an amazing thing, for it sprang into the world full-grown, and, at the end of the century, died as suddenly. It was, apparently, not the result of tradition or training; there were no "painter families." Rem-

brandt's father was a miller, Hals's father was a merchant, Jan Steen's father was a brewer, de Hooch's father was a butcher, Gerard Dou's father was a glazier, Ruisdael's father was a maker of picture-frames. Where did these men get their technique? Where did they get their insight? Above all, how did it happen that they were all born within the same half-century? Was genius in the air?

We ask the same question concerning the Elizabethan age, and are at the same loss for an answer; and this great era of Dutch art was contemporary, in its beginning, with the reign of Elizabeth. Some mighty force was plainly, at that time, astir in the world.

But Dutch art is more amazing than Elizabethan literature because the latter had a tradition to build on, whereas the former made a tradition for itself. Art, up to that time, had been a thing of saints and madonnas; the Dutch made it a thing of every-day life — an art for the home and fireside, not for the church. These men set themselves to paint, not miracles and scenes of martyrdom and mystery, but the people and the things they saw about them every day — honest burghers, sun-lit interiors, crowded tap-rooms, the kermess, the quack doctor, the itinerant fiddler, the broad Dutch landscape, the cool vistas of Dutch churches. And they did it supremely well.

An acquaintance with Dutch life is necessary to the fullest appreciation of Dutch art; above all an acceptance of the theory, which is as true of literature

as of art, that no subject is in itself unworthy, that insight and truth of handling dignify any theme. Without this understanding, a great portion of Dutch art must seem trivial, if not absolutely offensive; with it, a visit to the Rijks is a thing of delight — a thing to be repeated many times; and in every gallery the Dutch pictures will be eagerly sought and lingered over. It is something that grows upon one, that begins with indifference, if not with actual dislike, and ends in the liveliest pleasure.

A great picture, like a great novel, is a thing of insight and imagination. But we have come pretty generally to agree that the greatest fiction is not that which is a mere flight of fancy, however exalted, but that which gives a significant grouping to the facts of human nature. If great art may be defined in the same way, and I am inclined to think that it may, then Dutch art is the greatest in the world.

The ground floor at the Rijks is occupied by a collection of Dutch industrial art, which brings before the eye the interiors of the houses of three hundred years ago; a splendid collection, full of beautiful things, which one must, by all means, see. The paintings are on the floor above; and one makes naturally, at once, for the little addition at the end of the Gallery of Honour where the great Rembrandts are housed. The "Night Watch" used to hang at the end of this gallery, and, I am inclined to think, was more at home there than in the little room where it is now, however scientifically lighted. In its present

position, one cannot get more than fifteen feet away from it — not far enough to see it all at once. It is a wonderful picture — how trite it seems to say so, or to attempt to describe it!

Yet for me it has not the fascination of the "Syndics," which hangs in another little room adjoining — surely the apotheosis of portrait-painting, alive if ever a picture was alive. I am quite unable to explain the fascination of those six faces, looking up as though interrupted by the visitor's entrance. They are all handsome faces; but the one I like best is the second from the right end, so vigorous and full of life and the love of living.

And after looking at the "Syndics," I like to walk over to the Van de Poll room to see again that other masterpiece by Rembrandt, the portrait of Elizabeth Bas, the very embodiment of that precise, narrow-minded and no doubt high-tempered old widow. I love to look at her, sitting there with her hands folded, as though listening to a bit of gossip; at least, there is a supercilious something about the lips which gives that impression. Perhaps Rembrandt so regaled her as he wielded his brush. And the detail of the painting is a marvel — the ruff alone is a thing to wonder at.

After this portrait, I think I like best that touching genre by Rembrandt's greatest pupil, Nicholas Maes, "The Endless Prayer." The cat clutching at the table-cloth has always seemed to me somehow out of drawing, though this may be only the result of its

attitude; but the remainder of the picture is all that could be desired. Scarcely, if at all, inferior to it is that other work of the same artist, "Old Woman Spinning." In both of them a use is made of shadow quite worthy of Rembrandt himself.

And after these comes Jan Vermeer's "De Keukenmeid," or "The Milkmaid," as it is sometimes called (No. 2528a), of which I have already spoken in the chapter on Delft, and which I never tire of looking at. And after this, Frans Hals's "Jolly Toper" (No. 1091), with his hand raised as he tells a story or sings a song whose character is not difficult to imagine. And after this — well, I scarcely know. There is that delicious interior by Adriaen van Ostade, showing a group of peasants before a hooded fire-place, smoking and talking, and another group, in the background, sitting about a table before a window with leaded panes; there is Ruisdael's view of Haarlem, with the enormous mass of the Groote Kerk towering above the other buildings; there is that jolly portrait by Frans Hals of himself and his wife, Frans laughing right out of the canvas, and his lady smiling a little sheepishly at being caught in so loving a posture; there is Gerard Terborch's "The Visit," or "Parental Advice," as Goethe named it, with the standing female figure marvelously done; and there is that charming picture by Pieter de Hooch, "The Buttery," with its characteristic open door and tiled pavement, a darling thing which one would love to have always hanging on one's wall; and there is Jan Steen's amu-

sing "Feast of St. Nicholas," with the bad boy whimpering because his only present is a bundle of switches, while the good children have toys galore. Look at the profile of the old woman in the foreground. You will see it again and again in Steen's pictures. And there is, too, perhaps the most finished picture that Steen ever painted, "The Doctor's Visit," so perfectly done that you can fancy the painter thinking, "These other fellows say my work is coarse and rough, that I can't paint any other way. Well, I will show them!" And he did!

And then — there are all the other pictures! But the ones I have mentioned above, I hope you will look at especially, for they are so representative of the best in Dutch art. After that you will have time enough to see the huge corporation pieces, and the pictures of dead game and still life, and the Dutch attempts at Biblical pictures. "Susannah and the Elders" was a subject which appealed to all of them, and which most of them had a try at; but for the rest, I cannot fancy Dutch madonnas and Dutch saints. Please understand that all this is merely an expression of personal opinion, without authority of any kind. But I am sure, when you come to look at these pictures of Dutch life understandingly, you will find yourself getting from them an ever-increasing delight. They are the best cure for the blues I know.

As I have said, Dutch art dropped dead at the end of the seventeenth century. Its death is as surprising

as its birth. One would have supposed that such a band of great artists as the middle of the century saw in Holland would have handed on the tradition to pupils who would attain an art ever finer and more fine. But it was not so. The masters died — and there were none to follow. It was as though their mighty genius had exhausted the air; there was no oxygen left in it. So Dutch art became moribund, asphyxiated, and a century and a half elapsed before it began to rub its eyes again.

And yet those old Dutch painters were undoubtedly the pioneers of modern art. Painters to-day are trying to do what Jan Vermeer did two centuries and a half ago — to envelope a picture in natural light, to fill a room with air, as nature fills it; to “get the values right.” That is the hardest thing of all to do. As you may see for yourself if you will remember how many pictures look as though they were painted in a vacuum!

About fifty years ago, Dutch art began to re-awaken, and to-day there are half a dozen Dutch painters whose work has real significance. They are well represented at the Municipal Museum at Amsterdam, and their pictures are well worth seeing. Josef Israels, with his tender studies of peasant life, perhaps at times a trifle too sentimental; Anton Mauve, with his landscapes and sheep; H. W. Mesdag, with his marines — these are three of the names worth looking for. They may be seen at their best at the Municipal Museum.

First there is a charming marine by Mesdag (No. 110), with sea and sky splendidly done; then there is Mauve's "Sheep on the Dunes" (No. 108), perhaps his most famous painting; and there are no less than ten examples of the work of Israels. And I must not forget to mention Blommers's "Little Fishermen" (No. 20), all pervaded with sunlight as it is; and Meyer's "Rescue" (No. 114a), with its translucent water.

We did not get to see the collection of works by the Barbizon school which the museum possesses, as the room in which they are housed was being done over when we were there. But the national publishers' exhibition was in progress, and we lingered for a long time examining the products of Dutch presses, and some of the most beautiful bindings I have seen anywhere.

There are two other collections of paintings at Amsterdam, the Museum Fodor, which seems to me scarcely worth a visit, and the collection of Baron Six, whose principal treasure is the portrait of the baron by Rembrandt; but it is only occasionally accessible to strangers, as it is lodged in the old Six mansion. But so long as the Rijks is open every day, one need scarcely trouble with less important collections.

I realize how inadequate this chapter is. I wish I could make it better. I wish I could make those wonderful pictures live for you as they have come to live for me. But there is only one way in which that can be done — you must see them for yourself, if you

have not already seen them. And when you enter the Rijks for the first time, and give your umbrella to the attendant, and mount the great staircase, how I shall envy you!

CHAPTER XV

THE HUT OF PETER THE GREAT

I AM inclined to think, sometimes, that most guide-books are written from hearsay, and that most travel-books are written from guide-books. To go one step further back, I suspect that the hearsay is provided by the professional guides who infest every European city, and whose motives are far from disinterested. I do not understand how else it could happen that one is urged to visit so many places that are not worth visiting, and discouraged from visiting so many places that are. Perhaps it is some idiosyncrasy of my own, but in other respects I seem to be fairly normal.

At any rate, the guide-books and travel-books — and, I doubt not, the professional guides, though with these I have no experience — describe Zaandam as a most picturesque place, remarkable for its brightly-painted houses, its multitudinous windmills, and dwell at length upon the curious historical interest attached to the hut of Peter the Great. Even old Baedeker goes out of his way to tout Zaandam. Well — but you shall see!

Let me first relate the legend which connects the great Czar with this Dutch village. The story goes that, in 1697, the Czar, having conquered the Turks

and the Tartars and having his own dominions well in hand, decided to make a tour of the states of western Europe in order to study their arts and industries. Accompanied by fifty guards, four secretaries, twelve gentlemen in waiting, three ambassadors, five interpreters and one dwarf, he made his way leisurely through Livonia and Pomerania to Berlin, where he stopped for a while, and then came on to Amsterdam ahead of his suite, which had been detained in Westphalia. At Amsterdam no one knew him, so he passed some days in the government arsenals there; and then, donning the garb of a sailor, proceeded to Zaandam, where the most famous shipbuilding yards of Holland were situated.

Arrived at Zaandam, he secured employment as a carpenter in the ship-building yard of one Mijnheer Kalf, under the name of Peter Michaelof. But, whether from the natural majesty of his manner, or from some word incautiously dropped, the Zaandamers soon penetrated his disguise, and so annoyed him by crowding around to stare at him, that, at the end of a week, he returned in a huff to Amsterdam, where his distracted suite was searching for him. I would only remark one thing: — he didn't need to be a czar to cause the Zaandamers to stare at him. The mere fact that he was not a Dutchman would be sufficient.

So, one bright July morning, we set forth dutifully to see the red and green houses, the windmills, and the hut of Peter the Great. We proceeded leisurely down the Damrak to the Stationsplein, and there

inquired of the first policeman we saw for the boat to Zaandam. Let me explain that in Holland trains and trams and boats tread on each other's heels, so to speak, and we had fallen into the reprehensible habit of paying no attention to time-tables, nor trying to catch any particular train or boat, but just ambled along to the starting-place, whenever we found it convenient. And hitherto it had been our good luck to find a train or boat waiting, apparently, only for our arrival, and which started off as soon as we climbed on board. This, as may easily be seen, was very pleasant; but every pitcher goes to the well too often. Ours was smashed three times that day!

The first fracture was due, really, to the muckle-headed policeman of whom we asked the way to the Zaandam boat — and, now that I think of it, the other two followed as a consequence of this one! He made no effort to understand, but, taking it for granted that, like all other tourists, we wanted to go to Marken, he directed us to the stage for that boat. We were sure, of course, it was the right one, because it was just ready to cast off; what made us suspicious was the fact that it was crowded with a Cook's party, as our path and Cook's rarely coincided; and by the time we had discovered the truth, and clambered off, and got around to the other side of the station, we found that the boat for Zaandam had got tired of waiting for us, and had cast off, and was just steaming out of the dock

However, there was another one there which would

start in half an hour, so we went on board with no great vexation of spirit — all unconscious as we were of impending calamities! — for one can always spend a half hour most profitably and pleasantly watching the busy life of the quays. It is on the quays that Dutch life reaches its apogee, where it is liveliest and most full of colour. Next to the quays come the market-places — the quays for the men, the market-places for the women. So we sat down in the lee of the cabin, for there was a lively wind blowing, and watched the arrivals and departures, the passers-by and lookers-on, each going somewhere with some purpose, the purpose, of course, being, in its last reduction, the earning of a livelihood. Almost before we knew it, the half hour had passed, the bell clanged, and we cast off, backed out, and headed up the Zaan.

It is a busy river, though too wide to be as interesting as a canal, where one gets into intimate touch with the people along both banks; to say nothing of the fact that the little trekschuits are more picturesque and home-like and their crews less sophisticated than could be hoped for on this large boat. But there were nice little painted houses back a bit in the country, along winding roads, and the sails of many windmills beckoning in the distance; so we were happy and content, confident that we would add at least two interesting pictures to our collection of photographs — one of a line of windmills standing like sentinels along the river, and the other of the picturesque hut of Peter the Great.

Zaandam was soon in sight, and proved, as we approached it, to be much larger and more modern than we had expected. We looked in vain for the quaint, brightly-painted wooden houses; for the houses were of brick, and anything but quaint. In fact, as we soon found out, the principal streets do not differ greatly in appearance from the streets of an American town, and the shops might almost be mistaken for American shops, but for the involved signs over them. The Dutch language resembles the German in one respect — three or four words are being constantly put together to form one; and a shop-keeper seems to pride himself upon his ability to describe in one word all the things he has to sell. It is a never-ending source of delight to dissect these compounds and discover their meanings. I am told that the Dutch word for motor-car is *snelpaardelooszoondeerspoorwegpitt-roolrijtung*, which means a rapid horseless vehicle without rails driven by petroleum. I have never myself had the pleasure of encountering this word, and I am inclined to suspect that, as the motor-car has become more common in Holland, a shorter name for it has been adopted to save time — perhaps the first and last syllables of the above — but I do not find it in my dictionary.

As we drew up to the quay, we saw quite a crowd of people assembled there, and supposed naturally that they were waiting to take the boat back to Amsterdam. But we found, the instant we set foot on land, that they were waiting, not for the boat, but for us. They

all desired the privilege of conducting us to the hut of Peter the Great.

“Pieter de Groot! Pieter de Groot!” they shouted in chorus; boys attempted to catch our hands, old men tapped us invitingly with canes, old women beckoned. It was as though we were about to attempt some desperate enterprise, such as climbing the Jungfrau, for which the services of an experienced and intrepid guide were an absolute necessity.

Now, I have an aversion to guides, especially dirty ones; besides, my eye happened to fall upon a sign at the end of the pier, with an arrow pointing the way to the place we were seeking; so we shook our heads, and said “Neen, neen!” and fought our way through, and made off down the street. I have since puzzled considerably over how that sign came to be placed there, for it must interfere seriously with one of Zaandam’s principal industries — the guiding of visitors to the hut of Peter the Great — an industry which gives employment, in summer, at least, to a considerable number of people, and in which any Zaandamer, as we presently found, was willing, for a small consideration, instantly to engage.

We loitered along, after we had shaken off the crowd, looking at the people and the shops, and occasionally refusing an offer to be taken to the hut of Peter the Great, secure in the consciousness that we were following the direction indicated by the arrow. It led us along a narrow, cobbled lane, past the town-hall, across a lock-gate with a little iron railing on

either side to keep one from falling off, through an alley, and finally into a long and uninteresting street.

“ I don’t see any sign of the hut of Peter the Great,” I said. “ Perhaps we had better make some inquiries.”

So we went into a shop and bought some post-cards, but when we tried to ask the way to the hut of Peter the Great, we found that Zaandam is one of the few Dutch towns where English is not spoken. With the aid of my dictionary I contrived to make myself understood fairly well, but we were utterly unable to comprehend the voluble and complicated directions so earnestly given us. It reminded me of the days when I was a boy and was studying telegraphy: I never had any difficulty sending a message, however much difficulty the other fellow had in taking it, but when it came my turn to receive, I was lost!

However, one can always point, and we inferred, at last, from emphatic gestures, that we had overshoot the mark and must go back the way we had come.

So we went back across the lock-gate, and past the town-hall, and here we came upon a policeman, standing against the wall in the sun and dozing peacefully. We woke him gently and stated our difficulty. He knew at once where we wanted to go — we found out afterwards that there isn’t any place else to go in Zaandam, so perhaps my Dutch wasn’t as good as I thought it was! — and he also directed us with much detail, and pointed.

Now pointing is all right when it is done in a straight line, but it has its limitations when it comes to indicating three or four turns. However, we gathered the general direction, and followed it for some time, without seeing anything that looked like the hut of Peter the Great. From time to time, a passer-by would stop and ask us if he might not conduct us to the hut of Peter the Great, one of the things at Zaandam which every visitor wished to see; but I sternly said no, for I was determined to find the hut of Peter the Great unaided.

If Betty hadn't been along, I should probably still be walking about Zaandam looking for the hut of Peter the Great; but she finally protested that she had had all the foot-exercise she cared for that morning, and annexed a wooden-shoed urchin who was hovering in the offing, showed him a stuiver, and pronounced the magic words:

“ Pieter de Groot.”

He nodded his head, his eyes glistening, and promptly descended some steps, turned down a narrow little alley, crossed a hipped foot-bridge over a dirty little canal, led the way along a dirty little street, and stopped before a tall iron railing, behind which was apparently a new brick church. I told him we were not interested in new brick churches; that we could see plenty of them back in America, and again desired him to lead us to the hut of Peter the Great.

He refused to budge, but demanded that we pull

at a bell which hung before the gate; also that we give him the stuiver. At least, I judged this to be the substance of his excited remarks.

By this time, a large and curious crowd had gathered, and was watching our proceedings with intent interest, commenting on our clothing and personal appearance, which evidently did not impress them favourably. So we gave the boy the stuiver and pulled the bell, and presently a little old woman came and peeped out cautiously, from which I judged that the boys of the neighbourhood were in the habit of taking a yank at the bell as they passed. But when she saw Betty and me, she hastened to open the gate and invite us in.

We told her how sorry we were to disturb her; that a thick-headed boy had brought us here, and insisted we ring the bell; that we would go out again in a minute, as soon as the crowd outside had dispersed; that we were hunting the hut of Peter the Great —

“Ja,” she interrupted, her eyes gleaming with comprehension for the first time, “dit is het,” and she pointed toward the new brick chapel.

I looked her squarely in the eye and repeated that we were looking for the hut in which Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, had lived during his visit to Zaandam, something over three hundred years before.

“Ja, ja — dit is het!” she repeated; so we gave it up, and entered the chapel — and found that she was right.

For the new brick chapel is merely the shell which Czar Nicholas built a few years ago to protect the alleged stopping-place of his distinguished predecessor upon the throne of Russia. It was a wooden shack of two rooms, and had broken in two in the middle, and was rapidly disintegrating, when Nicholas came to the rescue and sent an engineer to the scene, who, by an elaborate system of bolts and braces and a new foundation, has managed to hold the remnants together. Then a brick house was built around it, and there you are.

There are, perhaps, some people who like to look at broken-backed hovels bricked in to keep out the weather, but a very few minutes sufficed us. There are only two rooms in the house, with a few pieces of old furniture and a cupboard-bed built into the wall, after the fashion of the Dutch. There is also a fireplace said to be interesting, I know not why; and an ikon brought by one of the Grand Dukes, and a tablet set up by another to commemorate his visit, and a motto on the wall, placed there by a third, reading, "Neits is den grooten man te klein," which means, "Nothing is too small for a great man," a sentiment supposed to have been uttered by the Great Peter. There are a few other memorials of High Mightinesses who have visited the place, and a book in which to write your name; and that is all, except the tip to the caretaker.

The plot of ground upon which the house stands was bought by Nicholas, so that it is now Russian

territory, supervised by the Russian consul. It is the only spot in Holland so sacred that no one may smoke there, and a little rack is provided outside the gate in which to deposit your cigar before entering, the same to be resumed when you come out. The rack was empty that day, and I speculated as to whether a cigar left there would be safe from passing urchins; if I was a boy and lived in that neighbourhood, I am sure I should regard that rack as a legitimate source of supply. I am sorry now that I did not experiment to find out.

As we made our way back along the little street, and over the little bridge, and through the little alley and up the narrow steps, I determined to start a subscription to erect suitable and explicit signboards all along the route, giving instructions in every language how to reach the hut of Peter the Great. I saw myself a benefactor of nations, decorated by their rulers, thanked by their learned societies; but subsequent reflection has caused me to change my mind. For what is the use to point the way to a thing that is not worth seeing?

The exertions of the morning had made us both hungry, so we stopped at a little corner restaurant, and sat down at a table on the sidewalk and had something to eat. I noticed that the waiter was walking up and down with his eye on us, and a perplexed look on his face, and supposed that it was merely anxiety about his tip; but when he saw that we were ready to depart, he came forward.

“Pardon, mijnheer,” he said, in a jumble of French, Dutch and English; “has mijnheer de huis van Pieter de Groot besœken?”

“Pieter de Groot!” I echoed, staring at him. “What is that?”

“Pieter de Groot!” he repeated, waving his hands. “De Czar of Russie — he lif’ here!”

“The Czar of Russia!” I cried, remembering Mark Twain, and warming to the work. “He lives here — in this house!”

“Neen, neen! Not in dis huis, mijnheer; but near — ver’ near. I vill mijnheer conduct,” and he began hastily to take off his apron.

“Wait,” I said. “Is he at home?”

“At home?”

“Yes. Is he at home? Will he receive us?”

He stared at me for an instant without understanding — then a light broke.

“Oh, mijnheer,” he protested. “He hass died t’ree hondred year.”

“But you said he lived here!”

“Ja, mijnheer, t’ree hondred year already; but his huis is ver’ near; I vill mijnheer conduct.”

“Wait,” I said again. “What else is there to see in Zaandam?”

“Wat else, mijnheer?”

“Ja — wat else. Is there nothing but the hut of Pieter de Groot?”

“Neen, mijnheer,” and he shook his head. “Dat is al.”

“Then,” I said, “we will not wait. We will go on at once to Zandijk.”

“To Zandijk! But de huis of Pieter de Groot!”

“We do not care to see it,” I said. “Which is the way to Zandijk?”

Unable to speak, he pointed down the street which paralleled the river, and stood staring after us until a turn hid us from sight.

“There!” I said. “That’s what I came to Europe for. That’s what I’ve longed to do ever since I read *Innocents Abroad!*”

“Yes,” Betty agreed with a lack of enthusiasm that surprised me. “But what’s at Zandijk?”

“Windmills, my dear!” I cried. “Hundreds of windmills. It’s their breeding-place; there are big ones and little ones; they stand all along the river, so close together that their sails get tangled sometimes. Oh, we’ll get a beautiful picture!”

“Do we have to walk?”

“It looks like it,” I admitted. “There’s no tram. It can’t be very far, or there’d be a tram. Besides, Baedeker says —”

We fought our way against a stiff head-wind, along a dirty paved street, with ugly modern brick houses on both sides of it, and factories and breweries, and a badly-smelling ditch now and then, fondly imagining that at every turn we should emerge upon a windmill-bordered canal. But we never did. Once in a while we got a glimpse of the river back of the houses, and once we tried to get across by means of a railway

bridge, in spite of the "Verboden Toegang" sign, only to be informed that that was *not* the way to Zandijk. And after we had walked along that never-ending street for about two hours, I began to have misgivings, and stopped at a store and asked the way to Zandijk.

"Zandijk!" repeated the girl behind the counter, staring at us as though we were crazy. "Dit is het!"

"This, Zandijk!" I exclaimed. "Maar waar is der wind-molen?" I went on, with the aid of my dictionary, in what was doubtless execrable Dutch.

It was at this moment I discovered that my dictionary failed to give the word for windmill. I have never been able to understand it, but so it is. That a Dutch dictionary should omit "sky-scraper" and "subway" does not surprise me, but windmill!

"Wind-molen!" said the girl, and threw up her hands and explained. I gathered, at the end of quite a conversation, that steam was supplanting wind as the motive power for the Zandijk mills, and that their glory had departed.

"Well," I said to Betty, carefully avoiding her eye, and speaking with a jocularly I was far from feeling, "it seems we are fooled again. I guess we might as well go back."

"The same way?" Betty inquired, sweetly.

"No," I said, "we can't walk back ten miles along that infernal street. I'll see what can be done."

At the end of some further conversation, I learned

that there was a "stoom-boot" landing just above, where the Alkmaar packet touched, and we hastened thither, finding it with some difficulty, for it, also, was down a dirty little lane.

"Boot naar Zaandam?" I said to an old man who was coiling a rope on the pier-head.

For answer, he pointed down the stream, and there, not two hundred feet away, was the Alkmaar packet, just gathering headway. Again I avoided Betty's eye, as we sank down in despair upon a bench. The despair deepened when we learned that there would be no other boat to Zaandam for two hours.

To remain there for two hours was unthinkable; and I bestirred myself; but there was no tram, no carriage, no public conveyance of any kind. After an interval, it occurred to me that there might be a railway.

"Ja," there was a "spoor-weg," but it was half a mile away. We finally found it; only to see a train pull in, stop, and puff away just before we got there. There would be no other train for an hour. So I left Betty in the waiting-room to rest and went out to inspect something interesting which I had discovered close by.

Reader, you will never guess what it was. It was a cemetery — the first I had seen in Holland; and now, that I look back at it, it seems peculiarly appropriate that I should have found it at just that time! We had been in Holland some weeks, we had seen village after village, we had ridden back and forth through

the country on boat and train and tram, but, at last, it occurred to us that we had never seen a cemetery. After that, we looked for one — in vain. Finally, I asked the head-waiter at the hotel at Haarlem what happened to people when they died in Holland — did they dry up and blow away, or what?

“Oh, no, sir,” he answered, looking somewhat scandalized. “You will see the funerals pass this door each morning at ten o’clock.”

“I’ve seen funerals,” I said; “one anyway. But I’ve never seen a graveyard. I’d begun to think there weren’t any.”

“Oh, yes, sir,” he answered me solemnly, “there are graveyards.” But he vouchsafed no further information.

So the mystery continued; but it was solved at Zandijk. I should never have suspected the place was a graveyard, but for the funeral standing at the gate. I watched the pall-bearers, in their queer costumes, shoulder the coffin; then two men got out of the single carriage and followed them through the gate, and I ventured to peep in. The place was surrounded by a thick hedge, and the gravestones were lying flat on the ground, so that no glimpse of them was visible above the hedge. Artificial flowers in glass cases seemed the prevailing form of decoration. Outside the hedge was a little canal, effectually keeping away intruders. And while I was standing there, I saw something else which helped to render the memory of that day unpleasant.

I have referred more than once to the fact that in Holland dogs are very generally used to help pull the little carts in which most of the land commerce is carried on. They are hitched to milk-wagons and vegetable-carts, and all sorts of vehicles; but rarely have I seen one which seemed overloaded or overworked. They are usually happy and vivacious, with plenty of wind to bark with. But, as I stood there by the gate, a cart came along in which two men were riding and which a single dog was pulling, urged forward by a lash. He was not a large dog, either, and his red eyes were rimmed with dust, and his black tongue was hanging from his mouth, as he struggled for breath. As I went back to the station, I came upon the dog hitched beside a gate. He was standing with his head down, still panting desperately, and the pavement under him was wet with saliva.

I don't know why it is that one hates to see a dog mistreated, more than any other animal; perhaps because the dog has proved himself so faithful and affectionate; but the shadow of that incident clouded the remainder of the day.

The train came along presently, and we bought tickets clear through to Amsterdam. I still have the return-tickets on the steamboat. They cost twelve and a half cents Dutch, and it annoys me yet that I didn't get to use them.

Let me add that, to pronounce Zaandam correctly, one must accent the last syllable.

“Betty,” I said, that evening after dinner, “I think we’d better go over to the Kalverstraat and get that brooch you were looking at yesterday.”

“I think so too,” said Betty; and we went.

CHAPTER XVI

THE CITY OF RIPENED CURDS

EDAM cheese no longer comes from Edam; in this respect the name is as misleading as that of Greek fire or Roman candles. And, indeed, the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome have not more certainly departed from this earth than has the red blood of commerce from the arteries of that little dead Dutch village, lying a mile or two back from the Zuyder Zee, shrunk to less than one-fifth its former size, and with scarcely a shadow of its former splendour.

The centre of the North Holland cheese trade has passed, by some mysterious jugglery of fate, to another little town, not many miles away — Alkmaar — “the extreme verge of habitable earth,” as Motley calls it, where, nearly three hundred and fifty years ago, “the spirit of Holland’s freedom stood at bay” against the Spaniards — and was not conquered!

The name of the town is a significant one, for Alkmaar means “all sea.” But it is not nearly so wet as it used to be; for the morass which at one time extended for miles around it, has been drained and converted into rich farmland, and the numerous

lakes have been narrowed to canals, so that the little town looks quite dry and inland — for Holland.

There are two ways of getting there from Amsterdam — the most picturesque, as always, being by water, and the speediest by rail. If you go by boat, you will see, above Zaandam, the windmills which have survived the introduction of steam, and from a distance there seems to be such a lot of them that I am rather inclined to suspect the veracity of that girl at Zandijk; you will cross what remains of Alkmaar Meer, and then, entering the North Holland canal, will skirt the Beemster, once the bottom of a lake, now a rich polder, laid out, as all polders are, with rule and line, so that its regular fields of grain or hay look like the squares of a chess-board; you will see how the canals are all higher than the land, and remembering how the North Sea is held back a few miles to the west by a line of dunes, and the Zuyder Zee a few miles to the east by a line of dykes, you will understand why it was that the Spanish army besieging Alkmaar, learning that William of Orange was preparing to cut these dykes, fled in haste for their lives. For the waters of both North Sea and South Sea are many feet above the level of this frail peninsula, lying in a hollow between them.

The journey by train presents less of interest. The country near Amsterdam seems even flatter than elsewhere in Holland, if such a thing were possible, the effect, I suppose, being due to the fact that the railway runs so high above it. The fields are beautifully

laid out and most carefully cultivated, and there are long rows of trees in the semi-distance, marking the course of a road or canal, and groups of characteristic red-tiled houses, and always and everywhere the great black-and-white cows grazing in the pastures. One changes cars at Uitgeest, and from there on the train is apt to be crowded. By whichever way you go the day for the excursion is always Friday, and one should arrive at Alkmaar not later than half-past nine.

It was just after nine o'clock of a bright Friday morning in early July that Betty and I reached Alkmaar, and, to get to the market-place, had only to follow the crowd. For on Friday, Alkmaar lives, breathes, and has its being in cheese. On the outskirts of the market, we passed between rows of high-beamed wagons, varnished to a mirror-like surface on the outside and painted a bright blue inside; some showing the grain of the natural wood; others painted black or brown and decorated with garlands of flowers in white and red and gold. It was in these wagons that the cheese had been brought to the market from the neighbouring farms, and many of them were not yet unloaded.

A moment later we came out upon the market-place and saw a sight such as is to be seen nowhere else in the world. The market-place is nearly square in shape, and I should guess it to be a little less than three hundred feet each way. Along one side runs a canal, facing, and a few yards back from which,

is the old weigh-house. The other two sides are closed in by little brick houses. The square is cobbled, and all across this space, from one side to the other, were piled the red and yellow cheeses.

They were not piled "like cannon-balls," as I have often seen asserted, but in long parallelograms, two cheeses deep, eight wide and perhaps a hundred long, with just enough room between for one to walk. One might almost fancy it a quaint garden, with beds all of a size and little sunken paths running across it; and, I imagine, the cheese is piled in this special form to assist the purchaser in estimating the amount of his purchase.

This was the factory cheese, which had been brought in by boat the day before, unloaded, piled on the pavement with a careful exactitude characteristically Dutch, and then covered with tarpaulins and grass, the former to keep off the wet, the latter to keep off the sun. They varied in colour from a light yellow to a deep and violent red, and all of them had been greased till they shone like burnished metal. They were all of a size — about six or seven inches in diameter, and a hasty computation placed the number at that moment in the market-place at twenty-five thousand — a week's product. Something like ten million pounds of cheese is sold in this market-place every year, which makes a weekly average of about two hundred thousand pounds. One doesn't realize, until he sees it, what a lot of cheese that is!

The selling does not begin until ten o'clock, so that

buyers and sellers alike were standing around and chatting together unconcernedly, or watching the unloading of still more cheeses from a tardily-arrived barge. The process illustrates the cheapness of labour in Holland. At the factory, the cheeses had been passed into the boat one by one, and carefully placed on racks in the hold. Arrived at the market-place, two men take down the golden balls and hand them up to two other men on the deck, who give them a final touching up with a greasy rag and then toss them to two men on the quay, who carefully stack them in rectangular piles. After they have been sold, most of them are placed back in the same racks from which they were taken, and carried away to Amsterdam, or wherever the buyer's warehouse happens to be. It is difficult to understand why the buyer does not go direct to the factory and make his purchase, and so save all this handling, which must add appreciably to the cost of the cheese. The reason, I suppose, is that it has never been done that way.

At one end of the square, and the most interesting thing in it, stands the old weigh-house. It was originally a church—the church of the Holy Ghost; but in 1582, at a time when Catholic churches were at somewhat of a discount in this part of Holland, it was transformed into a weigh-house, and very skilfully, too. At the end toward the canal are three wide-arched doors protected by a canopy, each of them giving entrance to a great beam-scale. By the side of each scale is a tall pile of queerly-shaped barrows

for carrying the cheese, and standing near by are the porters, garbed very suitably in white canvas. The queer note in their costumes is the flat hat of varnished straw which each one wears, with little streamers hanging down behind. For some of the hats are yellow, and some are green, and some are red; and then you will notice that the barrows are painted the same colours; and then you will see that the men with green hats are with the green barrows, and so on; and finally, when you are wondering at all this, you will perceive that the weights of the several scales are also painted red, or yellow, or green; and finally you will understand that the green barrows serve the green scales, and the yellow barrows the yellow scales, and the red barrows the red scales. All of which is designed to simplify the process of weighing, and is part of a system which has existed from time immemorial.

Let me add that all this, and much more, was explained to us by a middle-aged man who was eager to talk — an American, as he proudly proclaimed himself — who was back for a visit at his old home, and who had evidently been welcomed heartily by his old acquaintances. Yes, he said, Holland was very nice, but there was no place like America — and more to the same purpose — exactly what all Americanized Europeans say, and evidently from the heart!

The handsome tower which rises above the weigh-house dates from the end of the sixteenth century,

and is also worthy of attention. It rises from the roof massive and square; then it changes to an octagon, and then to a still smaller octagon with open sides, displaying the ranged bells of the chimes. The termination is a Turkish-looking bulbous affair of metal, after the fashion so common in the Netherlands — an inheritance, they tell us, of the days when the Hollanders returned from the Crusades, bringing many Oriental ideas with them — the bulbous cupola being one, and the wind-mill another!

But the interest of the tower is not yet exhausted; for, if you look closely, you will discern, just under the clock-dial, a mannikin with a long trumpet in his hand, and beneath him a curious oblong opening, with a circular projection under it, whose use you will wonder at. But wait; ten o'clock is about to strike, and you will see!

The hour is tolled softly, and yet clearly, by a beautiful bell; then the carillon plays a merry tune; then the mannikin places the trumpet to his lips and blows ten shrill blasts, and, as though in answer to a signal, little painted horses career in and out of the opening below him, running a race. It is all very amusing and very Dutch. Perhaps there is some connection between this mimic race and the great "hard-draverij," (hard-drivery — what a beautiful compound it is!), or trotting-races, which are held here every August, and which attract many thousands of visitors. It is a curious fact that our own trotting-races are a direct descendant of these, and were



THE WEIGH-HOUSE, ALKMAAR.

brought to us by the Dutch who settled New Netherland.

But ten o'clock has struck, and the scene in the market-place has taken on a more animated character. The grass has been brushed aside and the tarpaulins stripped away from the piles of cheeses, and up and down the narrow lanes the buyers walk, looking at them, picking them up and "hefting" them, and slapping them violently with a sound much like slapping a ripe watermelon. I don't know what that sound tells them — perhaps when they go "pink" they're bad and when they go "punk" they're good; but great emphasis seems to be placed upon this point, and the buyer will sometimes handle half a dozen in this way before he takes the trouble to sample one. I suppose my ear has not been trained — at any rate, I was unable to detect the slightest difference in the note which the cheeses gave off.

The sampling is a very serious operation, and is done in a curious fashion. The buyer takes from his pocket a tiny scoop, and plunging it deep into the cheese, gives it a turn and pulls it out again, bringing a little plug of cheese with it. This he smells, crumbles between his fingers, examines minutely, and sometimes tastes — though the taste seems to be a minor consideration — after which he neatly replaces what is left of the plug, so that you can scarcely see that the cheese has been touched.

Meanwhile the old farmers who have the cheese for sale stand stolidly by, puffing their cigars, but

unable to conceal altogether their anxiety for the buyer's verdict. I suppose that business is much the same all the world over; at any rate, the same principle which, here in America, brings the big potatoes to the top of the barrel, also, in Holland, brings the best cheese to the top of the pile. That, at least, I take to be the reason why so many of the buyers dig the cheese they wish to sample out of the bottom row.

But at last the verdict is ready. The buyer says a word or two to the seller, telling what he thinks of the cheese, naming a price, and striking the other's hand with his open palm. The seller shakes his head, names a higher price and slaps back. Then one of two things happens; either the buyer shrugs his shoulders and goes off to another pile, while the seller puffs his cigar and tries to look unconcerned; or a third price is agreed upon and the bargain closed by shaking hands upon it. The striking of palms as each price is named is done most emphatically, and echoes all over the market-place; but the final shake is short and sharp.

That morning there was one old man for whom our hearts ached. What was the matter with his cheese I do not know; but buyer after buyer thumped it and sampled it and then turned away with a shrug more eloquent than words. Finally this treatment got on the old man's nerves, and he explained excitedly to the by-standers that there was nothing the matter with his cheese; that it was as good as any in



THE ALKMAAR CHEESE-MARKET OPENS.



TESTING THE CHEESE.

Alkmaar; that he was the victim of a conspiracy, and a great deal more of which we could not catch the drift. We grew ashamed of watching him, after a while, he was so visibly perturbed; but we returned from time to time to see how he fared, and at last our hearts were cheered by seeing him effect a sale. I wish we could have told him how glad we were!

As soon as the cheese is sold, it is piled on the barrows by the white-clad porters and hustled off to the weigh-house, where the scales have been carefully adjusted by an official in a top-hat. These barrows are really nothing but long crates with a platform in the centre and curved handles at either end, each of them holding from sixty to eighty cheeses. Upon these the cheeses *are* piled like cannon-balls, and then two porters slip over the handles the ends of a looped rope hanging from their shoulders, and shuffle off to the scales with their burden, shouting for everyone to look out for his legs.

The queer shuffle with which they move, half run and half walk, is doubtless the evolution of long experience and no little practice. It is necessary that they move absolutely in rhythm, for the crate swings freely at the end of the long loops, and when its bearers get out of step, it suffers a convulsion like a small boat on a stormy sea, and not infrequently its contents is sent rolling across the pavement in a golden flood.

These cheese-carriers are, I understand, elected for life by the community, and though the work is hard

and the wages small, the position is considered a good one. I noticed that most of the carriers are well along in years, and I wondered how some of them, more frail-looking than the rest, could stand the heavy labour, which lasts, practically without stopping, until nightfall. One old pair in particular caught my eye, and I managed to get a picture of them just as they were taking a crate of cheese off the scales; they were more picturesque than most of the others, and, in spite of their age, were apparently just as lively after three or four hours of this work as they had been at the beginning.

As soon as the cheese is weighed, it is carried, still on the crates, to the water-side and reloaded into the waiting barges. The loading is done by rolling the cheeses down a long wooden trough into the vessel's hold, where they are caught by a couple of men and carefully placed on the crates prepared for them, so that they do not touch each other and the air can circulate freely around them. Most of them will not be placed on the market again for months, but will be piled on racks in the jobber's warehouse to ripen. For the cheese, as it comes from the factory is, of course, green and soft, and is not esteemed by connoisseurs until it has dried out and hardened. Indeed, the astute farmer sells it as soon as possible after he has made it, because the greener it is the more it weighs. As it ages, it shrinks and grows lighter through evaporation. Perhaps it is to ascertain the amount of water in it that all that thumping is done.

The ripening process is, in itself, an art, for if the warehouse is too warm, the cheese loses some of its flavour in too-rapid evaporation, and if it is too cold, the cheese moulds. Hence a certain temperature must be preserved, and I suppose each warehouseman has his own secrets to aid in bringing forth perfect cheese. We stopped in to see one of these warehouses near the market-place — a lofty building, well-ventilated, with racks running clear to the roof, filled with I know not how many thousands of cheeses. Let me add that this Edam cheese — the veritable article — is made throughout North Holland, and there are several other places in the province where it is marketed, but none of them can vie with Alkmaar in importance. Alkmaar, indeed, handles half the product of the whole province. Also, Edam cheese is imitated throughout the world — nowhere more successfully than here in America.

The weighing begins at half-past ten, and at eleven the cheese made at private dairies is ready for sale. It is this which has been brought to the market in the high, gayly-painted wagons, which have been unloaded while the chaffering for the factory cheese was in progress. The difference between the two is apparent even to a tyro. The home-made cheeses are larger than the others, being ten or eleven inches in diameter; they have not been coloured red or yellow and are not greased, so that they look just as they did when they came from the press in the great back-room of the farmer's house, except, of course, that

a thin rind has formed around them. It is finer cheese than the other; it is, in fact, the product upon which the farmer and his wife particularly pride themselves, and it is as nearly perfect as cheese can be. In consequence, it commands a higher price, and, I imagine, very little of it is exported, for the Dutch are as fond of good things as any one. I have never seen any in this country, though the factory-made Edam cheese, or an imitation of it, is common enough.

There was another difference. The buyers handled it more respectfully and seemed more easily satisfied as to its quality than in the case of the factory cheese. And I can well believe that each of those solid, nice-looking, prosperous old Dutch farmers had a reputation to sustain and would have scorned to bring any cheese to market which was not worthy of himself and his father and his grandfather. At any rate, here the bargaining was soon concluded, and as it was now noon, with the carillon playing a more than usually elaborate melody, everybody but the porters and weighmasters adjourned to the numerous restaurants around the square to get something to eat.

It was a good-natured throng and an interesting one, though there were few distinctive costumes—certainly none to match those of Zeeland or Friesland. Most of the men wore clothing of a cut and shape not unlike my own, but the material of which it was made looked heavy and durable as iron, and was almost always black. Practically all of them wore

cloth caps. The women wore what would have seemed a superabundance of skirts in America, but their figures were slim compared with those of the good wives of Scheveningen and Volendam. Only a few of them wore caps, and these were comparatively simple, and in every case were topped by a modern hat lavishly decorated with artificial flowers. Wooden shoes were confined to the urchins clattering about the streets. From which it will be seen that Alkmaar and its neighbourhood has caught much of the modern commercial spirit of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, before which old customs crumble and fade away. It needed, however, but a single glance to see that these people were well-to-do, if not actually rich. There was an air of solid prosperity about them not to be mistaken.

The streets of Alkmaar have also caught the modern spirit and are neither picturesque nor interesting, and, besides the cheese-market, there are only two things worth seeing — the stadhuis and the Groote Kerk. The latter is especially noteworthy. As one approaches it from the town, it looks unusually huge, although it has no tower, and a closer inspection confirms this impression. One wonders at the number of brick which must have been used in its construction; but there is the same cause for wonder all over Holland. For brick, brick, brick are everywhere — overhead and underfoot, on edge in the roadways and piled into great walls and massive towers. It would almost seem that the Dutch had dug away

most of the ground beneath their feet in order to convert it into building material!

At one side of the church is a shady square, surrounded by clean little houses, in one of which the koster dwells — a handsome old man who delights to show his church, and who has picked up a smattering of English from his many visitors. Inside, the church is whitewashed from floor to vaulting; and there is the usual huge organ at the west end, the elaborately-carved pulpit against one of the pillars of the nave, with the huddled pews about it. This pulpit is unusually handsome, with its carved lions and pelicans, and the castle which is a part of the arms of Alkmaar; but the most interesting things in the church are the few survivals of its Catholic period.

Near the organ is a quaint painting by one Cæsar van Everdingen, a local artist, whose ideas were evidently quite beyond his powers of execution. In this he has chosen to represent the Seven Works of Mercy, one section for each "work." The picture dates from 1507, and is a curious commentary upon the state of art in North Holland at that period. In the choir there still remain some of the old renaissance choir-stalls, with interesting carving, and a tomb supposed to contain the entrails of Floris the Fifth, Count of Holland, who died in 1296. As the church, which was originally dedicated to Saint Laurence, was not built until two centuries later, one wonders where the entrails were kept in the interim.

But to me the most absorbing feature of the church

was its pavement, which is composed almost entirely of curiously carved grave-slabs, excellently preserved. When the occupant of the grave happened to be noble, his coat of arms was cut upon the slab, usually in very high relief and admirably done. When he was not noble, simply his name was given, with the dates of birth and death, and then a device to illustrate the name.

Thus, Jan Varken is distinguished by a pig with a curly tail, for in Dutch "varken" means pig, and is, of course, distantly related to our own "pork." Jacob Peereboom is indicated by a pear-tree, "boom" meaning tree. The tomb of Pieter Klaverway is decorated with a clover-leaf, and here it will be seen how nearly, sometimes, the Dutch language resembles our own. Jacob Kniper is indicated by a cooper's tool, and Jan Dircksz Molenaer by an elaborate wind-mill, for "molenaer" is the Dutch for "miller." The engraver of the tombstone of Cornelius Plaat seems to have been up against it, and contented himself with a simple rectangle, which certainly looks little enough like a plate; while the slab which covers Dirck Groenbroeck is ornamented with a pair of voluminous breeches with his name across the seat. I can think of only one explanation of these carvings: that they were intended to enable people who could not read to identify the occupant of the grave beneath.

We bade good-bye to the koster, at last, and took a look at the stadhuis, which dates from about the same period as the church, and whose graceful Gothic

tower has fortunately been preserved. There is a municipal museum inside, but it contains little of interest except to the antiquarian. One of its prized possessions is a picture of the siege of Alkmaar, depicting, with much detail, a peculiarly frenzied moment of that memorable event.

As we walked back through those clean and peaceful streets, it was difficult to imagine that they had ever witnessed such scenes; and that the ancestors of the stolid burghers who now trod them had defied and held back and finally defeated sixteen thousand Spanish regulars, under command of Don Frederic, son of the redoubtable Alva, and fresh from the capture of Haarlem. There were, within the city, only thirteen hundred burghers capable of bearing arms, besides a garrison of eight hundred soldiers, or a total of about two thousand to oppose the Spanish legions. Summoned to surrender, they refused; and the Spanish troops were drawn so closely about the city, that, as Alva said, "it was impossible for a sparrow to enter or go out." Nor did he leave the city's defenders in doubt as to the fate awaiting them. "If I take Alkmaar," Alva wrote to his royal master, "I am resolved not to leave a single creature alive. The knife shall be put to every throat." He had already proved, on more than one occasion, how capable he was of carrying out the threat. But he was not to take Alkmaar.

The siege lasted seven weeks, during which assault after assault was repulsed with a fury equalling the

Spaniards' own; for whole days the town was subjected to steady cannonading; gaunt famine stalked through the streets; but there was no thought of surrender. At last the Prince of Orange determined to cut the dykes and flood the country — "better a submerged land than a lost one," he said — but the message announcing this decision fell into the hands of the enemy, and terror-stricken at the fate which threatened them, the Spaniards raised the siege and made off, under cover of darkness, to Amsterdam. It was the first time that a Dutch town had been able to stand against them.

Mid-afternoon had come, but as we crossed the market-place again, we found the white-clad porters still shuffling with their loaded barrows to the scales and from them to the boats drawn up along the quay. In spite of their hours of labour, they had made no very considerable impression upon the great golden piles which lay athwart the pavement, and I wondered if they would be done by nightfall.

In the street just beyond, the farmers and their families were preparing to return home. Handsome Flemish horses, their harness glittering with burnished metal and sometimes jingling with little bells, were being hitched to the high-beamed wagons, or to shining cape-topped Tilburys, elaborately carved and ornamented, in which mevrouw and the children had already bestowed themselves; the former a strong, well-built and capable-looking woman, the latter red-cheeked cherubs with bright eyes peeping at us shyly

and ever-ready smiles upon their lips. Indeed, old and young alike nodded and smiled to us as we passed.

We found the train crowded with buyers and their clerks on their way back to Amsterdam. The ones in our compartment passed the time with a lively card-game, which one of them told me is called "pondear." I have looked in vain in Hoyle for some description of it; and though I watched them for a long time, I could catch not the faintest glimmer of its principles. I turned, at last, to look out upon the quiet landscape, with its dark-green fields and lanes of shimmering water and tree-bordered roads; and so, in the first dusk of twilight, the train rumbled under the echoing shed of the great station at Amsterdam and came creaking to a stop.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ISLAND OF MARKEN, LIMITED

THERE is one excursion from Amsterdam which every tourist party takes, and that is the little trip to Marken and Volendam, its ostensible object being to give the members of those parties a glimpse of "real Holland," as distinguished from the Holland of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague. The excursion, therefore, has a great disadvantage for the leisurely traveller in that he is apt to be crowded and to be compelled to listen to silly comment and foolish question; and there may also be some doubt as to whether a place maintained for show, as Marken is, and where the inhabitants are so rapacious and un-Dutch, is really worth seeing.

However, we decided to risk it, and rose bright and early that Sunday morning, in order to get started before the tourist parties were abroad; also in order to have time to see the island properly. Sunday is, of course, the best day to make the trip because the fishermen are all at home that day, and everybody has on his best and brightest costume. It is also the worst day; for the children are not at school, and so at liberty to make the visitor's life a burden

to him. But I believe they dismiss school at Marken whenever a tourist arrives.

It was raining when we started, but the sky soon cleared and the rest of the day was perfect. We ferried across the IJ to the Tolhuis — toll-house or custom-house — and there caught the steam-tram for Monnikendam, relieved to find that, with the exception of a party of Dutchmen in rigid black going to a funeral, we were the only passengers. We got into a "Neit Rooker" carriage; but the conductor saw my hand straying toward the pocket from which some cigars protruded, and laughed and told me to go ahead and smoke, if I wanted to. A notice in the car read, "Passengers are kindly requested not to scatter money," so I didn't offer him a tip, but he looked as though he enjoyed the cigar I gave him. It was an expensive one, costing two cents.

These Dutch are certainly economical. On the engines drawing the steam-trams there is only one man, who acts as engineer and fireman both; and, at odd moments, rings the engine-bell with one hand and eats his lunch with the other. And this on a railway managed by the state!

We ran along between little canals, frightening the frogs into the water, and scaring up a heron now and then, and soon came to Broek. It is a town of gayly-painted houses, each with its little moat and bridge — a sort of toy-town, with a reputation for exaggerated cleanliness which, I fear, it no longer deserves. At least it seems sadly changed from the

day M. de Amicis trembled to drop a cigar-ash in its street. We saw no costumes, or only the usual Sunday one for men of heavy black, though there were a few women with caps on and be-flowered hats perched above them.

On we went again, past more canals, with many fishermen sitting patiently waiting for a bite, and parties of others — clubs, I suppose, with the usual elaborate paraphernalia — tramping across the fields to a good place. Farmers, more religiously inclined, were driving to church with their families, in high, brightly-varnished Tilburys, with the horse a long way in front.

And so we came to Monnikendam, so called because this dam was built by the “monnikens,” or monks, — a quaint old town with a church big enough to hold the population twice over — a church built in the days of the town’s prosperity, and now unused save for a portion of the nave. The avenue of tall trees around it gives it a setting of more than usual beauty.

The town’s coat-of-arms is reminiscent of its origin, for it shows a Franciscan monk in black habit, holding a mace. Certainly there is little else about the place to remind one of those brave old days when it was one of the great towns of Holland, and could fit out a fleet to fight — and defeat — the Spaniards.

It was at Monnikendam we had the pleasure of meeting Emanuel Leuw, an urchin of about eight. Emanuel had arisen early that morning, for the

tourist was his prey, and Sunday the day when the harvest was richest. He greeted us before we had time to step foot to earth, and intimated that he was a collector of rare coins, and would be glad to receive any American or English or Hindustanee money we might have with us.

We informed Emanuel that, before entering his interesting country, we had changed our foreign coin into gulden and dubbletjes.

Not cast down, he told us that he was also a connoisseur of postage stamps, and would be glad to have any foreign stamps we might have on our persons.

We expressed regret that we had not had the foresight to bring some American stamps with us.

“But you will return some day to America,” said Emanuel, who spoke English very well.

“Yes,” I said; “we hope to.”

“Perhaps you will then send me some.”

“Why, of course we will!” cried Betty. “What is your name?”

“Here it is,” he said, his grave little face beaming, and he drew from a pocket-book a slip of paper on which his name and address were written, in readiness for just such an emergency. A boy like that will make his mark, some day!

Betty sent him a package of stamps, after we got home; and in due time a letter came from him, thanking her prettily. “I hope you will come soon in Holland again,” the letter continues, “and shall meet

you in our town of Monnikendam. I will show you also the curiosities, the interior of the church, the towns-hall with the monnik in top and the celebrated tower with the horses." Perhaps — who knows?

While this conference was in progress, a number of people had gathered about us, among whom was the town's solitary policeman. When they learned that we were bound for Marken, they set off in a body to show us the way to the boat, the policeman in advance. It was almost an escort of honour! Half-way down a narrow little lane, we saw a strange figure approaching us — a man wearing the most remarkable nether garments I had even seen on a human being. They came just below the knee, where they were tightly buckled, and they flared out fully a foot at each side, so that, from the knees to the waist, they formed an almost perfect circle about three feet in diameter. He wore a tight-fitting coat, buttoned at the side, with a double row of buttons down the front, and large gilt buttons at the belt; and the extreme tightness of the upper garment served to accentuate the looseness of the lower one.

It was the skipper of the boat for Marken, wearing, naturally, the costume of the island. One gets more or less accustomed to it, after awhile, but I shall never forget the shock the first sight of it gave me.

The skipper stopped when he saw us, and turned back, and escorted us on board the boat, which, as a compliment to the frequent American tourist, is named "President Roosevelt." The fact that he is

no longer president has not yet penetrated to Marken, where his deeds still reverberate. We were the only passengers, and the boat was soon puffing across the little bay toward a dark spot on the horizon, which gradually resolved itself into the groups of houses which constitute the Marken villages. The harbour was filled with scores of fishing-boats, tucked like sardines behind the breakwater, each with its stiff little pennant fluttering, and with brown nets hoisted up to the mastheads to dry. How they ever got the boats packed in that way was a mystery; how they were going to get them out again was another.

Evidently no tourists were expected by the early boat, for there was no one to receive us except two or three dour-looking fishermen, wearing the same ridiculous costume as our captain. The latter, however, with an eye to business, led us at once to his father's house, and introduced us to his sister, who seemed to be there alone. The other members of the family, I judge, had gone to church. Then the captain left us, and the sister proceeded to show us the house, which visitors to the island are led to believe is a typical one. I should like to believe so, too; but I fear it is got up solely with an eye to the tourist traffic.

It looks more like a museum than a house, with its old furniture, and embroidered hangings, the walls covered with many-coloured plates, and every projection crowded with every variety of curio — Chinese cups and saucers, goblets, ostrich eggs, little ships of

spun glass, Dresden statuettes, vases of every size and shape, porcelain dogs and cats with heads that shake and tails that wag—a confusion of objects which baffles description. All the Dutch have more or less this habit of filling their houses with useless and ugly bric-a-brac, for piling object upon object; but here in this show-room at Marken, this foolishness has become insanity.

Two cupboard-beds are also shown, built into the walls, with figured curtains in front of them and embroidered pillows heaped high within. A lot of old brass and pewter occupied odd corners on the floor, so that one moved about with difficulty. I have heard it stated that none of this bric-a-brac is for sale; I don't know, for we tried to buy nothing but some post-cards, of which the skipper's sister had a large assortment.

She was a lanky girl, not particularly pretty, but she wore the costume of the island, which is the same for all females, from the cradle to the grave, and which I suppose I must try to describe. Let us begin with the head. The cap is in five pieces, put on one over the other, the outer one being elaborately embroidered in red, and covered on week-days by another of white chintz, also embroidered. The hair is brought forward over the forehead, cut off square and then turned up into a stiff little bang, very comical. From under the cap, on each side of the face, a long curl falls in front of either shoulder. These are natural when the woman is young; but when she

gets old, false hair is substituted, so that the curls are always blond or brown, whatever the age of the wearer.

The waist is also elaborately embroidered in green and yellow and different shades of red, and is handed down from mother to daughter, for one of these waists takes many years to make. Its sleeves come about half-way down the arm, and are striped red and white. From these, undersleeves of dark blue cloth extend to the wrists. The skirts, which are dark, and sometimes striped, are most voluminous, and over them is commonly worn an apron of lighter stuff with an embroidered inset across the top. Black or blue knit stockings and wooden shoes complete the costume, which, in its effect, is barbaric rather than beautiful.

But there is nothing about it as startling as the garments with which the male portion of the population covers its legs. I have already referred to the skipper's, and I have wondered vainly how garments so absurd came to be devised. Their absurdity, indeed, reaches a height so great that one stares at them in incredulous wonder, scarcely able to believe one's eyes. Some of the smaller girls wear trousers like the boys, and then the sex of the wearer can only be determined by the embroidered cap and waist. The boys usually wear little dark cloth caps with patent-leather visors, but no girl, however small, appears in public without the full panoply of the woman's head-dress, curls and all. In the photograph oppo-



CHILDREN AT MARKEN, FRONT VIEW.



CHILDREN AT MARKEN, REAR VIEW.

site this page, it will be seen that some of the girls are wearing trousers.

As we came out of the skipper's house, a little old woman like a grasshopper held us up and insisted that we visit *her* house, also. We did, and met her daughter-in-law, and were shown about the place, which I imagine to be more typical of the island than the first we had seen. There were still some plates on the walls and some bric-a-brac cluttered about, but, in spite of this, the effect was that of bare poverty. It was curious to look up right to the towering roof. For these houses are built all in one room, and then divided by partitions without ceilings, so that overhead is a dim vastness in which fishing-nets and other indistinguishable things are suspended. One wonders how such a house can be warmed in winter, and I guess the answer is that it isn't.

These women were particularly proud of their wardrobe, and got out many boxes filled with embroidered things to show us. They also showed us how they iron. The article to be ironed is wrapped about a round piece of wood, and then is rolled back and forth on a board by means of a flat piece of wood, or mangle, the operator pressing down with all her strength. We saw a lot of these mangles afterwards, in antique shops, but we should never have known what they were but for this demonstration at Marken. Then the old woman posed for her picture, and then we tipped them both and went away.

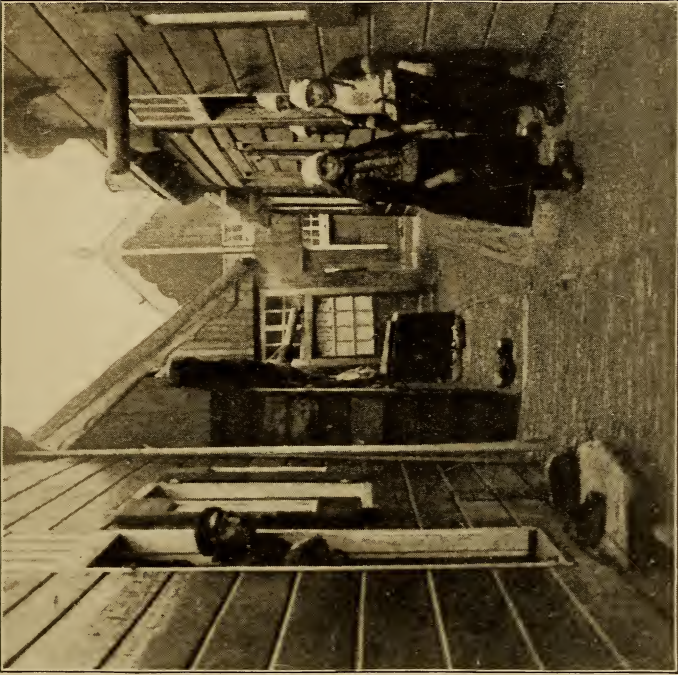
That is the secret of this island's existence. All

is fish that comes to its net — in winter the fish have fins and come from the sea; in summer they have legs and come mostly from America. And tips of copper are disdained. They must be of silver, or the tipper is treated to black looks and sometimes to black words. The children are taught to beg, and are very expert in annoying the stranger until he tosses them some money in self-defence. So a visit to the island is apt to grate upon nervous people; and all such I should advise to stay away. Others should remember that this begging is a trade, and to respond to it is simply to encourage it.

Though a small island, and with most of its surface lower than the Zuyder Zee, which is kept back by a dyke, Marken has seven hamlets, all of them on artificial mounds, built of earth brought from the mainland. Six of these mounds are crowded with wooden houses; the seventh is the cemetery. The principal hamlet is the one which clusters around the church and schoolhouse, and toward it, from all the others, little groups of people were wending their way for the morning service. We thought we would go, too, until we learned that the service lasted two hours. So we walked about the narrow streets, instead, amused by the surveillance of the island's single policeman, who evidently felt doubly responsible since most of the islanders were at church. The houses are of wood, painted black or brown; one-storied with towering roofs of red tiles; and huddled so closely together that the passage-ways between them are



A MARKEN MADONNA.



A MARKEN STREET.

scarcely wide enough for two to walk abreast. Most of them seem to be very old; though occasionally a fire breaks out which sweeps through the hamlet before it can be subdued.

The villages are connected with each other by little paved ways; but in winter, the sea usually breaks in, so that the only means of communication is by boat, until the water freezes over. When the winter is very severe, it freezes clear to the mainland, and this stretch of ice is then the scene of a great fair, in which thousands of Amsterdammers join. Even with the distraction of that gayety, existence here in winter must be about as comfortless as anywhere on earth.

We strolled about from one hamlet to another for more than an hour, the centre of interest. Once we were posing some children for a photograph, when their mother interfered until the scale of remuneration had been agreed upon; another woman also looking for a tip, beckoned us in to show us her baby, five or six months old, in complete costume, even to the cap and apron. Betty had me photograph her with it in her arms; and when she picked it up, she found it even had stays sewed in its little bodice. A baby in corsets!

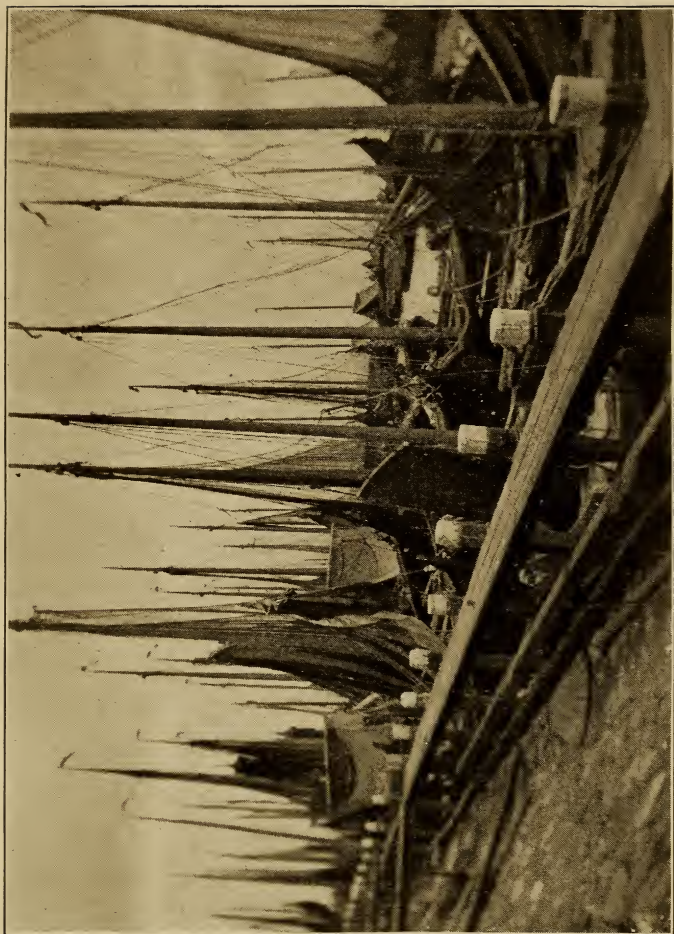
We stopped at a restaurant near the pier, presently, to get a lunch; and while we were eating, we heard a whistle, and crowds of children began to hurry toward the wharf; and here in a few minutes came streaming a big "personally conducted" party, with

the uniformed conductor leading the way. He took them to the captain's house, though only about half of them were able even to peep in, blew his whistle to bring them out, hurried them over to the church hamlet, blew his whistle again to tell them that the time was up, and in fifteen minutes they had seen Marken and were ready to re-embark!

So were we, and we sailed across to Volendam in one of the fishing-boats, built broad and low, and with a great red-brown sail and jib. It is only a short distance to Volendam, which is scarcely visible from the sea, huddled as it is behind its dyke. Here, too, we found the harbour jammed with fishing-boats, and a crowd of children ready to receive us. For Volendam is almost as much of a show place as Marken.

The costume is also very striking. I like the women's caps, especially, with their little wings sticking out on either side, giving a coquettish look to the gravest face. The skirts are even more voluminous than at Marken, but there is not so much embroidery. The nether garments worn by the men are also very redundant, but they look more like trousers and less like bloomers than those of the Markeners because they are not gathered in at the knee. What I cannot understand is why these Dutch, an economical and careful people, should needlessly waste in one pair of trousers enough cloth to clothe the whole family.

A bright-faced urchin, with a few words of Eng-



THE HARBOUR AT VOLENDAM ON SUNDAY.

lish, caught on to us almost at once, and was so good-natured and anxious to go along that we had not the heart to send him away. So he showed us about the town, and the conversation between Betty and him ran something like this:

“What is that building?”

“Dat de school, lady.”

“Do you go there?”

“No, lady; dat de girl school.”

“And yonder is the church?”

“Yes, lady; Catholic — all Catholic here.”

“What is that odour in the air?”

He did not understand, so Betty sniffed.

“Oh!” he cried. “Brew for de schnapps, lady; brew for de schnapps!”

“You a nice girl,” he volunteered, after awhile, having got his hand in hers. “Dat your boy?” he went on, indicating me.

“Yes.”

“Him a nice boy!” he added, with conviction, though I am at a loss to guess upon what it was founded. “You like my picture?”

“No,” said Betty, and his face fell. “But we want the pictures of some of these pretty girls.”

His face brightened.

“Yes, yes,” and he led us up to a group of them.

They were willing; but when they found that Betty wanted to pose me with one on either arm, an unaccountable shyness developed. I suspect they were afraid their sweethearts might object. In fact, I re-

gret to say, the prettiest girls in the group absolutely refused; but at last two, of decidedly inferior attractiveness, were found who were willing to compromise themselves — for a consideration; and the picture was taken, while an interested group, with our little guide in the foreground, looked on.

The houses of Volendam are of wood, like those of Marken, usually painted red, and with tiled roofs. The roofs are especially in evidence, because the favourite promenade is along the top of the dyke, high above the houses. Here, on Sundays, the fishermen congregate, and sit squatted on their heels, smoking for hours at a time, and gazing out across the water without exchanging a word. The men of Volendam are said to smoke more and talk less than any others in Holland, and I suppose they take a certain pride in living up to this difficult reputation. Here also is the famous Hotel Spaander, the resort of artists, who have left souvenirs all over its walls, and many pictures in part settlement of account.

At last we were ready to go on to Edam, about a mile away. A narrow canal leads there from Volendam, and along this a little trekschuit runs, drawn by a man and a dog; but we decided to walk, for the day was so pleasant, and we asked our guide to set us upon the way. He did so, and I closed his fist about a dubbletje, or ten-cent piece. A larger boy who had been following along, ran up to see what I had given him.

“Too much!” he cried, when he saw the minute



AN OLD COUPLE OF VOLENDAM.



TWO MAIDENS OF VOLENDAM.
(*And the Author! This is the one by Betty.*)

coin, about as large as one of our old silver three-cent pieces. "Too much for little boy!"

But we told him to run along and mind his own business, and bade our small conductor farewell. I am sure he was sorry to see us go!

That was a pleasant walk along the narrow tow-path, paved with clinkers; and we were almost sorry when Edam appeared ahead, with its enormous Groote Kerk looming over it. We got into the town across a little drawbridge, and met a procession headed by a band going somewhere, and they were all very jolly and waved their hands at us and cheered; and then we went on along the clean and quiet streets, and inquired the way to the church of a woman who didn't seem to understand, and three or four others ran out to direct us, and to tell us not to blame the woman for not answering, because she was an idiot; and all along the streets, people nodded and smiled at us, to show their good-will; and we nodded and smiled back, to show ours.

It is only from the Groote Kerk, with its vast interior, bare and depressing save for a little old stained glass in the windows, that one may gain an idea of the ancient importance of this quiet town. But Edam was once a city of thirty thousand, one of the five great cities of Holland, holding the key to Amsterdam at the mouth of the Ij (Ijdam is the town's real name). But times change; the Zuyder Zee silted up; Amsterdam cut for herself a water-way straight to the ocean; and the life-blood of commerce ceased to flow

through Edam's streets. Some cheese is still made in the neighbourhood and marketed in the town; the cow on her coat-of-arms pays tribute to one of the sources of her former fame; some old houses with interesting carvings still remain, and some old tales of former wonders — and that is all.

M. Henri Havard, in that most diverting of travel-books, "The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," from which so many later ones have been drawn without credit to their source, described one of these reliefs which we did not have the good fortune to see, but which I am going to hunt up, if ever again I visit Edam. It is called "The Fish which Everyone Likes." A fisherman has caught in his net a handsome young woman, and a soldier, a monk, a hunter, an alchemist, a schoolmaster, and an old woman each in passing pays compliment to the miraculous draught in a Rabelaisian couplet.

The stadhuis is not in itself interesting; but in the burgomeester's room the portraits of four celebrities of the town are preserved: Pieter Dirksz, whose beard was so long that he had to loop it up to keep it out of the mud; Jan Osterlyn, who sits between his son and daughter pointing proudly to a fleet of ninety-two ships, all his own, and painted in painful perspective; Trijntje Kevijr, a maiden whose height, at the age of nineteen, was nine feet, and who presumably added another inch or two before she got her growth; and lastly Jan Cornelisson, who, at the age of forty-two, weighed four hundred and

fifty-two pounds, an inn-keeper who was his inn's best advertisement, and who recognized the fact by causing this portrait to be painted as a signboard. Trijntje's shoes, in which a child might sit and paddle about the canals, are said to be preserved somewhere in the building, but for some reason we did not see them. I should like to spend some days at Edam and gain further information about these remarkable personages. Did Trijnte marry? Did Jan Osterlyn die poor?

Exhausted by these researches, we found a quiet little inn on a side street, with a dog guarding the front door. We finally persuaded him to let us pass, and after wandering about the house for a time, found the proprietor and demanded food. He seemed uncertain, and hastened out to consult with someone; but finally came back and said we could have soup.

“ And tea? ”

“ Oh, yes. ”

“ And bread and butter? ”

“ Oh, yes. ”

“ And cheese? ”

“ But certainly; there was always cheese. ”

“ And perhaps cold ham? ”

“ No — but there was cold veal. ” (“ Kalfsvleesch ” is the word.)

It was surprising how many things there were, when we finally got them all out; and how good they tasted, as we sat there and ate and gazed out at the quiet canal. And the inn-keeper came and sat

down, after awhile, when he saw we were willing to talk, and told us that his business was very bad; that scarcely anyone stopped at Edam any more; that visitors just took a look at the town, on the way to or from Volendam and Marken; and a lot more that I have forgotten.

We strolled down to the station, after awhile, admiring the picturesque canals and the pretty houses, and exchanging greetings with a family fishing off the back-end of their yard.

“Good-bye! good-bye!” they called, and waved their hands; and they did not in the least mean to bid us farewell, but only to say “How are you?” or something of that kind. All over Holland, the visitor is greeted with “Good-bye, sir; good-bye,” which is the only English salutation many of the people know. As the last words of departing English or Americans, I suppose the phrase has stuck in their memories. But, until one gets used to it, it is a little disconcerting, on entering a shop or café, to be greeted with “Good-bye, sir; good-bye!”

At the station we met one of the tourists who had got separated from his party and, being thrown on his own resources for the first time, was sadly at a loss what to do. So we took him along with us, and he told us his troubles, and how the party had been ten days in Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Holland, and was going on to Paris next day, and then to London, to sail from Liverpool at the end of the week; and how they got on each other's nerves; and how



A VISTA AT EDAM.

one member hadn't changed his collar nor, presumably, anything else since he started; and he was quite pitiful about it, and wanted us to take him some place where we could have a nice little Dutch dinner together; but there are some sacrifices too great for human nature. So we piloted him to the door of the "American" hotel where he was staying and left him there, and fared gayly on to our own little inn with the unpronounceable name.

And that evening we had dinner at a quiet café overlooking the Dam, where the head-waiter got the table at the corner window for us. And we sat for a long time over the coffee, while I smoked one of those delicious Dutch cigars, and watched the busy crowd below. And then, when darkness had really come, and all the lamps were lighted, we took a last stroll along the crowded Kalverstraat, for we were to leave Amsterdam in the morning.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE ANNEXATION OF THE "CHOCOLATE - DROP"

It was Monday, July 4th, when we left Amsterdam for a circuit of the Zuyder Zee, — a fact which was brought home to us, as we walked along the Damrak toward the station, for Cook's office was crowded with tourists, as usual, and many of them had a small American flag displayed somewhere about their persons. We met our legless beggar again, too, and bade him good-bye, and dropped a few cents into his hand. He sat watching us, with his hat off, until we were out of sight.

This trip about the Zuyder Zee was to enable us to visit those "Dead Cities," about which M. Havard had written so entertainingly, and which are so quaint and interesting; and we had prepared for it by purchasing a new piece of baggage. What with pieces of pewter and antiques in brass and porcelain, our suit-cases were growing very crowded; besides we wanted something lighter than a leather suit-case to take with us on a trip which would be a flying one. So, after many visits to the shops along the Kalverstraat, we had decided upon an English travelling-bag made of some sort of dark-brown material, which Betty had promptly christened the "chocolate-drop."

The name stuck to it; and we found the bag most convenient; for it was extensible, as well as light, and could accommodate a variety of articles truly amazing. It was fearfully and wonderfully made, with countless flaps and pockets and places to put things. Long before that trip was finished, I thought we had reached the limit of its capacity; and yet always found that we could crowd in a few things more. We took the "chocolate-drop" with us all over Europe, and, after that trip around the Zuyder Zee, never thought of carrying the things we needed from day to day in anything else. In fact, as soon as we found out how convenient it was, we sent all the rest of our luggage on to Brussels and then to Paris, to wait for us.

We both came to regard the "chocolate-drop" with a real affection; it was so faithful and so willing to stretch itself just a little more. It got some rough handling before we landed in New York again, but it never broke a strap or lost a single item of its contents; and it shall certainly go with us next time!

The "chocolate-drop," then, was our only piece of baggage that morning. I found, with satisfaction, that it fitted nicely into the luggage-rack in our compartment; and quite happy and content, we took our places, and watched the spires of Amsterdam fade away behind us. The first part of the journey, as far as Zaandam, was all too familiar to us; but at Zaandam we turned north, leaving whirling away to our left the windmills we never got to photograph. From here on, the train ran along the rich Wormer polder,

with many canals — almost as much water as land, in fact, from which I infer that the polder has not yet been effectively drained.

Along the banks of the canals were piles of peat which had been dredged up from the bottom and dumped there to dry before being cut up into blocks. Many sheep and cattle were grazing in the fields, some of them wearing canvas jackets to protect them from the cold, and here and there was a low, tree-shaded farmhouse of brick, with immense roof of red tile. Sometimes only the lower part of the roof was of tile, the upper part being of thatch, trimmed, where it overlapped the tiles, into geometrical shapes. The Dutch are certainly past masters of the art of thatching; it is so smooth and so visibly impervious. But I am afraid that both thatch and peat must yield, sooner or later, to the march of improvement, and leave Holland less picturesque.

We came soon to Purmerend, a pretty and well-shaded town, with magnificent avenues of trees along the roads leading out of it. Then the train went on along the great Beemster polder, which seemed fairly alive with birds, herons, especially, standing slim and blue on the edges of the canals watching for fish.

As we neared Hoorn, we could see on the right the high dyke keeping back the waters of the Zuyder Zee, and beyond it the sails of many boats. We noticed that all the gate-keepers in this part of Holland were women. There was one at every crossing, standing at attention as the train passed, red flag in hand.

Their uniform consisted of a blue cape with a red collar, and a queer stiff varnished hat.

Then the train stopped at Hoorn, and we left it, for we wished to see this old and picturesque "dead city." Let me explain that term before I go farther.

The Zuyder Zee is the youngest ocean on earth. History records its birth, its growth, and its decay. It will probably also record its death, for a project is on foot to pump it out and convert its bottom into smiling fields.

In the middle ages, there was no sea here, but a mighty forest, in which was a lake, called Flevo by the Romans, from which a river flowed into the North Sea near the present town of Medemblik. But the Romans, in one of their engineering works, turned a large portion of the waters of the Rhine into the river Ijssel, which emptied into Lake Flevo; and the lake gradually overflowed its banks, uprooting the forests and turning the whole country into a soft marsh. Then, about the middle of the thirteenth century, came a great flood. The waters of the North Sea rushed in over this marsh, swallowing up the villages which had managed to maintain a foothold in it, and the Zuyder Zee was formed.

It was quite deep, at first, so that ocean-going vessels could sail into it, and around its banks sprang up a chain of important towns fostered by this commerce — Enkhuisen, Hoorn, Edam, Stavoren, Kampen, Monnikendam, and many others. These towns grew rich and powerful, possessed great fleets which

sailed regularly to the Mediterranean, and even to China and the Indies. It was from the town of Hoorn that Willem Schouten sailed in the first ship which went around South America, and he named that ultimate point of land Cape Horn in honour of his native town. It was another Hoorn sailor, Abel Tasman, who discovered the country which he named Van Dieman's Land, but which is now Tasmania. It was still another, Jan Pietersz Coen, who established Dutch dominion in the East Indies. It was Hoorn that provided Admiral Van Tromp with a navy. It was off Hoorn that Admiral Dirckzoon defeated an armada of thirty Spanish ships under Admiral Bossu, and saved the town from the horrors of a siege. It was to Hoorn that Bossu was brought a prisoner, and for three years he remained shut up there in the Protestant orphanage; where his gold goblet is still preserved. Such are some of the memories of greatness which cluster about Hoorn.

And the other "dead cities" have histories just as interesting. This was the manner of their death. At the end of a century or two, the mouth of the Zuyder Zee began to silt up. The waves of the North Sea piled up banks of sand, which formed into islands or even more dangerous shallows; the process once begun went on with ever-increasing rapidity, until at last the Zuyder Zee was closed to anything larger than a fishing-boat. Amsterdam saved herself, as we have seen, by cutting a great canal to the ocean; but these other towns could do nothing. They withered

and withered; their walls grew too large for them; their houses too numerous for the people who remained. So some of the houses fell into disrepair and were pulled down; their harbours were abandoned; their commerce stopped. They are not exactly dead, but they have ceased to live.

It was at the ancient city of Hoorn, then, that we left the train, and we soon found it to be one of the quaintest, prettiest towns in Holland. Many of the buildings date from the seventeenth century, and are ornamented with carvings in bas-relief and with designs in coloured tiles, evidence of the wealth of the burgesses who built them. Three houses near the water-front bear bas-reliefs depicting the great battle of the Zuyder Zee, for from the windows of these houses the principal citizens of the town watched the progress of that battle, with an anxiety which can be imagined, since the fate of the town hung upon its issue. In the market-place stands a statue of Jan Coen, to whom I have referred, and who, more perhaps than any other one man, changed the destiny of Holland.

The town has, of course, a number of churches quite disproportionate to its present size, and the most interesting of these is, I think, the Nooderkerk. We had some difficulty finding the koster, but finally unearthed a little, bright-faced woman from an adjoining house, who showed us about, talking volubly in Dutch, with a few words of English. She had a

son in Cleveland, Ohio, and when she learned that we were from the same state, she seemed to consider us a sort of link with the absent one.

Evidently the people who entered the church in the old days were expected to do so in a suitable frame of mind; for over the main entrance is carved a full-length skeleton reclining on a dark mat, with "Memento Mori" under it; and over the transept entrance appear a skull and cross-bones, with the inscription, "Hic Meta Dolores." Inside, a queer, spiral stair mounts to the roof. The lady-chapel has been converted into a waiting-room for wedding parties by the addition of a hooded fireplace.

The walls which at one time surrounded Hoorn have long since been razed, but one of the old gates is still standing, and, of course, there is always the beautiful old water-gate looking out over the Zuyder Zee. It is, I think, the finest harbour tower in Holland. The façade facing the town is covered with sculptures, that toward the harbour is rounded and plain save for an immense coat-of-arms. The little arches about the top are very graceful, the row of windows with their painted shutters add a touch of colour, and the roof mounts to the spire with an altogether satisfying delicacy.

The clock in the tower, like most old Dutch clocks, has only one hand — the hour hand — so that it is possible to tell the time by it only approximately. Thus, if the hand is half-way between three and four, it is, of course, half-past three; but it requires a deli-



THE HARBOUR, HOORN.



HARBOUR-TOWER, HOORN.

cate eye to tell the time within five minutes. If you ask a Dutchman what time it is, he will cock his eye at the clock and say "About" so-and-so. He always uses the qualifying "about." We tried it several times to find out. If you will look at the picture of the tower (which was under repair when we were there, as the scaffolding about it shows) opposite the preceding page, you will see that the single hand points to about twenty minutes after twelve.

After we had inspected the tower, we wandered on along the dyke, from which one gets a splendid view of the sea, with every prospect a picture. One, in especial, I remember — a long point of land, with a few houses and a windmill on it, and some squat little boats rocking in the haven, and the white clouds piled against the blue sky. I took a picture of it, which you will find opposite page 252, but the picture gives only the faintest idea of the peaceful beauty of the scene.

While I was thus engaged, a crowd of children, who had been practising, none too successfully, walking on stilts, gathered around me, and I let them look through the finder of the camera. There were cries of delight and astonishment, which brought their fresh-faced mothers and elder sisters clustering about me, and I had to let them look, too. And then, suddenly, there was a scream of laughter, and I looked up to see Betty walking away down the dyke on a pair of stilts, with the ends of her veil fluttering out behind her — stilt-walking being one of the accomplishments of her childhood. I never saw anyone so

delighted as those women and children were! I dare say they are talking about it yet!

We went back, after that, to those quiet, clean, deserted streets, feeling strangely out of place among surroundings so mediæval. Of all the towns we saw in Holland, I think Hoorn was the most picturesque and charming, next to Middleburg, and possibly Kampen. It is a direct survival of the seventeenth century. There is a cheese market held here every week, and a gay little weigh-house at one side of the square where the cheeses are displayed; but on other days, the town seems to be asleep, dreaming, perhaps, of its vanished greatness.

Our host at Amsterdam had urgently advised us to make the trip from Hoorn to Enkhuisen not by train but by paard-tram, or horse-tram. He said the trip was one of the most interesting in all Holland, and so we found it. It is a journey by no means to be missed.

The tram, a diminutive, four-wheeled car, drawn by a single horse and running on a narrow track, starts at the market-place, proceeds with much clanging of the bell through the town to the station, and then heads away for Enkhuisen, twelve and a half miles distant, along a paved road, shaded by trees, with beautiful little houses on either side of it. The car rolled on gently, stopping to take on or let off frequent passengers; the horse attached to it trotted along cheerfully, and was soon changed for another, three, I think, being used to accomplish the journey.

A horse is a great treasure in Holland — almost a curio — and is most tenderly cared for; but, indeed, I think the Dutch are naturally kind to all animals.

I have already remarked that, in Europe, there are as many things to interest one inside a tram or railway carriage as outside it. We found it so in this case. Solid, fresh-faced women, young and old, formed the majority of the passengers, and their interest in us was quite frank and undisguised. Most of the women wore a style of headdress new to us — a lace cap fitting tightly all around the head, and on top of it a queer little straw bonnet, turned up in front and lined with flowered silk. They were careful to give us plenty of room, even crowding themselves a little to do it; plainly enjoyed our interest in the beautiful country we were passing through, and smiled and even essayed a little conversation with us now and then.

Betty was sitting at the front end of the car so that she could see out ahead, when a plump priest mounted the front platform and leaned his back against the window she was looking through. There was consternation among the other passengers; you never saw such dismayed faces. It was as though she had been offered a personal affront. The conductor had seen all this, he caught the imploring glances cast in his direction, and, stopping the car, ran around to the front platform and persuaded the priest to go back to the rear one. Everybody was delighted. Everybody nodded and smiled at us as the car proceeded. That window was not again obstructed!

And it was as well, for we have never had such a trip as that one. This is one of the richest portions of all Holland, and the farmers' houses which front the road on either side, and which are continuous all the way from Hoorn to Enkhuisen, are really little villas, each with its own grounds, marvellously kept, and each reached by a little bridge. Most of the houses are painted a bright blue for a foot or two from the ground, perhaps with a special preparation to keep out the damp; above this, the fancy of each individual owner has full play, and such combinations of reds and greens and pinks and purples were never seen elsewhere. Each house has in front of it a row of trees trained in the form of a screen — just such aerial hedges as we saw before the houses along the river on the way to Gorinchem. But here we were close enough to see the perfection of these hedges — trees made to grow so flat that, with a spread of twenty feet, they would be not over a foot in thickness.

Each house is surrounded by a little canal, and the elaborate bridge which crosses it from the road usually has a gate in the middle. The front doors of the houses look as though they were set with diamonds, so highly are the nail-heads polished; and knocker and knob shine like gold. Many of them are further ornamented with scrollwork in iron or brass, or with long hinges of most elaborate design. These front doors are, if possible, even more inviolate than those in the south of Holland. Only a death, or a wedding, or a christening, or some event equally important, justi-

fies using them and entering that holy of holies, the parlour.

Here the fancy trimming of the edges of the thatch on the roofs reaches the limits of genius; and here, too, we saw such ornate summer-houses and dog-kennels and chicken-coops as we had never imagined existed, with carving and gingerbread-work and little cupolas, set so close together that they fairly jostle each other, reached by gravelled paths only a foot or so in width, and with gay little flower-beds in the unoccupied corners around them. They are painted to match the dwelling-house, and when there is any paint left, it is used on the trunks of the trees.

As we rolled into Enkhuisen, we saw a man in a wide black hat with a long black crape streamer dangling from it, and a long black gown shrouding his body, knocking at a door, and we recognized the long-looked-for aansprecker — the dignitary who is hired to go about and break the news of a death, and tell the hour of the funeral, to the friends of the bereaved family.

"Oh," I said, "if I could only get his picture!"

But that seemed too much to hope for.

However, as we got off the car, we came upon a group of three or four aanspreckers standing at a corner, comparing black-bordered lists in their hands; and I mustered up courage to approach them and ask if I might photograph them. I more than half expected to be repulsed, as one proposing a sacrilege; but, on the contrary, they smiled and nodded, and obligingly

posed themselves — on condition that I send them one of the pictures — a condition to which I eagerly agreed. All the other passengers who had come on the car with us, as well as the inhabitants of the neighbouring houses, clustered around while this negotiation was in progress, and it was finally concluded only with the assistance of one of our fellow-passengers, a young lady who could speak a little English.

Well, more aanspreckers had been coming up all this while, and by the time everything was settled, there were eight or ten in the group. They spread out gravely before me, some volunteer helpers pushed back the crowd, and I snapped the picture; and then, in an agony of apprehension, lest I had forgotten something at the critical moment — for I was miserably nervous with all these people looking on — I took another, the aanspreckers having by this time increased to a dozen or more, and still others coming up every minute. Then the head aansprecker wrote his name in my memorandum book, so I would be sure to get the address right, and we thanked them and went on. The picture was duly sent and, I hope, duly received.

We found quarters at “Die Poort van Cleve,” a really old inn, rambling but beautifully-kept, with a staircase more than usually ladder-like. We were attended by a cherub-faced man of middle age, who showed us to our room, overlooking the broad haven, and took our order for dinner, and served it personally, and a very good one it was!



THE AANSPRECKERS AT ENKHUISEN.

After dinner I had quite a chat with him, for he knew English fairly well, and he told me that we were in great luck to get a picture of the aanspreckers, for there were only about twenty-five deaths a year in Enkhuisen, and hence the aanspreckers were out only about twice a month. The costume they wore that day was for a funeral of the second class. For one of the first class, they wear top-hats and frock-coats, with silver braid across the front. I saw this costume afterwards at Kampen, and while perhaps more dignified, it is much less striking and picturesque than the flowing robes and wide hats of the inferior class. The aanspreckers, I understand, form a sort of close corporation, and their fees are prescribed by law. They are used also, sometimes, to announce births, in which event they deck their suits of black with white ribbons and rosettes to indicate the joyful character of the event they come to announce.

Enkhuisen is another Hoorn with its old houses and quiet streets and air of deserted antiquity. The houses, with their elaborate stone carvings and high stepped gables, are quite as picturesque as those at Hoorn. Enkhuisen does homage to the herring, from which much of its wealth was at one time derived, by showing three herrings on its arms, or "wapen." The fish lie horizontally, one above another, and this device was a favourite one with the stone-carvers. The houses are ornate inside as well as out, for the old skippers who voyaged to the Mediterranean used to

bring back Italian marble in their holds for ballast, and many of the houses are paved with these precious parti-coloured slabs. Some of them, too, have their walls and fireplaces tiled with old Delft; and the furniture in them would turn an antiquarian green with envy.

The stadhuis is a handsome, stone-faced structure, unusually interesting within. In the upper hall, which is paved with beautiful slabs of white marble, and which has a remarkable echo, the candelabra are sure to attract the visitor's attention. They are in the shape of four great arms thrust out from the walls, painted flesh colour, and holding up with much muscular exertion four tiny candlesticks weighing a few ounces each. Our guide, a pleasant man whom a ring at the door had summoned, made the echo perform for us, and showed us a few curios, among them a block and axe. The axe is dull and rusty, but the block, of dark oak, is kept furbished up to show the graceful carvings with which it is embellished — allegories from the New Testament, designed, no doubt, to soothe the last moments of the condemned as he placed his neck on the block and waited for the blow.

Then our guide led the way into the council-chamber — another of those solemnly beautiful rooms in which the favoured city fathers of this land transact their business. The walls are hung with red Utrecht velvet, dating from 1692, but more beautiful, if anything, than when it left the loom. Fourteen chairs, uphol-

stered in tapestry, with the three herrings embroidered on the back of each, are ranged before a long table, on which gleamed as usual the pewter ink-wells and sanders.

Next to this is the burgomeester's room, with a fine painting by Ferdinand Bol, and beyond a waiting-room draped with brown Utrecht velvet. There is an old picture there of a burgomeester, his wife, and six children, three girls and three boys. Our guide, with great glee, asked us to guess which were which; and when we were unable to do so, for they all looked exactly alike, except that the older ones were painted a little larger than the others, he showed us the clue. The burgomeester wore a square lace collar, and his wife a round one; and the artist, whose skill was unequal to differentiating the sexes in any more subtle way, painted the boys with square collars like their father, and the girls with round collars like their mother, and let it go at that.

Back of this room, is a beautiful little chamber, at one time the meeting-place of the governing board of the municipal orphanage. Its walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry, and there is a handsome painting by Van Neck over the ornate marble mantel.

The governing board, I suppose, now sits at the orphanage itself, the quaintest of buildings, with its high gables and stone ornamentation, and sculptured figures of two orphans, a boy and a girl, in elaborately coloured costumes, standing on the cornice of the front door. Inside, the building has remained unchanged

for a century, with its rows of little snowy beds in the dormitories, and the rows of seats in the refectory, and everything as clean as soap and water and Dutch energy can make it.

The Enkhuisen orphans dress like other children, for the people of the town very sensibly think it wrong to set them apart by a freak costume, as Haarlem and Amsterdam and other cities do. Enkhuisen is not a large place, numbering only about six thousand, and yet there are eight benevolent institutions in the town, as our host at the Poort van Cleve proudly informed us, to care for the sick, the destitute, and the aged, as well as for the orphans. Most of these were founded by some wealthy citizen in the days of the town's greatness, and all of them are well-endowed.

The Westerkerk is worth visiting, if only to see the choir-screen. Moses, Joshua, and the Four Evangelists look down from above the cornice, and the work in the panels below is very delicate and graceful. The screen is dated 1742, and one of the panels is unfinished. Whether death stopped the hand of the carver or some accident interfered with the completion of the work I could not find out. The church itself is barren and empty, without transepts; but the grave-slabs which compose the pavement are carved with unusual richness. And the church is unique in having a high wooden bell-tower entirely detached from it.

The town has shrunk far back from its old walls, and broad fields stretch in between the present town

and the last of the old gates — fields that were at one time covered with houses. For in its heyday, this was a busy city of sixty thousand people. It possessed a herring fleet of seven hundred boats, of which not one remains. About a score of little boats still put out into the Zuyder Zee to fish for anchovies; but no longer do Enkhuisen fishermen brave the ocean.

At one time, the reputation of the Enkhuisen seamen was so great that the Emperor Charles V., and even his Dutch-hating son, would have no other sailors on their royal ships, doubtless esteeming their lives more safe in such hands than in lubberly Spanish ones. Yet, despite this royal preference, Enkhuisen was the first town in Holland to open its gates to William the Silent, and to take its stand with him in the struggle for Dutch independence.

I sat for a long time after dinner that evening, loitering in the hotel office, talking to the chance arrivals, and watching an interminable game of billiards, played on a table about half as large as the ones we use. Then I walked over to the harbour, dominated by the old double-humped Drommedaris tower, a relic of the ancient walls, not so light and airy as that at Hoorn, but enriched with a charming carillon, and flanked by a most picturesque huddle of red-roofed houses. The bells were ringing sweetly overhead as I sat down on the sea-wall and gazed out at the darkening water.

The little fishing-boats were gliding one by one out of the haven for another night's work, and the horizon

was dotted with the sails of those already at sea. The harbour lights gleamed dim, for a mist of rain was in the air, and sky and sea were pearly gray. It was a beautiful picture — and a saddening one.



THE DROMMEDARIS TOWER, ENKHUISEN.

CHAPTER XIX

FREE FRISIA

IT was a clear and sunshiny morning that we bade good-bye to the Poort van Cleve, after an excellent breakfast, at which the only other guest was a tobacco salesman. He denied, at first, that he could speak English, but after his first embarrassment wore off he spoke it fairly well, and ended by presenting me with a cigar from his stock. "I will gif you a good one," he said, and it *was* good.

The cherubic landlord was presumably yet abed, but the landlady accompanied us to the front door to wish us a pleasant journey. Our railroad coupons from Hoorn to Enkhuisen had not been taken up, because we had elected to come by tram, and at the station we had quite an exciting argument with the gateman, before he would permit us to retain them; and even then, he took us before a superior for consultation before conceding us the right to keep them. We had many struggles after that to retain those coupons; for they were in a book, and every gateman and inspector regarded our possession of them with suspicion. We didn't care much at first, but we soon grew determined to keep them, cost what it might; besides, it was worth something to see the expression

of surprised dismay which overspread each official's face when he opened the book and found those coupons there!

The boat from Enkhuisen across the Zuyder Zee to Stavoren runs in connection with the train, and there was quite a crowd on board that morning. Some of them were merchants going over to the Friesland markets, and some were hunters going after the Friesland game, whatever it may be.

As the boat steamed with us out of the harbour, we looked back at Enkhuisen with regret. From the sea, the tree-shaded quays looked unusually pretty, and we agreed in voting it one of the nicest towns we had seen. The morning was cool and bright, with little fleecy clouds hanging in the air, seemingly only a hundred feet or so above the water; and the water itself was of that peculiar translucent green-gray which one sees in Dutch paintings of the Zuyder Zee, and regards at first with suspicion, it looks so unlike any other water. There were few sails in sight, for the fishermen had hauled up their nets at dawn and were safe again in the haven. Once we sighted a steamer puffing away to Medemblik, and then far ahead appeared the roofs of Stavoren, peeping over the great dyke which shelters the town from the sea.

Stavoren was once the residence of the princes of that Free Frisia which the Romans were glad to have as an ally, and later grew into a city of great commercial importance, with walls and towers, temples and palaces, so renowned that travellers came from

distant countries to see them. She was one of the principal cities of the great Hanseatic league, and finally grew so strong that she broke her treaties with these allies, and even defeated an army brought against her by the powerful Count of Holland. But the tide turned; the port was silted up, trade went elsewhere, whole quarters of the town were destroyed by inundations which the inhabitants no longer had the energy to resist, then a great fire swept it; its hostile neighbours assailed it, and it was reduced to a sorry village. There are, I suppose, not over a hundred houses in the town now, and they are of the most primitive type. *Sic transit!*

The old chroniclers attribute the decay of Stavoren to Divine wrath over a blasphemous act committed by a wealthy widow of Stavoren. Let me tell the story, since I suppose it must be told, in the words of Guicciardini:

“There was a widow in the town so rich that of her wealth she knew not the extent, with the consequence that she became petulant and saucy. She loaded a ship for Dantzic, ordering its master to bring back in exchange for the merchandise which she sent the most exquisite and rare product of that region; and as the master of the ship, reaching Dantzic, found there no product more in demand than grain, he returned laden with it to Stavoren. This so displeased the widow, that she ordered the wheat to be thrown overboard; which, being done on the instant, in that very place there arose so great a sandbank

that the harbour was so blocked that no great ships could enter it; hence the bank is still called the Lady's Sand. Whence, little by little, the said town lost its staple, and its traffic and commerce decayed."

The grain of truth amidst all this chaff is that the sandbank *is*, indeed, called the Vrouwensand. "People of that time," sagely observes M. Havard, "must have a very strange idea of Divine justice if they believed the ruin of a whole town a good way of punishing a widow!"

At any rate, the result of all this is that a city which was at one time one of the wonders of Christendom, is no longer worth stopping at, so we got on the train for Sneek — pronounced Snake — and were soon rolling along towards it through this most northern of Dutch provinces. The principal feature of the landscape are the immense houses, all built on one plan, and that a sufficiently peculiar one. As the winters here are wet and cold, the hay which is harvested to feed the numerous cattle cannot be left outdoors as it is elsewhere, but must be drily housed, and hence the houses are built to accommodate not only the family and the livestock, but the hay as well. That is to say, the walls are very low, with doors and windows in them in the family part, and smaller windows in the portion set apart for the cattle, and over these is reared a four-square roof, towering like a pyramid high into the air — thirty or forty feet is no uncommon height. It looks as though each man had tried to build a higher roof than any of his neighbours, and that its

immense weight had crushed the walls deep into the wet ground.

A visit to one of these houses is a great treat. The living-rooms are, of course, immaculately clean, usually paved with tile, and with tiled walls; and the quarters of the cattle are almost as ornate. Little white curtains are at the windows; the stalls are paved and spread with sand, and there is not a speck of dirt or suspicion of offensive odour. The tails of the cows, each of which has a stall to itself, are usually looped up to prevent them splashing themselves, and the cows themselves are scrubbed until they shine. Each of them has her toilet made for her regularly every day. In one corner is the room in which the cheese is pressed, this, too, as immaculate as all the rest, and with its copper utensils shining like gold. Those Friesland women must be constantly at work with brush and bucket.

The fields were full of sheep and of those black-and-white Friesland cattle which are here seen at their best. The land is very low, and subject to frequent inundations. The Frieslanders are said to expect an inundation once in five years.

It was market day at Sneek, and the square and streets adjoining were packed with people, who had driven in from the neighbouring farms in their one and two-seated carts, built very high, polished like pianos, and often ornamented with gold-tipped carvings. We had some difficulty in finding the market, for we inquired the way of a woman who was stand-

ing in a doorway, and she did not seem to understand, though I said "Kaas markt," as plainly as I could. We found out the reason, afterwards, as I shall tell.

The belles of Friesland are said to be the most beautiful in Holland; but we failed to see any who deserved that reputation. We did, however, see many examples of the quaint Friesland headdress — a gold or silver casque, fitting tightly over the head, and over this a little lace cap. Alas, that the head-dress does not stop there; but many of these women, envying, I suppose, their sisters of other countries, mount on top of this lace cap a modern hat, trimmed with flowers! Indeed, all over Holland we witnessed this phenomenon — the head-dress of the province, with a flower-laden bonnet atop of it. The effect may be imagined!

There are many legends to account for the metal casque, or "hoofdijzer," of the Friesland women. One is that it is intended to protect their skulls from the assaults of their lords and masters when the latter come home on market-day having partaken of schnapps too freely. Another is that it was devised to conceal a deformity of one of the Frisian princesses, and was at once adopted by all the other women who wanted to be in style. You may take your choice of these, or invent a third legend of your own. But there the casques are, gleaming in the sunlight like polished armour. They are often very valuable, and are the most treasured of heirlooms. They have this advan-

tage over other headdresses, that they never wear out. Sometimes metal ornaments are added in front, at either side of the forehead, in the shape of spirals made of wire, or little plates of silver, and huge earrings are worn and coral necklaces and many other articles of adornment, the effect of which is almost oriental.

Sneek is a clean and pretty town, with one of the most attractive water-gates I have seen anywhere, spanning a canal with twin arches, and with a slender tower at either side. There is a pretty little stadhuis in the French style; many clean canals, and friendly people; but it is scarcely worth a visit.

When we got on the train again, there were three men in the compartment; and when they heard us talking together, they asked us if we were English. We told them no, that we were Americans. They were delighted, and wanted to talk to us, to hear all about America and tell us all about Friesland. Then we understood why that woman at Sneek had not known what the "Kaas markt" was. For the Frisian language and the Dutch language are quite distinct. In fact, Frisian is the direct ancestor of Scotch, and Scotch cattle-merchants trade there without difficulty. It resembles English very closely, and many of the words are identical. Cheese is cheese, not "kaas," as in Dutch; and these fellow-travellers assured us, though here I thought I caught a twinkle in their eyes, that the dialect poetry of Robert Burns is greatly appreciated in Friesland. We had a most interesting

talk with them until the train pulled into Leeuwarden, where we all got out. We saw one of them on the street afterwards and he tipped his hat to us, very pleased.

Leeuwarden is the capital of Friesland, and numbers some thirty-five thousand inhabitants. It is more bustling and prosperous than most Dutch towns, and there were many people in the streets, as we wended our way up from the station—among them some Leeuwarden orphans, red above and black below. Amsterdam divides her orphans longitudinally; Leeuwarden divides hers horizontally. The boys wear a red coat and black trousers; the girls a red bodice and black skirt. I should like to see a collection, some time, of orphans from all over Holland. It would be a diverting spectacle.

We wanted to see first, of course, the famous Frisian museum; and after asking the way two or three times, made a vain attempt to get into an ornate building of red and white brick, which looked as though it ought to be it. But the door was locked, and finally three or four people came out and told us that this was not the museum, but the "Kanselarij," or Chancellery, and that the museum was just around the corner.

The Chancellery, though, was worth looking at, for a gayer, more decorative building, I have never seen. It was built about the middle of the sixteenth century as a law-court, and is now used as the provincial library and record-office, being open to visitors only on certain days. The interior, which has

been remodelled to suit the needs of its present use, is not worth visiting, but its exterior is most inviting. It is two stories high, and surmounted by the usual steep, dormered roof, broken by a stepped-gable, each step ornamented by a figure emblematic of good government, with Justice looking down from the topmost pinnacle. The beautiful stone balustrade guarding the steps which lead to the front door is embellished with four lions sitting rampant upon it, each holding a shield between its paws.

At the museum, we found the custodian, M. D. Draaisma, very glad to show his treasures — samples of the gold and silver work for which Leeuwarden was once noted; Frisian costumes of every degree of eccentricity; Roman remains which have been dug up throughout the province; a remarkable collection of porcelain; and all sorts of Dutch utensils.

Among the curiosities preserved here are some very early Frisian tobacco pipes, for the Frisians are said to have been the first Europeans to use the weed. They certainly use it industriously enough now. And still another feature is a series of rooms arranged and furnished in the old Frisian manner, with tiled walls, floors of red and brown tiles, furniture gayly decorated in red and gold, and just such an old draped bed as you will see in Jan Steen's pictures. There is also a little gallery of modern Dutch pictures, with a good Mesdag and a charming Israels.

Outside of the museum, there are not many things of interest at Leeuwarden, for the town has been

greatly modernized. The old walls have been torn down and converted into boulevards, and even the old gates have been destroyed. A canal occupies the place of the moat, and follows the angles and convolutions of the old walls in a most amusing way. The weigh-house is a picturesque little square building by the side of a wide canal, but is now used as a fire-station. The stadhuis is comparatively modern, but has a wooden staircase with a finely carved balustrade, and a most impressive old council-room. The walls are covered with Gobelin tapestry, and there is the usual long table for the councilmen, with the shining inkwells and sanders at each place, and, in addition, a pewter match-holder. Time was when at each place a long clay pipe, ready filled, was laid; but the councillors are now expected to provide their own pipes and tobacco. Or perhaps cigars have displaced the pipes.

Across the street from the stadhuis is the so-called royal palace, the residence of the Stadholders of Friesland during the years that the country was a republic, and now the residence of the royal commissioner for Friesland. It looked so insignificant that we did not try to enter.

We did not, in fact, see as much of Leeuwarden as we might have done, for, at the recommendation of Mr. Draaisma, we hunted up the antique shop of Mr. A. C. Billings. We wanted a mangle — one of those flat, carved pieces of wood used to iron with, such as we had seen demonstrated at Marken; and Mr. Bil-

lings had not only mangles, but so many other beautiful and interesting things, that we lingered there unduly. Betty was unable to resist a charming little silver tea-pot, one of the most graceful I ever saw, so we got it, and it formed a strange excrescence in the side of the "chocolate-drop" until we got to our luggage again at Brussels. We had tea out of that tea-pot to-day, and it brought Leeuwarden back to us as no pictures could.

It is curious to find the hatred of the French Revolutionists for everything royal reaching even this far, but so it did; for, after they had taken possession of the country and founded the Batavian Republic, in 1795, they sent a delegation to Leeuwarden for the purpose of destroying the tombs of the old Stadholders of Friesland in the Leeuwarden Groote Kerk. The church is a large one, but, without these tombs, of no especial interest.

I am inclined to think that the resemblance between Frisian and English has been exaggerated; at any rate, we found mighty few people who could understand our English. There is an old couplet,

"Good butter and good cheese
Is good English and good Friese."

But, so far as we could tell, the resemblance stops there. Certainly I have listened to Frisians talking without being able to catch a familiar word, although there seemed to be a lot which were half-familiar. That is, at a distance where one could distinguish the

sounds but not the words it seemed that the language was familiar; but the harder one listened, the less familiar it grew.

Nor, so far as we could see, do the Friesland women deserve their great reputation for beauty. They are fresh and hearty, they look as though they would make the best of wives and mothers, real helpmates to any man; their features are regular, and all that; but they lack that suggestion of the spirituel which we Americans consider one of the requisites of beauty. They are a little heavy and stolid; I fancy that their brains do not move quickly. But this may be all wrong, and their apparent stolidity merely the defence thrown up against the evident curiosity of the stranger. There is always that danger in trying to judge a people without knowing them intimately.

It was here at Leeuwarden that M. de Amicis had an improving conversation concerning the Frisian headdress with a lady whose maid was brought in for his inspection. I cannot forbear quoting a little.

“The lady of the house rang a bell,” writes M. de Amicis, “and there appeared a servant-maid wearing a lilac gown and a golden helmet. She was as tall as a grenadier, robust as an athlete, white as an angel, haughty as a princess. Planting herself before me, she stood with head erect and eyes cast down. Her mistress told me that her name was Sophia, that she was eighteen years old, and was engaged to be married, her casque being a present from her betrothed.

“ I asked what metal it was made of.

“ ‘ Of gold,’ the lady answered, with a slight expression of surprise at the question.

“ ‘ Of gold!’ I exclaimed. ‘ Excuse me, but will you have the goodness to ask how much it cost?’

“ The lady questioned the maid, and then turning to me, said: ‘ It cost, without the chain and pins, three hundred florins.’

“ ‘ Six hundred francs!’ cried I. ‘ Pardon me once more; what is the young man’s profession?’

“ ‘ He is a wood-sawyer,’ answered the lady.

“ ‘ A wood-sawyer!’ I repeated; and thought regretfully of the size of the book I should have to write before I could rival the magnificence of this wood-sawyer.

“ ‘ They do not all have them of gold, however,’ said the lady. ‘ The lover who has little money gives a silver casque. Poor women and girls wear casques of gilded copper, or very thin silver, which cost a few florins. But the great ambition is to have one of gold, and with this purpose in view, they work, and save, and sigh for years together. And as for jealousy, I, who have a maid with a gold casque, and a housemaid with a silver casque, can tell something about that.’ ”

The casques are made of plate so thin that they can easily be moulded to the shape of the head. Sometimes they are composed of two halves, meeting in the middle of the forehead, and sometimes of a single piece, with a hole in the centre of the crown to give a little ventilation. In either case, the hair is entirely

concealed, and when too abundant, is cut off. But it is not usually too abundant, for the casque produces baldness, and this is one of the reasons why it is being discarded by the women of the better classes. But it is still generally worn by the peasants and farmers' wives. A tight black silk cap is put on first, under which the hair is tucked up, and then the casque is added, and finally a lace cap, with a frill which falls to the shoulders. Often, as I have said before, a modern be-flowered bonnet is set on top of all this, with an effect sufficiently startling.

Leeuwarden is a pleasant centre from which to make excursions to a number of villages in the neighbourhood, all of which are described most entertainingly in a little guide-book issued by the "Vereeniging tot bevordering von vreemdelingenverkeer," of Leeuwarden, and full not only of quaint English but of quaint legends of the neighbourhood. It quotes some Frisian poetry about Leeuwarden which confirms me in the opinion that the resemblance between English and Frisian is largely imaginary. The happy lot of the Frisian farmer is described, who "if the struggle for life does not weigh too heavily upon him, his must be a life happier than that of thousands of other people." One might add that this is a proposition of universal application.

We had thought of going on to Groningen, but inquiry developed the fact that it is too large and too modern — albeit it dates from the ninth century — to be of interest, so we turned southward to Zwolle,

through a country very different to the watery Friesland. A beautiful avenue of old trees ran along a road at our left for miles; soon other trees appeared in clumps and groves; the fields were not traversed by canals nor cultivated as carefully as those we had heretofore seen in Holland. Then we passed through wide marshes and peat land; with mowers working on every little strip firm enough to afford foothold, and with goats tethered along the railway and on little strips to eat the grass which was not worth mowing. For the first time in Holland, we ran through a long, deep cut, with the banks on either side clothed in broom.

After Heerenveen, there were few houses, and the country was apparently very poor, with scarcely any cattle in the fields, and the hay only a few inches in height, — not worth mowing, one would think, and yet the mowers were busy getting it down, fairly shaving the ground in their anxiety to get it all. Men and women were working in couples, raking it up and carrying it off to invisible houses on queer wagons, with the horse fifteen feet in front, and attached to the wagon with rope harness of the most primitive sort. And all around were stacked bricks of brown peat, which had been cut from little mounds on the surface of the ground. Peat is the principal product of this province of Drenthe, which, without it, would be little more than a succession of bogs covered with dwarf oak and pine. Of late years, some efforts have been made to convert the exhausted peat-fields into

meadows and farm-land, but it is a task before which even the Dutch falter.

The country grew gradually wilder and more deserted, as the train rumbled on. Nothing was to be seen on either hand but a wild and boggy solitude, with broad mounds here and there, which the ancient Celts or Germans heaped up to build their huts on in days before the land was protected with dykes from the inundations of Lake Flevo. Ancient remains are found all through here, proving that this country was at some distant time inhabited by Romans, by Huns, by Celts, and by no one knows what other mysterious tribes. The country itself looks dark and mysterious, and the customs of the people differ greatly from those of Western Holland.

A few miles beyond Meppel, the train passes the old village of Staphorst, where the ancient Frisian manners and costumes are said to be religiously preserved; and where the men so abhor idleness that, when they meet to consult concerning the affairs of the village, each man brings his knitting, in order that his hands may be always busy. We have entered the province of Over-Ijssel, and the country gradually assumes again an aspect of civilization, until we are once more in a land of tree-bordered roads, and red-roofed villages.

Dusk was falling as we reached Zwolle; and after dinner at the Kaiserkroon, with its queer old winding staircase, and great, high-ceilinged rooms, we strolled about the clean and lively streets; looking in the shop-

windows, and chaffering for a box of wax night-lights, such as we had seen used most effectively in the halls of the Poort van Cleve at Enkhuisen. We had quite an exciting time getting them, as the girl in the shop had to take down practically the whole stock of goods before she found what we wanted. She was most good-natured about it, and two or three other customers insisted on waiting and helping her guess, until the matter was settled. I think it was a sort of picnic for all of them.

CHAPTER XX

ZWOLLE

THE weather god was surely good to us in Holland! One fine day followed another, with just an interlude of rain now and then to lay the dust and freshen things up. From which fact I would argue that the months of June and July are the best possible in which to visit the country — even without the strawberries! Before that I am told the weather is apt to be cold and rainy, and later in the summer the canals grow offensive, at least in the larger towns. The temperature of June and July is perfect for sight-seeing, not so cold as to be uncomfortable, nor so warm as to be enervating. We found that a light wrap, such as a raincoat, usually felt very good.

In Dutch, the letter w is pronounced like our v, so Zwolle is pronounced Zvölle. The next morning was bright and pleasant, but before sallying out we watched, from the windows of our room, an interesting exhibition of the Dutch love of cleanliness. Across the street from us, in front of a shop of some sort, was a sidewalk composed of black and white slabs, laid in pattern and artistically fitted together; and this sidewalk, no doubt, was the especial pride of the wife of that shopkeeper and of her servants. At any



SCRUBBING THE STREET AT ZWOLLE.

rate, one of the servants — or perhaps it was the housewife herself — was out scrubbing it with soap and water, and then wiping it dry with a cloth. And after she got the sidewalk scrubbed, she went on and scrubbed the cobbles of the street some distance out from the gutter, using an immense amount of water, which she dipped up from a cistern under the sidewalk, through a round opening such as, with us, indicates a coal-chute.

When we came out from breakfast, she was still at it, giving the sidewalk a few final touches, and I got a picture of her, which you will find opposite the preceding page; — a scene made more characteristically Dutch by the windmill towering above the trees at the end of the street.

We went first to the morning market, a gay assemblage of many-coloured vegetables under little tents, with white-capped women in attendance, and great piles of yellow carrots striking the predominant note. Carrots seem to be a favourite food all over Holland, perhaps because they are cheap, and the children eat them raw. When they get hungry and run to their mother for something to eat, instead of getting a slice of bread and jam, as with us, they get a raw carrot. They resemble American children, however, in that they take the carrot and sit down on the front step to eat it.

The strawberries and red-raspberries at the market were especially luscious-looking; but all the vegetables and fruits were attractive, their natural beauty being

enhanced by the tasteful way in which they were arranged. The arrangement of one of these stalls is, indeed, quite a work of art, and must take considerable study, to say nothing of a great amount of time!

At one side of the market, a number of milkmaids had stationed their little carts, with a can in either end, and the dog lying on the pavement beneath taking a nap, and were ladling out the milk to customers; but their cans, instead of being of burnished copper, as in South Holland, were merely of painted tin. We came to the conclusion, after tasting milk all over Holland, that the big Frisian cows are remarkable for the quantity they give, rather than for its quality; for the milk everywhere seemed thin and lacking in richness.

There is a Catholic church at Zwolle, with a beautifully-carved marble altar-rail, and especially impressive with its decorated pillars and High Altar and shrines about the walls after the white nakedness of the Protestant churches we had been seeing, and which we saw again as soon as we entered the Groote Kerk in the market-place. Groote Kerk, let me explain, is the generic name for the principal church of all Dutch towns; but all of the old ones were originally dedicated to some saint, the tutelary divinity of that at Zwolle being Saint Michael. But of course no Dutch Reformed church could be named after a saint; so they are now all "Groote Kerks" or "Nieuwe Kerks," or "Oude Kerks." When there are more than three churches in a town, and the above names

have been exhausted, they name the others from the points of the compass — Westerkerk, Oosterkerk, and so on.

The one at Zwolle is a great Gothic structure of brick, without transepts, and with the aisles as high as the nave, or with three naves of equal height, if you prefer to put it that way. A few remnants of the old frescoing have been uncovered, and the koster calls attention with especial pride to the carved pulpit, dating from 1617, and one of the most elaborate we have seen anywhere. It is supported by a huddle of fantastic legs, and the rail along the little stair by which one mounts into it is a marvel of carving. He insisted that I go up in order to see it, but I was more interested in the effect of the huddled pews below, with the white walls back of them.

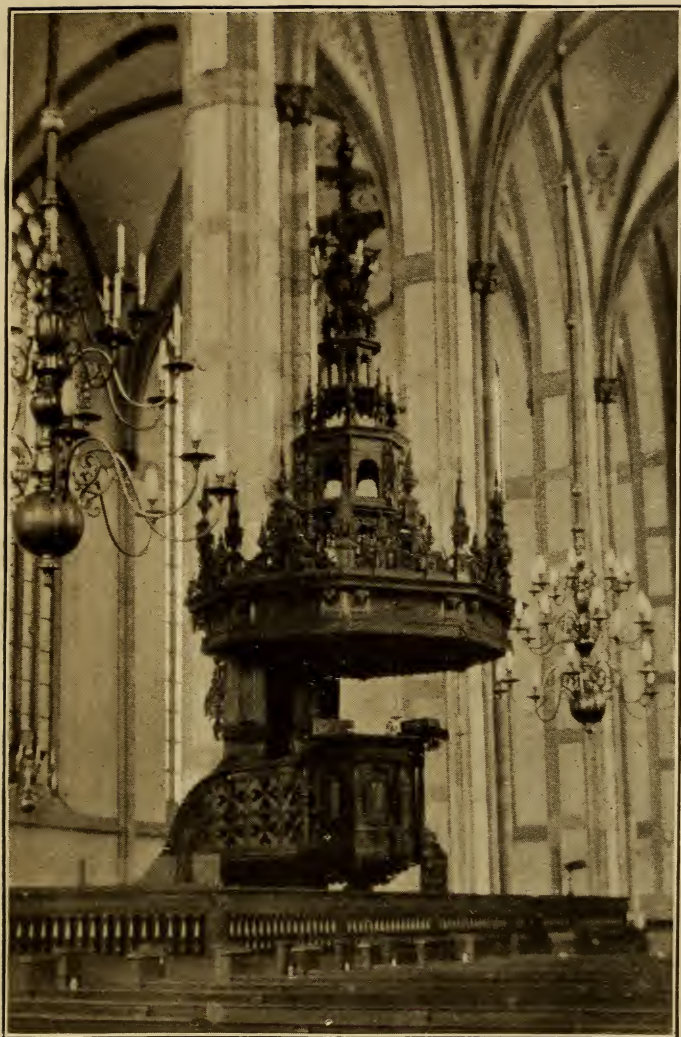
The staircase in the tower is also pointed out with pride. It is a beautiful spiral, with the steps fitted together so cunningly that they support each other, without the usual central pillar, so that, looking up, one can see them winding around and around clear to the top of the tower. I dare say the builder of that stair was a proud man when he got it done and found it would hold together.

The west end of the church is, as usual, shut off by a great organ. The koster led us up a broad flight of steps under it, and enjoyed our surprise when he opened a door and showed us into a handsome meeting-room for the vestry, or whatever the governing body of the church is called. On the wall is a tablet of

stone in which are cut the names of all the pastors of the church, beginning in 1579, when it was taken from the Catholics and converted into a Protestant place of worship; and in the cases about the walls are all the church records, starting the same year. I wonder how many other Protestant churches can trace their history back so far? The old fellow, in clacking wooden shoes, who showed us around the church, was certainly proud of it, and insisted that we inspect all its treasures. He saw that I carried a camera, and was not content until I had taken a picture of the pulpit which he thought so remarkable. You will find the picture opposite this page.

The stadhuis is near-by, and contains, as most stadhuises do, an impressive council-chamber, with tapestried walls and tapestry-upholstered furniture. Various carved figures supporting the roof are said to be caricatures of the famous councilmen of Kampen, of whom we shall hear more, by and by.

Zwolle is the capital of the province of Over-Ijssel, and is rather an important town, very pretty and very clean, but not especially quaint. It was the birthplace of Gerard ter Borch, but has none of his paintings; and Thomas à Kempis lies in the Catholic church of St. Michael — named for the old one which is Catholic no more — under a modern monument of marble. It was at the monastery of the Agnetenberg, about three miles away, where à Kempis lived for over half a century, that he wrote his "Imitation of Christ." Zwolle also has a link with America in the fact that



THE PULPIT, GROOTE KERK, ZWOLLE.

Baron Capellen, who did so much to bring about the recognition of our independence by Holland at a time when such recognition meant a great deal to us, lived here, and the Holland Society of New York has recently marked his house with a bronze tablet.

Like most other Dutch towns of a certain size, Zwolle has a little *paard-tram* which runs clanging along the streets from the station to the opposite outskirts. We went out on this to its terminus, and then had a pleasant walk along a canal gay with water-lilies, to some old windmills used for grinding grain. I went into one of them, and found the apparatus to be most primitive. The sails are geared to a long beam which runs down through the mill, and to its lower end a short crossbeam is attached, at either end of which is a large mill-stone, set on edge, and resting on another great stone, which lies flat. As the sails revolve, the upper stones are rolled around and around over the lower one, on which the grain is spread, a little wooden rail keeping it from working off the edge. The flour which results is very coarse, as may well be imagined, but I fancy it is more nutritious and healthful than our own screened and bolted product. To look up and up into the dim vastness overhead is most impressive.

I have said somewhere that the windmill is reputed to be one of the things brought back from Palestine by the Crusaders. If this is true, the Crusades were certainly well worth to Holland what they cost her; for the windmill has done more than anything else to

develop the country. Indeed, but for her windmills pumping and pumping, Holland, as we know it to-day, would not exist. And the Dutch, who have more than average mechanical ingenuity, and who are never so happy as when they are employing it, have brought the windmill to a very high state of efficiency. Their greatest improvement is the movable top, by which the sails may be swung around to meet the wind from any direction; and after that, perhaps, the sails of canvas, which are spread on a light framework, and which may be reefed, so that the speed of the mill may be controlled, however hard the wind blows.

There is almost always a balcony around the mill, about a third of the way up, and on this is a cogged rail in which a notched wheel works, by means of which the sails are adjusted to any angle, and then locked in position. If you will look at the picture opposite page 64, you will see what I mean, and see also how a mill looks with all sails furled. To spread the sails, a rope is pulled, which draws them out to the edge of the framework of the sail-arms, which you will notice in the same picture. Mills vary in size from mere toys rattling around in a low field and pumping the water out of a little ditch into another a few inches higher, to mammoth structures guarding a great polder and with room in the lower story for the family of the mill-master to live. There is a most impressive one near the Oostpoort at Rotterdam; and a beautiful one near the canal on the way to Delft, which is the one shown in the picture I have

just referred to, and the reason the sails are furled is because that picture was taken on Sunday; still another of vast dimensions overlooking the Steen Straat at Leiden, which you will see opposite page 154, and as the wind was very strong at the time that picture was taken, the sails of the mill were reefed up a little. But to attempt to enumerate the big wind-mills in Holland is an absurd task. I was never weary of watching their great sails whirling about in the distance, looking for all the world as though they were walking across the country with seven-league boots.

Just across from the Zwolle grist-mill is a soap-factory, where the oil is pressed from linseed to make glycerine soap. The proprietor was standing outside and I stopped to talk with him, while Betty wandered on along the canal in search of flowers. He was a graduate of the University of Leiden, and proud of his English, which was really very good. He was much interested to learn that we had seen the celebration there, which he himself had not been able to attend. His face grew sad when he told me this, and I inferred that the soap business was not as prosperous as could be wished. I fail to understand, however, how this could be, as I should imagine that the factories would be hard put to it to meet the demand.

We made our way slowly back to the town; watching some great barges of peat getting emptied of their brown, brick-shaped cargo; looking in the win-

dows, exchanging greetings with various and sundry people, and stopping to laugh at some school children playing among the trees about the Groote Kerk, so interested in their game — a game very much like our own hide-and-seek — that they did not heed the recall-bell, and the master had to come out to chase them back to their lessons. Then we went around to the hotel for the “chocolate-drop,” bade good-bye to the proprietor, who accompanied us with many bows to the front door, and loitered along toward the station, stopping on the way for a look at the towering Sassenpoort, a Gothic gateway, once part of the old walls, with four tall towers with pointed roofs, and a central dominating spire, with a clock. This tower once possessed a peal of bells, but they were sold to the burgesses of Amsterdam, and placed in the tower of the Westerkerk there. To vex the thrifty councilmen of Zwolle, the purchase-price was paid in copper money, and it took so long to count it that the fingers of the counters turned blue, from which fact the inhabitants of Zwolle are even yet nicknamed “blauwvingers.” This same Sassenpoort is said to have served as a trap to Charles Egmont, Duke of Gueldres, who came one day to Zwolle, with his army back of him, determined to exact tribute from the city. The crafty Zwollenarens hoisted the outer portcullis, and as soon as the Duke rode under, dropped it again, and he found himself in a cage between the outer and inner gates. To save his life and regain his liberty, he was compelled to sign a treaty most favourable to



THE SASSENPOORT, ZWOLLE.

the town, and to confirm it by giving as a hostage his eldest son.

The old gate is now crowded all about by houses, and is used as a storehouse for the city archives. I took a picture of it, and a delivery-man who was gossiping with his best girl at a door near-by, brought her out to see me do it, and I let them look through the finder, and they were as interested and amused as children; and we parted with nods and smiles all around.

Soon afterwards, we were on the train for Kampen, rolling through a flat and fertile country, real Holland again, with men and women working together in the fields, tossing the hay about to dry, or loading it into the characteristic high-hipped, broad-beamed wagons, black without and blue within. The men wore scant knee-breeches, matching the inside of the wagons in colour.

Then the train stopped, we emerged upon the platform, gave the "chocolate-drop" to the runner for the Pays-Bas, crossed the great bridge over the wide Ijssel, and were at last in famous Kampen—a town so remarkable that it deserves a new chapter.

CHAPTER XXI

THE CITY FATHERS OF KAMPEN

THE Dutch have many proverbs. If they say of a man, "He comes from Boxum," they mean that he is a good fighter. (I suspect some relationship between Boxum and our word for a fistic contest!) If they say, "He comes from Urk," they mean that he is moody, fond of solitude, a hermit. If they say, "He comes from Kampen," they mean he is a fool.

How did Kampen get this reputation? No one, I suppose, will ever know; but all the foolish things that are done in Holland, or ever have been done there, are attributed to Kampen.

For instance:

The Spanish army was advancing upon Kampen and the villagers determined to save the town-bell, which the Spaniards always destroyed, whenever they entered a place, because it was a sort of emblem of liberty. So the bell was hastily loaded into a boat and rowed out into the Zuyder Zee and thrown overboard.

"But hold," said one. "How shall we find it again?"

"Fool," retorted another, "by marking the place

where we threw it over," and he took out his knife and cut a notch in the gunwale of the boat.

"How clever!" the others murmured in admiration, and rowed back to shore well-satisfied.

Or again:

One night there was a fire at Kampen; and when the little hand-engine was trundled to the scene, and an attempt made to start it, it was found to be out of order, so that the fire blazed away unchecked. The next night the town council met in special session, to consider the matter. There was much argument, accusations of carelessness, counter-accusations of neglect of duty, talk of trials and impeachments; but at last the burgomeester rapped for silence and arose to his feet.

"Brother councilmen," he said, "it is worse than useless to waste time in lamenting the errors of the past. Our duty is to provide for the future. We must take care that never again shall we incur such disgrace as we did last night. Hereafter we must make sure that our apparatus is ready for every fire."

"Yes — but how, how?" clamoured the councilmen.

"Very easily," responded the burgomeester, swelling out his chest. "You have only to adopt a resolution that, on the evening preceding every fire, the apparatus shall be thoroughly overhauled."

He sat down amidst thunders of applause, and the resolution was passed forthwith. I presume it is still in force.

It is in caricature of these councilmen that the grotesques on the Zwolle stadhuis were designed. But that may have been merely jealousy.

The protective tariff idea had its origin at Kampen in this same council chamber, some hundreds of years ago, when one of the councilmen arose and announced that he had devised a plan whereby the city taxes could be entirely abrogated, and the expenses of administration exacted wholly from foreigners. This seemed too good to be true, and he was urged to explain himself.

“It is very simple,” he said. “We will place an officer at each of the city gates, who will collect a tax upon everything brought into the city. This tax will be regulated so that in time it will meet all our expenses; and, as you can readily see, it will be paid, not by our citizens, but by the outsiders who bring in things to sell to us.”

(I seem to be writing a protective tariff speech of the type which the average spellbinder used so effectively twenty years ago, and which we have only recently outgrown.)

The suggestion was adopted by acclamation, and the suggestor hailed as the greatest economist of the age. Officials were appointed to collect the tax; usually they were relatives or dependents of the councilmen, and the salaries were very liberal. An accounting system had also to be installed, with a superintendent and clerks and assistants; and, on the whole, the collecting of the tax gave profitable employment to a

surprisingly large number of people. There were some who grumbled at this, and who claimed that more people were employed than were really needed; but it was pointed out to these grumblers that the distribution of salaries added just so much to the prosperity of the town, since these salaries were afterwards spent for food and clothing and house-rent, and other things of the same sort; and so the larger the number of such salaries, the greater the town's prosperity.

Time passed, and the system seemed to be working very well. It is true that everything cost more in Kampen than elsewhere, but nobody knew just why. Least of all did the Kampeners suspect that it was really their money which the officials were collecting at the various gates, and that all the producers within the city had put their prices up to the level which the importers had to charge. So everything was serene and the councilmen, with the support and assistance of the tax-collectors, were all re-elected.

Then came the great coup. Councilman X. announced, one evening, that he had a project of the first importance to lay before the honourable body, and the burgomeester prayed him to proceed.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is now one year since our new system of taxation went into effect; and we have seen how admirable it is. We have been able to do away entirely with any tax upon our citizens. Of no other city in the whole world can the same be said!"

“Hear, hear!” cried the crowd outside the railing.

“We have collected two hundred thousand gulden,” proceeded Councilman X., “forty thousand at each of the five city gates. This sum has met all the expenses of administration; so that, as I have said, it has not been necessary to tax the people of this city one cent.”

“True! true! hurrah!” yelled the crowd.

“I have now,” continued Councilman X., looking about him with a proud glance, “to lay before this honourable body a proposition whereby our yearly income may be doubled.”

“Whoopee!” yelled the populace. Even the councilmen were excited.

“We shall then,” went on the speaker, “have the sum of two hundred thousand gulden to expend for the beautification of our already incomparable city. We shall give work to our poor, and homes to those too old to work; we can maintain a municipal band and give free concerts; we can enlarge our harbour and increase our commerce, for, by increasing our commerce, we increase our income; we can make this the best place on earth to live in.”

“But how,” someone asked, “do you propose to double our income?”

“Very simply,” said Councilman X. “We now collect forty thousand gulden at each of our five gates. I propose to double the number of gates, and thereby double our income.”

The people went mad. The plan was so easy, so

simple! Why had it never before occurred to anyone? But then it is the simple things which never *do* occur to anyone!

“But,” suggested someone, “why not quadruple the gates and thereby quadruple our income?”

Councilman X. eyed the speaker sternly and shook his head.

“No,” he said. “We must not be avaricious!”

And his fellow-townsmen recognized the fact that he had a great heart as well as a great mind!

That council chamber remains to-day as it was then — a thing of beauty. We shall visit it presently.

Kampen is a very ancient town, dating from the years when the Romans built a “camp” on the spot where the present city stands. This camp grew in importance with the passing years, as settlements at a river’s mouth have a way of doing, and when the Zuyder Zee burst over the land and brought the commerce of the world to its quays, it started upon a great career. But, alas, its harbour silted up, like all the others, it dwindled and shrunk, until it is now a quiet little place of perhaps twenty thousand — a gem of a city, for which there will always be a warm place in my heart. For its people are the kindest, and its old *stadhuis* the handsomest, and its costumes the quaintest, and the country round it the charmingest; and that old inn, the *Pays-Bas*, *almost* like home!

“No man is so comfortable in an inn as he is at

home," its proprietor said to me. "But we make him as comfortable here as we can."

And it is very comfortable indeed.

"Pays-Bas" divides with "Doelen" the honours of popularity as the name for a Dutch inn. I have already explained the derivation of "doelen." "Pays-Bas," of course, means Low Countries, though why it should be expressed in French and not in Dutch I do not know. Many of us remember how most of the cities of this favoured land of ours at one time boasted a "United States" hotel. With us that fashion has passed, but it still persists in Holland.

It is really the Rhine which you see flowing before you as you leave the station, although it is called the Ijssel; but this water which hurries by so swiftly has come all the way from Switzerland, past Mayence, and between the vineyards, and around the Lorelei, and so on past Cologne, until here it is hastening to its final plunge into the Zuyder Zee. It is very wide, and the bridge across it is a beautiful one, built for eternity.

We followed our porter over it, and through the narrow streets beyond, shadowed by old buildings and great churches, past the stadhuis, and at last we came to the Pays-Bas and were made welcome. M. Breijinck, the proprietor of the Pays-Bas, is a descendant of one of those Huguenots who, driven from France by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, fled to Holland as a country where they might worship God in any way they chose. In spite of the lapse

of centuries, M. Breijinck is still essentially a Frenchman. Perhaps that is the reason he makes so admirable an inn-keeper.

At first, I noticed that he looked at us with great attention, and when, some time later, I was chatting with him in the billiard-room, he rather sheepishly got an envelope out of his pocket, extracted a printed circular from it, and passed it over for me to read.

“I received that to-day,” he said, and watched me while I read it.

It was from the Pinkerton Detective Agency, of New York, and offered a reward of a thousand dollars for the arrest of an absconder who had got away from New York with a lot of money belonging to an express company, and who was supposed to be accompanied by his paramour. The description fitted Betty and me to the least detail, and there was a half-tone reproduction of a photograph of the absconder which looked exceedingly like me.

“Well,” I said, laughing, “if I were you, I’d go tell the police. Remember, a thousand dollars — that is twenty-five hundred gulden — a sum not to be sneezed at.”

“No,” he agreed, and regarded me for a while longer with puzzled eyes. Then his face cleared. “But I do not think you are the man.”

I let it go at that; but I secretly hoped he *would* tell the police. Perhaps he did; and they may have taken a look at us and decided that we had not the appearance of absconders. But this little contretemps

convinced me that, even for a journey in western Europe, it is as well to have a passport in one's pocket.

And I have wondered since how many thousands of those circulars the Pinkerton people sent out. That one should have reached a place so out of the way as Kampen gave me a new idea of the thoroughness of Pinkerton methods.

The city walls of Kampen have long since succumbed to the march of time, and their site is now covered with houses; but three of the old city gates still stand, as they did in the memorable days of the octroi, and handsome gates they are. One, a magnificent structure, with the arms of the province emblazoned on either side of the arched gateway, opens from the market-place onto the quay; another, on the other side of the town, leads out, past a broad sheet of water which was the old moat, into green meadows; the third guards the road to Zwolle.

Across the river, to the north of Kampen, lies a region of market gardens, and every morning, across the bridge, come the little carts, dozens of them, pushed by wide-skirted, white-capped women, and heaped high with the nicest-looking vegetables you ever saw. It is a perpetual delight to watch the bargaining for their contents, as they are pushed from door to door, for Dutch housewives are the most careful of purchasers. Then, by mid-afternoon, the chaffering is done, and the women push the empty carts homeward again, their feet dragging with



CITY-GATE, KAMPEN.



fatigue. What the men do I don't know. Perhaps they stay at home and look after the garden.

And it is at the hour when the carts are going homeward across the bridge that the milkmaids start out for the fields south of the town, where scores and scores of black-and-white cattle graze. These women, most of them quite young, wear a wooden yoke across their shoulders, and from each end of it dangles a can, capable of holding about six gallons. Once in the fields, they go from cow to cow, each girl, I suppose, being responsible for a certain number; and then, when the cans are full, they trudge back to town carrying them, their hands on their hips, which rise and fall under the load. Frequently they have to walk three or four miles to get to the cows; I have seen them striding across the fields until they were mere specks in the distance.

One wonders why a wagon is not sent out to bring in the cans, and so save these girls this terrific labour, of a kind peculiarly trying to women; but even when they get back to town, their work is not done, for they trudge from door to door, delivering the fresh milk to customers, and then go on to the cheese-factory with what remains unsold. I suppose they make the same trip in the morning, but I was never up early enough to see them. And never have I seen the cans carried in a cart, but always slung from the girls' shoulders.

The Kampen costume is picturesque and striking. Full black skirts spread out from the hips, and fall

to a little below the knee, with a shorter dark-brown overskirt. The upper garment is made very close and scant, and straight up and down. The head-dress is either a tight little black cap with a broad band of nickel or silver across the back of the head and coming down against either cheek almost to the corners of the mouth, finishing there in a little wire spiral; or it is a cap of white lace with a tail to it, which is stiffly starched and sticks straight up behind. You will see this costume in the photograph opposite this page, and in the background is one of the old city gates, and our host, M. Breijinck, stands on the sidewalk with his hands in his pockets and a broad smile on his face.

These are the every-day caps. For ceremonial occasions there is another, with a long and sweeping tail which falls over the shoulders, and frequently, to heighten the effect, a bonnet full of artificial flowers is set atop it; or sometimes just a big wreath of artificial flowers.

We were at Kampen so long, and so few things happen there, that we became familiar figures on its streets, and most of the people got to know us, and made it a point to nod and smile to us whenever we passed. We bought one of the turn-up caps one night of a delightful old woman, who insisted on showing us her entire stock — and most beautiful it was. Then Betty decided that she must have a pair of wooden shoes, and a great time she had getting a pair to fit. They were of willow, wonderfully light



STREET SCENE, KAMPEN.



MARKET-WOMEN AT KAMPEN.

and made by hand. They cost something like fourteen cents of our money; and how anyone could make a living out of them at the price I have never been able to understand, for they must have taken the best part of a day to make. Packed in the "chocolate-drop," they added two more excrescences to its already eccentric contour.

One day, when we were going along the street, we saw a group of peculiarly distressed-looking children staring in at a pastry-cook's window, their fingers in their mouths, and discussing, I suppose, what would happen if they were told to help themselves. They looked so wistful that we could not resist the temptation to play Santa Claus; so we stopped and told them to pick out the cakes they liked best. They were too astonished, at first, to understand; but finally they indicated a pile of cakes covered with a particularly deadly-looking green and red and yellow icing. I went in and bought one for each of them; and Betty passed them around, and they took them with staring eyes and trembling hands.

"Dank u well, mevrouw," they said; "dank u well, mijnheer;" and then they began to lick the icing off very carefully, in order to make it last as long as possible!

All of which may seem very trivial; but it is just such little incidents which make a trip delightful.

CHAPTER XXII

MORE ABOUT KAMPEN

THE jewel of Kampen is the raadhuis, or townhall, one of the most delightful buildings in existence anywhere — delightful inside as well as out. A modern addition has been built to it, where the city officials now have their offices, so that the old building remains as it was when first erected nearly four hundred years ago. Indeed, parts of the building are two centuries older than that; for the present structure is a remodelling of the fourteenth century one, destroyed by fire in 1543 — eighty-seven years before the Pilgrim Fathers stepped ashore on Plymouth Rock!

The façade is very interesting. Between the upper windows are six old statues, saved from the first building and remarkably well preserved — a queer hodge-podge of real and ideal characters, for two of them represent Alexander the Great and Charlemagne, while the others typify the four virtues of Brotherly Love, Moderation, Fidelity, and Justice. Each is life-size, and each stands under a graceful Gothic stone canopy. In the centre of the upper story is an iron cage in which criminals were exposed to the gaze of the populace assembled in the street below.

There is a heavy cornice of carved stone across the front, and the end gable is very elaborate indeed. On the other side is a graceful bell-tower, leaning away from the building and very much out of plumb.

The hall of justice or council-chamber on the upper floor is undoubtedly the finest apartment of the kind in Holland. Around the walls are richly-carved oak stalls, almost black with age, separated by pillars and surmounted by splendidly-carved entablatures. Here, each in his own stall, the members of the municipal council sat and discussed the affairs of Kampen, in those dark days when Margaret of Parma was Regent of the Netherlands, and in the still darker ones when Alva was ravaging the country. From that bell-tower at the back rang out the news that the Spaniards had been forced to flee from Leiden, from Enkhuisen; that the battle of the Zuyder Zee was won; that Brill had been taken by the Water-beggars; and, finally, that the Dutch Republic had been born! Yes — and here it was that Councilman X. made his famous proposal to double the number of the city gates! It was on the wall without that an elaborate gilt sun-dial was placed; and then, by resolution duly made and seconded, covered by a canopy to protect it from the sun and rain!

The room is divided into two parts by a high oak screen, handsomely carved. Outside this, the populace assembled, and the advocates, when there was a case to be tried. The councilmen, who also, on occasion, acted as judges, occupied the stalls within, and the

advocates addressed the screen, so that the judges might sit and deliberate — or perhaps go to sleep! — free from prying eyes. Only the disembodied argument reached them. There was no searching of eyes, no pointing of accusing fingers. At how great a disadvantage would our modern advocates have laboured under such circumstances!

The chief ornament of the inner chamber is a great chimneypiece of carved sandstone painted gray, reaching to the ceiling. It is to other chimneypieces what Dutch monuments are to other monuments. Nothing more elaborate could be imagined, for the artist, one Jacob Kolyn de Nole, utilized every inch. Two sphinx-like caryatides, one male and one female, support it. On one side of the frieze, Solomon presides at the distribution of the baby; on the other, Caius Mutius is calmly burning off his right hand in a brazier to show Lars Porsenna that he does not fear his tortures. On the cornice above the frieze five or six cherubs sit; above them, two lions hold the standards of the Netherlands over the figure of Charity suckling the stranger baby, while Faith and Hope look on approvingly from either side. Still higher, Fortitude and Prudence gaze up at Justice, seated in the apex with her scales before her. The pediment bears the date 1545. The carving is exquisitely done, and is without disfigurement of any kind.

To the right of the chimneypiece is the "schepengestoelte," or double chair for the chief judges, wonderfully carved and reached by a flight of steps.

A cherub on the corner of the mantel looks down at it, with hand lifted as though in benediction. Over the entire room is a massive oak-beamed ceiling, with some of the old gilding still discernible, and the whole effect is one of unparalleled richness and dignity.

The aldermen of Kampen no longer use this room for their deliberations, but another, almost as beautiful in its way, in the newer portion of the building. They sit about a great horse-shoe table, the burgomeester at the head, and nine councilmen on either side of him, with the clerk at a little table inside the horse-shoe. And on the table before each chair is the usual big pewter inkwell, and a pewter sifter to sift sand over the writing and so blot it—a method which I believed too picturesque to endure anywhere on this prosaic earth.

I created quite a commotion at the raadhuis by asking permission to climb the bell-tower in order to inspect the mechanism by which the chimes are rung. There was hurrying to and fro, conferences in an inner room with a dignitary whom I suppose to have been the burgomeester; and, finally, a long explanation was made me why the request could not be granted. My Dutch was much too limited to enable me to catch the import of the explanation; but they were all so sorry and embarrassed about it, that I ended by becoming embarrassed myself, and apologized for having suggested such a thing.

We left the raadhuis most regretfully, — I hope to see it again, some day! — and proceeded to the

Groote Kerk, or St. Nicholas Kerk, a great Gothic structure, one of the most important in the Netherlands. We tried the various doors and found them all locked; and then a nice-looking old man ran out to us from one of the neighbouring houses, and said that the koster lived some distance away, and he would send for him. He escorted us across the square to his own house — which his wife was scrubbing. We waded through the water flowing through the vestibule and over the pavement, and they both made us sit down in their best room; and then the little man ran out and stopped a passing peddler and sent him off after the koster, and then came back and sat down and tried to talk with us.

Such friendly people they were; and the old lady ran and got an atlas, so that we could show them where we had come from and where we were going; and when they found we were from America they were astonished and delighted. It was all very pleasant and exciting, and we were almost sorry when the peddler came back with the koster, who was a woman, and had evidently donned her good clothes in haste, in honour of the occasion.

The church of St. Nicholas, which dates from the fourteenth century, is a most imposing edifice — a testimony to the old-time greatness of Kampen. The nave is very lofty, there are double aisles — a rarity in Dutch churches, as is also the ambulatory, with its radiating chapels. The pillars of the choir instead of being round, are clustered, while those of the nave



LOADING THE HAY.



HAYMAKERS NEAR KAMPEN.

are square. The clerestory windows are unusually high, with fine geometrical tracery. A beautiful stone screen separates the choir from the ambulatory; but, like all the rest of the interior, it is whitewashed to within two or three feet of the ground, and from there down painted a shiny black — with tar paint, I suppose, to keep out the moisture. In an urn on the wall is the heart of doughty Admiral de Winter, who died at Paris in 1812, but directed that his heart be sent back to be preserved in the city which he loved.

The pulpit is not of wood, but of stone, painted gray, with the carving touched with gilt. The west end is, as usual, blocked by an elaborate organ, with white figures surmounting it. Altogether, the church is one of the most interesting we visited in Holland. The koster took us around most patiently, and was disproportionately grateful for the small tip we gave her.

We spent that afternoon in exploring the environs of Kampen, first across the Ijssel bridge, along a road shadowed by a double avenue of noble oaks, and through the market-garden land beyond; then back across the town, and through the many-towered gate on the other side, and so on into the beautiful grazing country. Betty went back to the hotel to write some letters, presently; but I wanted to get some pictures, and walked on and on. Avenues of trees, marking roads, crossed the country in every direction, separated from the fields on either hand by little ditches full of water; and the fields were, of course, divided from each other in the same way; and these

ditches were bright with water-lilies, and yellow flags, and their banks were gay with many kinds of flowers.

My first picture was of a group of haymakers, two men and a young woman, loading hay into a high-sterned wagon. Then I came upon an old and weatherbeaten farm-labourer seated on a bench at the roadside, and took his picture, much to his amusement. He had a basket strung at his back, like a knapsack, with his worldly goods in it, I suppose, and his face was one of the most humourous and characteristic I have ever seen. Life had beaten and twisted and gnarled him; but it had not soured him. That is what I call a victory.

A little further on, three haymakers, two old men and a girl, attracted my attention; so I climbed around a gate and walked over to them; and when they saw my camera, they laughed and fell into a pose so natural and unstudied that I snapped them on the instant. I had a pocketful of cigars, as usual, and I begged each of the men to accept one, which they did with profuse thanks. I also offered one to the girl, but she shook her head violently, and they all seemed to think it an immense joke.

A little farther on, the road branched, and, as I neared the fork, I saw a wagon loaded with hay coming along the other road between the trees, so I hurried forward and got a picture of it, and a very good picture I think it, with the feathery trees in the foreground, and the long avenue away in the distance. You will find the picture opposite this page,



BRINGING IN THE HAY NEAR KAMPEN.



“A SINGLE SLENDER TREE . . . WORTHY OF HOBBEA.”

and I want you to look at it, for it not only gives an idea of how these interminable avenues of trees look, but it also shows the flatness of Holland. Note how those distant trees stand out against the sky, and how you can see the sky between the trunks.

I followed the branch of the road taken by the hay-wagon, and came presently upon a little farmstead nestling beside the road, with a clump of trees behind it, and a single slender tree in front, worthy of Hobbema. I want you to look at that tree in the picture opposite the preceding page. Then, on the other side of the road, you will notice one of the hayricks of which I have spoken, with its pointed roof of thatch, and the four poles upon which it is hoisted as the hay is packed in beneath it.

Just after I had taken this picture, a milk-maid trudged around a turn of the road, with her yoke on her shoulder and the great milk-cans swinging from it. I snapped her, too, after she had passed me; and began to be a little intoxicated at my good fortune in getting so many characteristic photographs.

Some distance back along the road, I had noticed a foot-bridge leading over the roadside ditch, evidently placed there for the convenience of the milkmaids coming from the town. So I went back, and camped out beside it, and waited for some to come along. A boy appeared presently, with yoke and cans; but, as soon as he saw me, his interest in milking vanished, and he hung around, and I tried to talk with him, but without success. He wanted me to take his picture,

but I told him I wanted a girl, not a boy, and that my supply of films was limited. Then we saw a milkmaid approaching down the road, and I snapped her as she crossed the bridge. When I developed the film, I found that the boy had followed along after her, and was in the picture, too.

One other photograph I wanted, and that was of a girl tucked away under a cow milking, — just such a picture as Anton Mauve loved to paint. Most of the girls had trudged away out of sight across the fields; but I presently came upon one in the desired attitude; and when she saw me, she laughed and ducked her head. But that picture was a failure, for I lost my nerve at the critical moment, and failed to get all the cow on the film. However, I got a much better one afterwards, near Middleburg, as you shall hear.

The milkmaids were coming out in force, as I turned back along the road to Kampen; and one up-to-date one was riding a bicycle, with her milkcans tied on in front. She had kilted up her skirts to keep them away from the wheels, and the effect of her big wooden shoes on the pedals was very comical. It was, if I remember rightly, a man's wheel, and how she got on without dropping a shoe I cannot imagine. I should have liked to see her mount, but that pleasure was denied me.

We spent that evening walking about the town. The streets were full of quaintly-garbed people; the shop-windows shone more brightly than ever; from the darkened cafés came the hum of talk and the



GOING MILKING, NEAR KAMPEN.

rattle of glasses; and always in the air overhead was the soft carillon from the towers, borne on the fresh, sweet breeze from the Zuyder Zee. Oh, yes; I hope again, some day, to stroll along those streets!

CHAPTER XXIII

THE HERMITS OF THE ZUYDER ZEE

“THERE are two places we must not miss,” I said, as we sat at home planning the trip. “ONe is Kampen —”

Betty nodded.

“YES,” she agreed, “where all the funny stories come from —”

“AND the other is Urk,” I concluded.

“WHAT is Urk?” Betty questioned.

“URK,” I said, “is this pin-point of land out here in the middle of the Zuyder Zee,” and I indicated the spot on the map of the Netherlands spread out before us.

Betty looked at it skeptically.

“IT doesn’t seem much of a place,” she said. “WHAT’s to be seen there?”

“THAT’S just it,” I said triumphantly. “NObody knows.”

I had, indeed, been seeking information about Urk for some time, and with very poor success. Cyclopedias do not mention it; gazetteers state only the obvious fact that it is an island in the Zuyder Zee; even Baedeker gives it but a meagre line, and I am forced to conclude that Urk is one of the few places

where M. Karl has not been. Dutch travel-books refer to it with disconcerting vagueness, and one is tempted to believe either that their authors have never seen the island, or have gained such knowledge as they possess in the few minutes which the little steamer from Enkhuisen to Kampen spends at its wharf. There is one exception. M. Henri Havard tells about Urk at some length; but even he leaves many things to be desired — besides, that was forty years ago!

“We’ll be breaking new ground,” I went on. “Nobody ever goes to Urk. So we’ll go; and we’ll stay long enough to see the place thoroughly.”

To all of which Betty cordially assented, lured on, I think, more by the sense of venturing into the unknown than by the expectation of really seeing anything of interest.

So it came to pass that, having explored Kampen, we one day told M. Breijinck of our wish to visit Urk. He looked at us queerly.

“It is a journey,” he said, “which few strangers make.”

“That,” I pointed out, “is one reason we wish to make it. Indeed, the journey to Kampen seems to be one that few strangers make.”

“Yes,” he assented sadly, looking about the empty dining-room, “that is true. But we are at least in the world. Urk is different. Its people live by themselves out there in the water like hermits; they see no one; they wish to see no one; the women, many of them, live and die there without once seeing the main-

land. Monsieur and Madame might not be regarded with friendly eyes."

"Oh," I said, "as to that, we must take our chance. Now tell us how we are to get there."

So, seeing that these pig-headed Americans were determined to have their own way, he told us. A little steamer runs daily from Kampen to Enkhuisen and back again, touching at Urk on the way. It reaches the island at 8.30, and, on the return trip, stops there again late in the afternoon. By taking this boat, we would have about seven hours in which to see Urk.

"You think that will be sufficient?" I asked.

"Monsieur will find it more than sufficient," he assured me.

And he was right.

A knock at the door awakened us at dawn, and we dressed with the feeling that we really were sacrificing something to the cause of learning. Our hot water was at the door, and when we descended to the dining-room, we found an excellent breakfast awaiting us, with our host in person to serve us and to wish us God-speed. I apologized for getting him out of bed so early; but he said he didn't mind, and I could tell by his manner that he considered it his duty to see us forth upon this desperate expedition. He bade us good-bye and watched us down the street, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that perhaps we *were* doing something foolish.

The little boat, the "Minister Havelaar," was puffing at her quay in the Ijssel, and our advent occasioned considerable surprise. There were three passengers besides ourselves, a young man and woman, and an old Dutch vrouw, white-capped and many-skirted, who descended into the cabin, slipped off her shoes, and went immediately to sleep on one of the benches. Promptly at 6.45 the boat cast off and headed down the river.

The Ijssel is dyked on either side with solid masonry, the dykes running far out into the Zuyder Zee, I suppose to protect the river-mouth, and just at the end of one of them is a little lighthouse. Long before we reached the Zuyder Zee, we could see it curving up above the land, dotted with red-sailed fishing-boats, and we appreciated as never before the hollowness of "Hollow-Land."

The captain came around, presently, bringing us tickets to Enkhuisen. He was visibly astonished when he learned that we wanted to go, not to Enkhuisen, but to Urk. In fact, he could scarcely believe it, and had to be assured and re-assured that Urk was really our destination. He produced the tickets, finally, and I paid him; a florin and a half, or sixty cents, for the round trip.

As soon as we were fairly straightened away down the river, the crew, consisting of an engineer and deck-boy, came aft and sat down on a pile of rope and ate their breakfast — a dark-looking kind of cake washed down by many tinfuls of black coffee. And

just as they finished, we rounded the end of the dyke, passed the lighthouse, and headed out into the Zuyder Zee.

The day was bright and warm, with little wind, so that the water had only a slight swell; but it is sometimes swept by violent storms which render it dangerous. It is quite shallow, and I am told that a strong wind scoops the water up into short and precipitous waves, difficult for a small boat to live in. I have never seen any other water of just that colour, a translucent, pearly gray. Nearest to it is the stream that runs down from the glacier at Grindelwald.

At the end of an hour, a dark spot appeared on the horizon, which gradually resolved itself into a huddle of red-roofed houses, grouped behind a dyke; and at 8.30, we ran into a somewhat complicated harbour and tied up at the pier. There was a crowd of people waiting, for the arrival of the boat is the one event of the day at Urk, and they stared at us, as we went ashore, more curiously even than we stared at them.

The costume of Urk has no especially noteworthy feature. The women wear a multitude of skirts, which give them great breadth of beam. The skirts end some inches above the ankles, and truth compels me to add that the ankles are anything but shapely. The upper part of their dress consists of a closely-fitting waist, which represses all curves and which is always elaborately embroidered. During the week it is protected by an over-covering of linen, also embroidered.



THE COSTUME OF URK.

Their sleeves end just above the elbow, and from there down, their arms, exposed ceaselessly to all sorts of weather, are baked by the sun and frozen by the cold to a dull, repulsive, and most painful-looking purple. I am told that the women are proud of this colour, because, I suppose, it proclaims them to be good workers. They wear a close-fitting little cap of lace, under which the hair is tucked, except for a protuberant bang in front. On week-days the cap, also, is protected by a linen cover, and the front of the skirt is protected by an ample apron, with a queer inset of embroidery at the top, something after the Marken fashion.

The men wear baggy trousers, which end about midway between the ankle and the knee, and which are often so patched that little of the original material remains. The jacket is dark and close-fitting, with two rows of buttons down the front and sometimes large embossed buttons at the waist — of silver or gold, occasionally, heirlooms handed down from generation to generation, though these are much rarer here in poverty-stricken Urk than elsewhere in Holland. The jacket is buttoned inside the trousers, and has wide lapels which are buttoned back against the shoulders. Heavy knit stockings and wooden shoes are worn by men, women and children, alike.

As we walked up into the village, we heard a bell ringing not far away, and the children dragging from every direction toward the sound told us what it was. We had never seen a Dutch school, so we followed

along, and soon became the centre of an animated group, which grew to a crowd as we reached the school-house. They thronged about us, staring into our faces with wide-open blue eyes, touching our clothes with inquiring fingers, and the girls, in particular, seemed greatly interested in Betty's hands, which they would hold and stroke, and then go off and drag up other more bashful girls to do the same thing. For a long time, we did not understand. Then Betty took off one of her gloves, and there was a sensation. A lady with a removable skin! For so they evidently regarded her.

The excitement grew to such dimensions that finally one of the teachers came over to see what the trouble was, and, discovering two strangers, hurried away and brought the head-master. This gentleman introduced himself as Mr. I——. He could speak English quite well, for he had lived some years in South Africa. He was very polite, and asked us if we would not like to see the school. I am inclined to think he realized that, until he got us inside, there was little chance of getting the children in.

He took us from one room to another — there were twelve altogether — explaining the course of study and introducing us to the teachers. All of these were men, except one; and they sat at their desks with their hats on and smoking cigars while the children went through their recitations! The one woman teacher had charge of the first grade, composed mostly of children just able to walk. The

hours are from nine to twelve and from two to four, and school lasts pretty much all the year round. There is a vacation of four weeks in the summer, and two others, at Christmas and Easter, of a week each. Attendance is compulsory to the age of twelve.

All this and much more the head-master told us, and evidently appreciated our interest in the school. Indeed, few things could be quainter than one of those rooms, with the teacher enveloped in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, and the bright-faced, queerly-costumed children sitting two and two on little battered forms with their wooden shoes ranged in a row on the floor beside them. The recitations were mostly in chorus, and wall-maps and charts seemed to be used almost entirely. I do not remember that the children had any books whatever, but in this I may be mistaken.

One of the teachers remains especially in my memory — a slight, youngish-looking man, with a sad face, who gazed at us so wistfully that I stopped for a word with him, and found he understood English. He told me he had lived eight years in Chicago, but had been forced to return to Holland, and now was working to earn enough money to get back to America; but it was a long, hard task. Urk, after eight years of Chicago — what a contrast!

“There is one very great favour you can do me,” said Mr. I——, as we paused at the door to say good-bye. “If you would call upon my wife, she

would be most pleased. She is English, and she gets very lonesome here."

"Of course we will call," said Betty, instantly. "We shall be delighted to."

"That is kind of you," said Mr. I——, and so we left him, after thanking him for his kindness.

Just beyond the school, at the extreme southern edge of the island, stands the tall, white lighthouse, and we decided to visit it, before hunting up Mrs. I——. We were welcomed at the door by Jan Loosman, Jr., the "lichtwachter" — "light-watcher," what a good word that is! He had evidently seen us coming, and his face was wreathed in smiles. He conducted us to the top, and showed us the great lantern with much pride. Then he took us out on a little platform to the "mist-clock," or fog-bell, which is also, of course, automatic, and his face shone almost as brightly as his lantern as he tried to explain its workings to us.

His wife met us at the door as we came down, and asked us into the house, a quaint little structure of two rooms, huddled against the tall shaft of the lighthouse. She was a pleasant-faced woman, dressed in the characteristic costume, and she asked us to sit down in the painfully clean little living-room, and she and her husband looked at us with eyes bright with interest. They, however, could speak no English, so that about all we could do was to smile and nod at each other in a way which would no doubt have been amusing to an onlooker.



JAN LOOSMAN, LICHTWACHTER, AND HIS FAMILY, URK.

The pride of that household was the baby, dressed just like its mother, and for the moment confined in a wooden tender — just such a tender as you see in the pictures of Frans Hals and Jan Steen. I asked — by signs — if I might not take its picture.

“Ja, ja,” agreed Mrs. Loosman, instantly, and, finally, we got the tender set up in the light-house door and the baby, whom all this excitement had frightened, quieted down. Another little girl, also dressed just like her mother, turned up from somewhere — I have suspected since that she ran away from school on purpose! — and I took the whole family. I promised to send them one of the pictures — Jan wrote his name in my book so that I would be sure to get it right — and then I closed the baby’s little fist about a dubbeltje, and with many bows and smiles and good wishes all around, we took our departure. I hope they liked the picture.

Our visit to the light-house over, we proceeded to hunt up Mrs. I——, and found the house without much difficulty, up a little street with a lot of washings hung out to dry across it; for there are no backyards in Urk — also no horses, which makes this use of the streets possible. A cross-eyed girl answered our knock, took one look at us and fled to tell her mistress the great news. Mrs. I—— came in a moment, and when we introduced ourselves, her face brightened and she asked us in. It was evident enough that she was glad to see us, and in true English fashion, she at once got out some little cakes and proceeded

to make tea. I had been having some trouble with my camera, and I asked her if she had a dark closet into which I could step for a moment to see what was the matter.

“Certainly,” she said. “I think the bed will do.”

“The bed?” I echoed, in some surprise

“Yes,” she said. “Here it is,” and she opened a little door in the wall.

It was a cupboard-bed, such as we had seen at Marken, built into the wall about three feet above the floor, and almost air-tight when the door was closed.

“Do people really sleep in places like that?” asked Betty, peering into the gloomy recess

“Oh, yes,” Mrs. I—— assured us. “All the islanders do. But of course we don’t. I should suffocate. Will it answer?”

“Admirably,” I said, and clambered in, and pulled the door shut after me. In the fifteen years I have owned a camera, I have been in some queer dark-rooms, but this was the queerest of all!

It was difficult to understand how anyone could survive a night in such a hole. Not a ray of light entered, not a breath of air. Yet such beds are very common in the Netherlands. They are, indeed, except in the larger cities, the usual kind. In the smaller houses, all the beds open out of a common room, and one cannot but wonder how the undressing is managed!

Our new friend’s eagerness to talk, to speak English again, to tell us about herself, and hear some-

thing of the outside world and especially of America, was almost pitiful. Her life had not been all beer and skittles; there had been tragedy and suffering in it; she had married her present husband in South Africa, where they had lost everything during the war; and here she was, cast up on this pin-point of earth, shut off for months in winter from any communication with the outside world, seeing nobody even at other times. To one born and bred in Urk, the life there doubtless seems natural enough; but for an Englishwoman to be marooned there! However, she told us the future was looking brighter, and that she and her husband hoped soon to be able to get away into the world again.

As we sat there talking, we heard a bell ringing violently just outside, and then a stentorian voice shouted something.

“What is that?” I inquired.

“That is the *aanroeper*,” said Mrs. I——. “We haven’t any newspaper at Urk, so an old blind man is employed to go about and tell the news. He’s a sort of walking advertisement—yesterday he announced the arrival of a shipment of new potatoes.”

“And what is he announcing to-day?” I asked.

The voice came again, and Mrs. I—— listened and smiled.

“He’s announcing your arrival,” she said. “He says that two strangers are at Urk, and that any children who annoy them will be shut up by the *burgomeester* in the dark-room at the *raadhuis*.”

“That’s very thoughtful of the burgomeester,” I said, in some embarrassment at becoming thus suddenly a public character. “Does he always do that?”

“Oh, yes; the children here so rarely see strangers that they are apt to be annoying, and sometimes visitors resent it, and then there is trouble.”

Dutch children almost everywhere have a habit of following visitors around and staring at them, and running ahead to tell their friends; so that one’s progress, especially through the smaller villages, is a kind of triumphal procession, with the populace looking on from either side, and a mob of children clattering behind. It had been embarrassing, at first, but we had long since got used to it. Certainly we never thought of resenting it, for it was plainly only harmless curiosity; but I can understand how it would enrage some people.

Again the voice sounded, and I looked instinctively at my camera.

“I wonder if I could get a picture of the aan-roeper?” I said.

“Oh, yes,” and Mrs. I—— sprang to her feet. “He has his regular stopping-places. One is right back of the house.”

We hurried out, stumbling over the cross-eyed maid, who had stationed herself in the hall so as to have a good look at the strange visitors; and down the little street came the blind man, a bell in one hand, and a boy leading him by the other, his face seamed and



THE AANROEPER AT URK.

roughened by exposure to the weather, his clothing worn and patched. I snapped him as he passed, and slipped a few pennies into his hand — more money, I dare say, than he had seen for many a day.

For life at Urk is almost incredibly hard. First, there is the never-ending battle with the water; for, though the whole island is surrounded by a dyke, the sea not infrequently breaks through. Then there is the even more desperate battle to keep body and soul together. Nothing is raised on the island, there are no gardens, no manufactories — no income from any source but the sea, where anchovies and plaice and other fish are caught. Even at the best of times, this income is a small and precarious one, and when the season is bad, the fishermen are for months on the verge of starvation. Nowhere else in the whole country did we see such evidences of biting, irremediable poverty. When the fishing is good, their food is fish and potatoes, with a little fat meat once a week, and buttermilk or “karnemelk” as an occasional delicacy. What they eat when the fishing is bad heaven only knows.

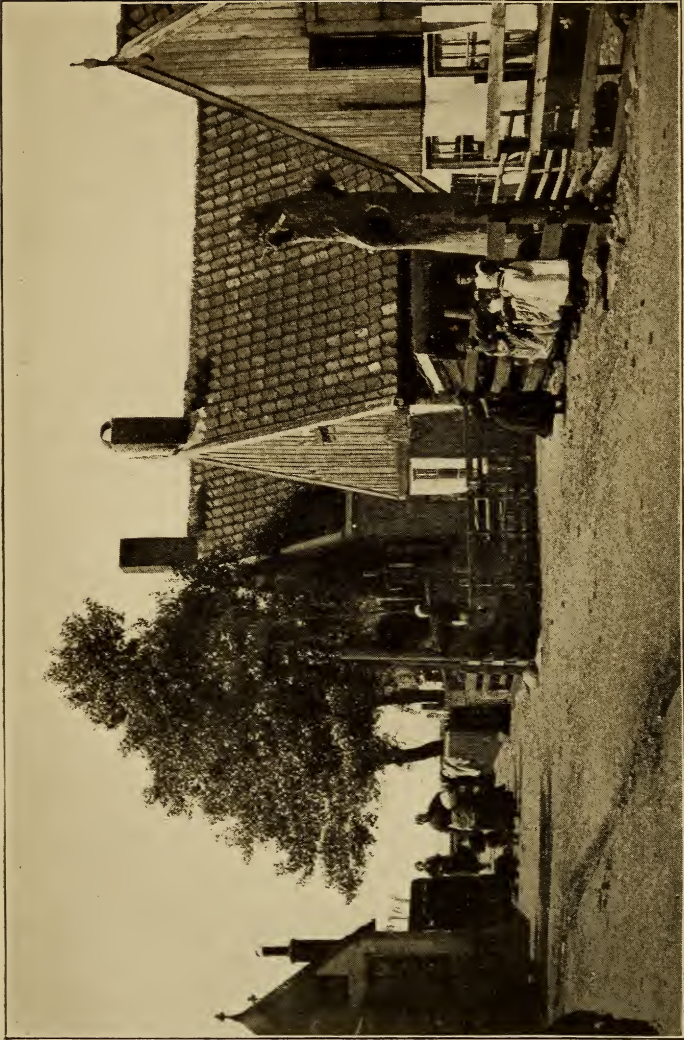
The fishing, our hostess told us, is growing steadily worse, so that the future of the Urk islanders is not a bright one. They have some sort of grim pride in keeping up the fight, I suppose, else they would have given it up long ago, and moved to the mainland, where life is easier. Even dog-fish are very scarce. M. Havard tells of the water about Urk being covered by their black and shiny heads, and describes the

desperate battles which the fishermen sometimes had with them in order to protect their nets. But we saw not a single one; and when one is captured on the beach nowadays, it is a great event.

Let me add here that the *aanroeper* is by no means peculiar to Urk. Nearly every Dutch village has its *aanroeper*, who is really a sort of public crier, to announce the arrival of new goods, the ownership of lost articles, and so on; but few villages are so dependent upon him as is Urk.

We bade Mrs. I—— good-bye at last, but before we went, she brought out her birthday-book for us to write our names in; and she was greatly impressed when she learned that Betty was born on the first of December, which is also the birthday of Queen Alexandra, of England, and that I had been born on the ninth of November, which was the birthday of the late King Edward. We had never thought of the coincidence; but to Mrs. I—— it seemed most important, almost as if it made us related to royalty.

Once away from Mrs. I——'s house, we started out to explore the island. The place has not changed greatly since M. Havard's day; the town is still a huddle of little houses, "scattered pell-mell," without regularity of any kind. But even here, in this tiny community, there are two well-defined strata of society — an "east end" and "west end," so to speak; for the better part of the town is built of brick, with clean paved streets, while just back of it are the poorer



THE BACK STREET AT URK.

houses, of wood, fronting on filthy little lanes, with an open sewer down the middle and no suggestion of the traditional Dutch cleanliness. Neither are the people here clean-looking — as, indeed, how could they be, since cleanliness is a luxury — and they eyed us, as we passed, with evident hostility.

School was out by this time, and, in spite of the burgomeester's warning, three or four of the bolder boys caught on to us to show us around, and ask endless questions which we could not understand, and pick up a word or two of English. The other children, more timid, contented themselves with peeping at us from half-open doors, or around the corners of houses, shrinking back out of sight as we approached. I could not but think the burgomeester's precaution excessive, for the boys who went with us were in refreshing contrast to those of Marken. They neither asked nor expected any money as a reward for their ciceronage; but they did ask me for the cigar I was smoking, as soon as I was through with it. I gave it to them at once, and they passed it from hand to hand, each taking a few hasty puffs, evidently fearing that I might want it back again!

At one end of the village is the old brick church, and beside it a little graveyard which, in one respect, is unique. It is very small, for there is little land to spare on this island. It has long since been full, so that now, whenever there is a burial, one of the old skeletons is dug up and stored away in a little brick charnel-house, to make room for the newcomer!

Practically everybody in the village is related in some degree to everybody else, so that the whole population turns out to every funeral.

It is considered a disgrace for an Urk man to go outside of Urk for a wife. Indeed, this feeling is general all over the Netherlands. It is an unwritten law that a man must get his wife from his own neighbourhood. In the larger places this is, perhaps, all right; but in a village like Urk, the consequences of such inbreeding are disastrous. During our stay there, we saw not less than half a dozen "innocents," wandering around the streets, and if you will look at the wharf picture opposite page 334, you will see two — one with his back turned in the middle distance, and another leaning against the farther side of the gang-plank. How many of the children are idiots I don't know, but a good many of them look as though they might be. Nor is that all. Hunchbacks are even more numerous than idiots, and are expected to do their full share of work. We came across one laboriously warping a heavy fishing-boat in through the narrow channel, and I shall never forget how the rope he threw over his shoulder fitted around his hump, as he leaned forward towing.

When we remember that this intermarrying has been going on in this little island for four hundred years and more, the consequences are not surprising. For Urk existed long before the Zuyder Zee did as an island in Lake Flevo. Since the formation of the sea, it has had a constant struggle for existence with

the stormy waters about it. The inhabitants of other islands have given up the fight and abandoned them, and the islands have disappeared beneath the waves. But Urk is still there.

Only one thing has changed since M. Havard's visit — and perhaps this is not really changed! He speaks with enthusiasm of the beauty of the women — of their tall and graceful forms, of their fair skins and blue eyes, and red lips and rounded figures. Alas, I must believe that that gallant Frenchman was too chivalrous to tell the truth. The girls are sometimes fresh-looking and attractive; but hard work and exposure soon wither them and break them down.

Back of the huddled houses, which occupy the highest part of the island, is a little meadow upon which a few cows graze; and near the houses goats are tethered, eating such tufts of grass as they can find, and kept, I suppose, for their milk. The town, too, has its "great man" — the factor, or jobber, who buys the products of the sea from the fishermen and then markets them on the mainland. In exchange, he supplies the fishers with the tools of their trade, enough clothing to cover them, and enough food to keep body and soul together; and in hard years he is compelled to make advances for the coming season. His is the warehouse at the wharf; and his, pretty much, I fancy, is everything else on the island worth owning. We met him on the street — an old, gnarled, weather-beaten Dutchman, shrewd-faced and bright-

eyed — and we were afterwards told with bated breath of his enormous wealth — enormous, of course, only by comparison with the poverty around him.

But it was well past noon, and we were hungry; so we sought the only restaurant in the place, and ordered lunch. It was of the simplest kind, but not badly-cooked; and after we had finished, the host came to talk with us. When I say “talk,” I mean that by means of his little English and my little Dutch, we managed to exchange a few ideas. He had a large chromo of the Statue of Liberty on the wall, the advertisement of some steamship company, and he knew all about it, even to how many people can get into the torch. He was much interested to learn that we, long ago, in our more youthful and foolish days, had clambered to the top of that statue. He evidently considered the feat a heroic one. He told us that he also furnished lodgings for such strangers as stayed over night in Urk, and he evidently hoped for our custom. But if there had ever been any question of our leaving on the afternoon boat, there wasn't after we saw the beds. They were cupboard-beds, so small that to sleep in them at all, one would have to lie rolled up in a ball. How those big Dutchmen sleep in them I can't imagine.

We sat down for a while under a little tree in front of the inn, and watched the people going back and forth, and witnessed a violent quarrel between a woman and one of the village “innocents.” The

children were going back to school for the second session, and they all stopped for a final look at us. It was amusing to watch the girls, even the very small ones, improving each fleeting moment by knitting stockings as they walked along. They were very expert, and knitted rapidly away without once looking at their work, the ball of yarn in the pocket of their apron and the completed portion of the stocking hanging down over one arm. Wooden shoes, I fancy, are hard on stockings; and the wear on them is greatly increased by the fact that indoors everyone goes stocking-footed — Jan Loosman had even slipped off his shoes before he entered his lighthouse. So every Dutch girl spends her spare time replenishing the supply.

As the children came along, the island's single policeman hovered in the offing, to see, I suppose, that we were not annoyed. That must have been a busy day for him. Ordinarily, there is nothing for him to do but go down to the landing to see the boat come in. The Urk people rather laugh at him; certainly he would be ineffective enough against one of the brawny fishermen or even his scarcely-less-brawny wife.

We went on again, after a while, for a last look round the island. Near the dock, we came upon a little girl helping unload peat from a barge, — work far too heavy for such a child. I asked her why she was not at school, and she answered proudly that she was thirteen and didn't have to go to school any

more. When we asked her her name, she pointed to her bodice, upon which her initials were embroidered, pronouncing the words they stood for. Already her arms were burned deep red with exposure, and in a few years, such youth as she had would be worn out of her. Yet that was her idea of life — the idea of all these people!

The practice of embroidering the initials on the over-bodice is quite a common one. You will notice that the bodice of the pretty girl in the picture opposite page 318, is so ornamented.

The children, even the very small ones, play about the wharves and boats in a way to give an American mother heart-disease. This is true of the whole country; but I have never seen a child in the water, except naked in swimming; nor have I ever heard of any getting drowned. Perhaps they are born web-footed! From the way every doorstep overflows with children I should say that the stork must be kept exceedingly busy all the year round.

A crowd was drifting down again to the pier, and a bell rang somewhere to indicate that the boat from Enkhuisen was in sight. It steamed in around the dyke presently. It was loaded heavily with freight from Enkhuisen, and had aboard a number of field-hands going over to Kampen to help harvest the hay. The freight was mostly potatoes, and many sacks had to be put off at Urk.

While we waited, a crowd of girls hung around in front of us, evidently anxious for me to take their



ON THE WHARF AT URK.



THE OLD FISHERMAN.

picture, which I finally did as they were playing around a decrepit wheelbarrow. On the harbour side was a most picturesque old fisherman seated in the stern-sheets of his boat, baiting a multitude of hooks with little red worms, and then carefully inserting them in a tray of moist sand in front of him to keep them fresh. I got his picture, too, and he heard the shutter snap and laughed; you will find it opposite page 334. The great fin-shaped boards drawn up at the side of the boat are lee-boards, which are lowered into the water when the boat is tacking and take the place of a keel. The boats are all keelless, and are built flat and wide so as to draw only a few inches of water. The Zuyder Zee is so shallow that a keel boat can sail only in certain channels. Lee-boards are used on all Dutch sail-boats; without them, indeed, they would be unable to navigate the narrow canals except straight before the wind.

The bell rang at last, the gang-plank was pulled in, and we backed away. As we did so, a group of ugly old women who had watched our proceedings with evident disfavour, bade us adieu by shaking their fists at us; so perhaps the burgomeester knew what he was about, after all!

The sea was beautifully calm, and as we steamed away across it, I thought of a story which Mrs. I—— had told us. The minister at Urk had resigned, not long before, and one Sunday morning, a young minister was sent over from Enkhuisen to preach a trial sermon. The Zuyder Zee was in a stormy mood that

day — so stormy that the unfortunate candidate soon became violently ill, and when he landed at Urk was almost in a state of collapse.

However, he was hurried straight into the pulpit, while the congregation sat around and grinned. Needless to say, the sermon was a total failure; but if it had been worthy of Erasmus it would have made no difference. A man who got seasick — bah! Such is Urk. And I cannot but think that that young man had a most fortunate escape. To live in Urk is to be buried alive.

The sun was slipping behind the horizon as we steamed again up the wide and rapid river, and twilight was at hand as we tied up at the quay. We bade the captain good-bye, and strolled leisurely back to the hotel, through the narrow streets, with their bright-windowed little shops, and bright-faced proprietors at the doors. As we neared the hotel, we saw M. Breijinck on the steps awaiting us. He welcomed us warmly.

“So you have returned!” he said. “I am very glad!”

“And we are very hungry,” said Betty.

“I have for you a little dinner which I think you will like,” and M. Breijinck showed his white teeth. “Shall we say twenty minutes?”

We were down within that time, and I have seldom tasted a better meal. Our host had evidently killed the fatted calf; and he did us the honour of serving it himself.

“ You have enjoyed the day ? ” he asked, as he held the match for my cigar, at the close.

“ Immensely,” I said. “ But it is not a trip to be made the second time.”

“ Assuredly no,” he agreed. “ Yet one can always learn something, even in a place like Urk.”

“ I did,” said Betty. “ I learned the derivation of ‘ irksome.’ ”

M. Breijinck smiled politely ; but his English did not go that far.

CHAPTER XXIV

AMONG DUTCH INNS

AND here, before we turn our backs upon that delightful old inn at Kampen, is the place for me to say something about Dutch inns in general.

We were comparing notes one day with a fellow-traveller we happened to meet by the way, and we asked him laughingly what he thought of the Dutch breakfast.

"Why," he said, "it's much like other breakfasts, isn't it — ham and eggs, or whatever you order?"

We asked him where he was staying, and he named one of the caravanserais "frequented by English and American tourists."

"My dear fellow," I said, "that isn't a Dutch breakfast — that's an American breakfast. You could have got that at home. There was no use coming to Holland for ham and eggs."

"That's true," he agreed. "Tell me about the Dutch breakfast."

And I did.

It is a thing unique, is the Dutch breakfast, not to be encountered outside of Holland; and, even in

Holland, to be found only in those old, clean, bright, homelike little inns which tourist traffic has not spoiled. There is one to be found in every town, if you will only look for it.

It was at the Hotel Central at Delft that we were introduced to the Dutch breakfast, and, after that, at Haarlem, Amsterdam, Enkhuisen, Zwolle, Kampen, Middleburg, and many other places, we noted with delight its variations and developments. The Dutch word for breakfast, as I have already said, is "ontbijt," and it is served on a long table in a room especially set apart for the purpose. The way the table is set is a revelation of the Dutch love of order, for the breakfast dishes are repeated over and over again along its length in a careful geometrical pattern. Now, all ye who have heard so much about the "continental" breakfast of coffee and rolls — true enough for other parts of Europe — listen to this inventory of a Dutch breakfast:

First there is the bread, of which the Dutch make a specialty; and we got so that we felt slighted if there were less than seven kinds on the table. There are "broodjes" or buns, plain buns and buns with currants in them, plain white bread, gingerbread, toasted biscuits or rusks, which we grew to love, sweet cakes or "honeybread," brown bread, and, finally, black bread very wet and heavy, almost like fruit-cake. I have seen Dutchmen cut themselves a thin slice of this black bread and put the slice in a bun and eat it like a sandwich. We never tried to

eat it but once; I imagine the taste for it is an acquired one.

There is always plenty of good butter, and this is the only meal at which you will see butter on the table, unless you ask for it.

After the bread comes the meat, of which there are always three or four kinds, cold boiled ham, cold sliced veal or veal-loaf, dried beef, and bologna. Then comes the cheese, of which there are three kinds, and sometimes more — Edam, a kind of dark hard cheese, and another kind with caraway seeds in it. The Edam was the only one we liked, but that was very good indeed, and I was ashamed sometimes of the amount of it I ate.

Then, at intervals along the table, dishes heaped with boiled eggs would be placed, of which you were privileged to eat as many as you wanted. If you got there early, the eggs were hot; if you got there late, they were cold. They were placed on the table at the beginning of the meal, and that ended it.

Then there was always jam of some kind, sometimes two kinds, sometimes honey; and also fruit in season. It was the strawberry season when we were there, and I never knew before how good strawberries are for breakfast. And, finally, there was the coffee, usually served in an individual pot, and not a small one by any means.

Which is as well, for nowhere else in Europe will you taste such coffee as in Holland. It comes straight from those Dutch colonies, Java and Sumatra, and is

made by people who know how. Whenever I tasted coffee elsewhere in Europe, I got an impression that Europeans didn't understand coffee. English coffee is abominable; German coffee is little better; even the much-vaunted French coffee is not always a success; but Dutch coffee is always exquisite. For the Dutch appreciate coffee. When they enter a café in the evening it is coffee they call for as frequently as wine or liqueur; and it is served in a little cup with a little glass of water to wash it down. Coffee and cigars go naturally together, and the fact that, in Holland, these things are both so good and so cheap may explain Dutch appreciation of them.

The etiquette of the breakfast-room is most rigid. On entering, one must bow to the guests already assembled, who gravely return the salute. If there is a lady at the table, she must receive a separate salutation. If it is a lady entering, the men at the table will sometimes rise and bow. Conversation is general and unconstrained. Social barriers are swept away. Everyone makes it his business to see that everyone else has a chance to sample all of the fifty-seven varieties of food on the table. Particularly if you are a stranger, are you the object of solicitude. Is your cup empty? The servant is hastily signalled to fill it. Does your eye rest on the cold ham? It is instantly handed you.

Upon leaving the table, the etiquette is the same. Every eye follows you to the door, and there you must turn and bow. The bow is gravely returned,

and you pass out feeling that all's right with the world. At first, these elaborate salutations embarrassed us a little; it required some self-control to stop and bow as we passed out; but we soon got used to them, and found them a perpetual delight.

Lunch is served in the café, and is usually à la carte, though frequently, as in France, there is what is called a "plat du jour" or "dish of the day," in other words, the day's specialty, which is ready to serve and the price of which is considerably less than if it had to be especially prepared. The Dutch towns are also full of little milk-shops, where a light lunch may be had very cheaply, and all such places are quite clean and may be entered without hesitation.

But the great event in every inn and restaurant in Holland, an event which is regarded with a veneration almost religious, is the serving of dinner. The Dutch are fond of eating, — as the thousands of pictures showing them at table prove — and the meal for which they save themselves is the evening one. The others are mere interludes, mere makeshifts to keep hunger from growing too insistent. The dinner is the culmination toward which the whole day mounts; it is the occasion of thought and solicitude; to make it go off well is to achieve a triumph. And yet, strangely enough, it varies so little from day to day and from town to town that, given the price, one knows almost exactly what the bill of fare will be. The result is that, after a time, one's stomach revolts, and one is driven to desperate expedients to

get something "different," yet the Dutch go on eating these dinners day after day, seemingly with no diminution of appetite; so I suppose they have been devised to suit the demand.

To judge from these dinners, I should say that the Dutch expect quantity rather than quality. Not that the quality is bad — it is merely commonplace; and the quantity is enormous.

The price varies from a florin and a quarter, or fifty cents, to three florins, or a dollar twenty cents, depending upon the town and the inn. Two florins is about the average price, though almost every restaurant serves different priced dinners, which are identical except that the higher priced one includes two courses more than the other. And as the average American will find himself satiated long before the dessert arrives, the cheaper dinner is always more than sufficient.

The two florin dinner will start with *hors d'oeuvres*, usually served in a dish with several compartments, in which sliced cucumbers and sardines and olives and perhaps radishes are grouped. Next comes the soup, usually very good, though we never liked the forced-meat-balls floating around in it. Then the fish, usually turbot with white gravy and potatoes "au naturel," or peeled and boiled in plain water. We got so tired of this fish and this gravy and these potatoes, that the mere sight of them grew insupportable.

After the fish will come roast beef and peas; then roast or boiled veal and potatoes "au naturel," as

above. These tasteless potatoes were sure to appear at least twice during every meal. Then would come roast chicken or duckling, with a compôte of apricots or prunes; then a lettuce salad, and finally dessert, consisting of fruit and cakes and cheese, and sometimes a pudding. The price of the meal includes no drinkables of any kind, and wine, or charged water, or coffee are all extra.

If the price of this dinner is two florins, another dinner will be served for a florin and a half precisely like it, except that the hors d'oeuvres and one of the meat courses will be omitted. Even at that, it will be more than most people will care to eat.

I have heard that meat is dear in Europe, but it is certainly supplied most lavishly at these dinners. Why, after eating roast beef, anyone should wish to eat roast veal, and after that roast chicken, is a mystery to me. Our idea of a dinner was a soup, a meat, a vegetable or two, a salad, a sweet, and coffee. We laboured unceasingly toward this ideal, but I must confess, not very successfully. And a simple meal like that costs a good deal more, served to order, than the most elaborate table d'hôte meal, besides taking about an hour to prepare. So we fell into the habit of ordering the table d'hôte, and passing the courses which didn't appeal to us. In each new town, in each new inn, we thought hopefully, "Now, perhaps, there will be something different!" But there never was.

And yet certain meals stand out in one's memory — the first dinner at the Weimar, and the first at the

Café Brinkmann, our introduction to Dutch pancakes at the Hotel Central, a delicious lunch at Arnhem — the list grows longer as I look back at those days. What we missed most, I think, were certain intimacies of home cooking, certain ways of doing certain things to which we had grown accustomed.

For instance, we like our eggs fried on both sides, and our progress through Europe was marked by a series of struggles to get our eggs turned over. For, apparently, the only way European chefs ever heard of frying an egg is to fry one side very brown and leave the other a shaking mass of albumen. Now the instructions necessary to persuade the chef to turn the egg in the skillet for just a moment, before taking it out, are so idiomatic that I never gained command of them in any language but my own; and the difficulty was increased by the evident horror and astonishment with which the instructions were received. The waiter always jumped to the conclusion that what we wanted was an omelet, and when we had convinced him that we did not want an omelet, but wanted our eggs fried on both sides, he would go slowly toward the kitchen, turning the matter over in his mind and glancing back at us to make sure that we were not insane. Sometimes the chef, incredulous of the message the waiter gave him, would come himself to verify it, and then return to the kitchen with tragic countenance, plainly debating within himself as to whether his artistic conscience would permit him to commit this sacrilege.

However much the inns of Holland resemble each other in their meals, they differ greatly in another respect — in the size of the vessel in which hot water is brought you in the morning. The first Dutch words you will have to learn are “heet water,” pronounced “hate vaatare,” for very few chambermaids in Holland know any English, and “hot water” is incomprehensible to them. In the smaller inns they are frequently so frightened by the appearance of a foreigner that they don't understand their own language, but run and call the head-waiter as soon as you ring your bell. At Kampen, the head-waiter himself knew no English, but answered our ring, as the chambermaid, of whom I caught not a glimpse, evidently feared these strange demons from across the sea too much even to look at them. Well, we would ring the bell, the head-waiter would appear, we would tell him what we wanted, he would nod as though he thoroughly understood, and then run away with his knees knocking together to summon the proprietor; and then the proprietor would himself come and take our order.

I remember now that the chambermaid *did* appear one morning — I suppose the head-waiter had not yet arrived — blanched visibly when I opened the door, and turned to flee at the first word. But I grabbed her wrist and dragged her into the room, and led her to the water-pitcher and pointed to it, and put my hand against it and then jerked it away as though it had been burnt, and kept repeating “Heet water,” over

and over to her; and finally a little colour came back into her face, and she laughed and nodded and ran away to get the hot water; and I have no doubt related her wonderful adventure in great detail to the other servants.

It was at Kampen that the morning supply of hot water reached its minimum. I shall never forget that first morning when, in answer to our demand for hot water, the head-waiter proudly handed in a tray on which was an individual coffee-pot, of white porcelain, holding about a pint. I lifted the lid and looked in, thinking that they had perhaps misunderstood what we wanted and brought a morning dram of coffee; but no, it was hot water. I told the waiter that wasn't enough. He nodded, and ran for the proprietor. So I told the proprietor that two people couldn't make a toilet with one small coffee-potful of hot water. He agreed with me, and went away, and presently the head-waiter came back, and handed in, with beaming face, another tray with another little coffee-pot of hot water on it, precisely like the first. Every morning after that, in came the tray with the two little coffee-pots of hot water and they were all so pleased over it, so delighted to have found a solution to a problem so difficult, that we hadn't the heart to disillusion them. It was amusing, however, to have two pots of exactly the same size and shape brought in to us at breakfast, a little later, only this time full of coffee. It was very good coffee, and certainly, in respect to it, we had no reason to com-

plain of the quantity! But I have since thought that perhaps Kampen deserves its reputation, after all.

I have already said, somewhere, that Dutch beds are all that could be desired from the standpoint of comfort and cleanliness, and Betty was never weary of admiring the linen sheets and embroidered pillow-cases and woollen blankets, very light and soft. There was another thing, too, she was always looking at, and that was the beautiful old furniture, in which most of these inns are rich. And then, again, there were the exquisite silver spoons, so delicate and shell-like, which decked the breakfast-table at Kampen; and the old dishes at Enkhuisen. . . .

Tipping in Holland is by no means the evil it is in other parts of Europe. Indeed, in the smaller towns, one is inclined to suspect that these sturdy Dutchmen rather resent a tip. Outside of the big cities — and Scheveningen and Marken — there are no beggars. Certainly the children never beg, as they do in France and Belgium; the waiters in the restaurants do not watch you hungry-eyed as you prepare to leave; there is no line of servants waiting to bid you adieu at the door of your inn. Always we have had to summon the chambermaid in order to fee her, and she usually looked genuinely astonished.

And everywhere you will meet with courtesy and attention; everywhere your comfort will be planned for, and your every wish fulfilled, if it is at all possible to fulfil it. Often, the proprietor will ask you in the morning if there is any special dish you would like

for dinner, and, if it is within the powers of the chef, it will be included in the bill of fare. More than that, you will leave each inn with the feeling that not only have you been well-treated, but that you have been charged exactly what everyone else is charged for the same service, and that no slightest advantage has been taken of the fact that you are a stranger to the country. We stayed at perhaps twenty inns in Holland, and ate at innumerable restaurants; and I do not remember a single disputable item on any bill, or a single over-charge.

I do not know of any higher tribute I can pay Dutch innkeepers than that!

CHAPTER XXV

THE HILLS OF HOLLAND

WE left Kampen the morning after our trip to Urk, accompanied to the door of the Pays-Bas by our host and his sister, who bade us good-bye with many wishes for a safe and pleasant journey. We had first to return to Zwolle, and from there started southward toward Arnhem: that earthly paradise — or so the Dutch consider it.

From Zwolle southwards, the train runs through a country of orchards and fine gardens — the first orchards of any size we had seen in Holland. Broad wheat-fields, too, stretched on either side the road, with the grain yellow and ready for the harvest. The fields were bright with scarlet poppies, forming a delightful colour contrast with the brown stalks of the wheat. We were soon in the midst of a rich country, dotted with handsome, well-kept farmsteads. Ditches and canals grew fewer, and an occasional close-cropped hedge attested the fact that we were getting into the higher part of Holland. Another indication was the appearance of firs — first little patches of scrubby ones, and then larger and larger ones, until at last every road was shaded by long

avenues of very lofty ones, and stretches of forest made the air fragrant.

Deventer is a clean and pretty little town, shaded by these beautiful trees, but it is scarcely worth a visit even from the most leisurely traveller. As the train ran on toward Zutphen, the air grew so cool that a wrap was necessary. It was evident that there had been much rain in the neighbourhood, for the low fields were flooded and the banks of rivers and canals were marked only by the rows of pollards sticking out of the water. We learned afterwards that the Rhine was in flood; and when the Rhine is in flood, nearly every other stream in Holland feels the effect.

Zutphen is a pretty, modern town, reached by a great iron bridge over the Ijssel. It is worth a visit, if only for the purpose of seeing the old chapter-house attached to the Groote Kerk, with its chained books. Everyone has read, of course, of the old libraries where the books were chained to the reading-desks in order to ensure them against theft. Well, here is one of these libraries still in existence, each of the old black-letter volumes with a hasp at the back through which the desk-chain is secured.

The church itself is not remarkable, and only a few of the old buildings still look down on the quiet streets, which, on that winter day in 1572, when the Spaniards marched into the town, literally ran with blood. For Alva had ordered that not a man was to be left alive, and that every house was to be burned

— a command which was religiously obeyed. “As the work of death became too fatiguing for the butchers,” says Motley, “five hundred innocent burghers were tied two and two, back to back, and drowned like dogs in the river Yssel.” One wishes that Motley had omitted from that sentence the words “like dogs,” but such faults of taste are not infrequent in his great history.

Fourteen years after that massacre, a force of English and Dutch fell upon a Spanish convoy advancing to the relief of the city, then besieged, and in the skirmish that followed, an English volunteer was wounded in the thigh. That volunteer was Sir Philip Sidney, and he died at Arnhem, the victim of bungling surgery, twenty-six days later.

It is upon this same river Ijssel, in which so many of Zutphen’s burghers lost their lives, that the town’s prosperity depends; for the river brings to its gates great rafts of timber from German forests, which are here divided and distributed over all Holland.

Beyond Zutphen, the country takes on more and more the appearance of a magnificent park, or pleasure-ground — which, indeed, it is. For it is at Arnhem and in its neighbourhood that many of the Dutchmen made rich by residence in the East Indies, or by the East Indian trade, have chosen to make their homes. Those homes are in the shape of handsome villas, much larger and more elaborate than those we saw about Haarlem, and are placed usually at the summit of a long slope, down which a vista has been cleared

to give a view into the valley. For there are hills here; not very high ones, it is true, and yet very high for Holland. It is for this reason the Dutch think this neighbourhood so beautiful.

Arnhem itself is really a sort of health-resort; a modern town with little that is characteristically Dutch about it; the capital of Guelderland, and a bustling place where the traveller in search of the quaint and interesting will find little reason to remain. The environs are picturesque, and the Dutch esteem them highly, for hills and forests are unusual luxuries to them. But Americans have at home scenery far more picturesque, and there is no reason why they should go to Holland to linger among this. As I have said, Arnhem is the earthly paradise of Dutchmen, and they are always advising the traveller to go there. But the things of real interest to the stranger in Holland are not its health-resorts, with new hotels and smart villas, but its little old towns, unchanged for centuries, and the simple, honest, and unaffected people who live in them.

Arnhem has, however, an interesting church. It looms high over the Groote Markt, with a massive tower; and its flying buttresses at once attract the eye, they are so rare in Holland. But here in the east, stone was cheaper and more plentiful than in the west, and so was used with much greater profusion. The flying buttresses are very flat, the result of an unusually high triforium and low clerestory. The carving on the buttresses and around the door-

ways of the church must once have been very elaborate and beautiful, but it is now almost entirely worn away.

Inside there is another unique feature, for the interior is not whitewashed, but the soft gray stone has been left as nature made it. The pillars, too, are clustered, instead of round, while nave and choir are both very high, with stone vaulting and simple but effective groining. There is an ambulatory around the choir, and two of the central pillars have queer, rug-like decorations painted on them, as at Haarlem. The west end of the nave is, of course, closed in by a towering organ; and there is the usual carved pulpit and huddled pews. The whole church is undergoing a careful restoration.

In the choir, which has a handsome screen, is an interesting monument — that of Charles van Egmont, Duke of Gueldres, who died in 1538, after a lifetime spent in opposing the encroachments of Emperor Charles V. The tomb shows the duke, in full armour, recumbent upon a slab of black marble. On the sides of the tomb are a number of beautifully-sculptured marble panels, the twelve apostles, together with St. Elizabeth, the Holy family, and St. Christopher. I do not remember having seen anywhere more exquisite work.

On the north wall above the tomb, beneath a wooden canopy, is a kneeling figure of the duke, in wax, wearing a suit of his armour, and very lifelike. I wonder that Madame Tussaud has not acquired it.

The guide to the church announces that the tower contains a "fine peel of bells," dating from 1650.

A good idea of the environs of Arnhem may be had by a walk or drive along the Velp road, glimpses of which you have seen from the train windows on the way from Zutphen. At Klarenbeck, a beautiful avenue of beeches leads to the ruins of an old Carthusian monastery, and from there a path climbs upward to the summit of the Klarenberg, where some old stone seats from the cloister below have been placed, enabling the visitor to sit down and enjoy at leisure the pretty view along the valley of the river.

Just south of Arnhem, and not many miles away, stands the old town of Nijmegen, founded by the Romans and built, like Rome, on an amphitheatre of seven hills. Only these hills rise, not from the bank of the Tiber, but from the Waal. The town is approached from across the river, and the prospect of the old red roofs huddled about the great church which dominates the town from the crest of the highest hill is very picturesque. In fact, there are few more picturesque towns in Holland, and I would strongly recommend staying here rather than at Arnhem, which is only ten miles away, and which may be visited from here very conveniently.

We are getting down toward Belgium now, and Nijmegen strikes one as resembling the old Belgian cities more than it does the Dutch ones. For there are no canals, but narrow, crooked streets running

steeply up and down the hills; and the houses, while old and picturesque enough, heaven knows, are not built high and narrow, with many-stepped gables, as on the soft soil of western Holland. Here in Nijmegen, indeed, one can almost fancy oneself in Ghent or Bruges.

There is a tram leads from the station up into the old town, and it is as well to take it, for the modern residential quarter extends back from the station for a long way and is not worth traversing on foot. Just opposite the station is a very nice hotel, named after the house of Orange, with a most hospitable landlord; but it is not an inn and has long since outgrown the Dutch breakfast.

The country about Nijmegen is just as rich in romantic scenery as that about Arnhem, and, as the afternoon of our arrival was a singularly bright and pleasant one, we decided to explore it without delay. The chief vantage-point is the Burg en Daal, and to this a tram runs from the station, mounting between handsome villas and through fragrant woods, and discharging its passengers in front of the beautiful grounds of the Hotel Burg en Daal—surely a good place for any person with tired nerves to spend a week or two. A walk through the grounds leads to the observation platform overlooking the valley, and a very pleasing view it is.

From there a path called the “Berg Weg,” or hill road, leads down through the woods into the valley. We took it very leisurely, for it was a relief to be in

the woods and in hilly country again, after our long sojourn on flat and woodless plains. Half-way down, we were stopped by a bright-faced old man, the park watch, who had a little lodge there and who wanted to talk and, incidentally, sell a few postcards. When he learned that we were from America, he took us into his lodge and insisted that we sign his visitors' book, for we were the first Americans who had come that way that season. While we were thus engaged, a party of Dutch tourists came in, and the old man explained to them, with great excitement, that we had come from across the ocean, and here we were in his little cottage, writing our names in his book. Was it not wonderful!

A little farther down the hill, the path led us to the village of Beek, evidently a summer-resort, with many gay villas in the flamboyant modern Dutch style, and beautiful glimpses of the flooded valley below. From here, another tram took us back to Nijmwegen, and landed us in front of the hotel.

The town was en fête that night, for a big electrical exposition was in progress; but we, who had seen our fill of electric signs on Broadway, would have preferred the quieter normal life of the town. But even the electric signs could not destroy its mediæval flavour, and the less important streets were as dark and mysterious and promising of romance as could be desired. As we made our way along them, a boy's voice suddenly rose behind us, singing shrilly, and went on down the street, and melted away in the dis-

tance; and I thought of Gavroche and of his midnight promenade through the streets of Paris on the way to the barricade.

Seen by daylight, old Nijmegen is a perpetual delight. It clusters about a market-place which might be transferred bodily to the comic-opera stage, with an old weigh-house and fleshers' hall looking down upon it, and the tower of the church just round the corner. The upper part of the fleshers' hall is used as a police headquarters, as we found when we tried to enter. Three or four policemen came running out to see what the matter was, and it was with some difficulty we made them understand that no crime had been committed, but that we had merely made a mistake. We had lunch at a little café overlooking the market-place, and watched a gang of men sweeping up the debris of the market which had just ended.

A little farther on is the stadhuis, dating from the middle of the sixteenth century; not especially interesting without, but containing some old oak magistrates' stalls, almost as beautiful as those at Kampen. It was here that, in 1678, the peace between France, Spain, and the United Netherlands was signed. There is also a museum in the building, with some beautiful examples of old silversmiths' work, as well as some objects of historical interest, of more or less doubtful authenticity. And there is also one of the wooden barrels, or petticoats, in which, in the old days, the errant wives of Nijmegen were condemned to stand exposed to the gaze of the jeering multitude.

From the market-place a narrow street leads to the old church of St. Stephen, standing in the midst of a picturesque huddle of red-roofed houses, which lean against it on all sides and completely shut it in. The church is gray, and stained, and weather-beaten, with its carvings all but washed away. At the transept entrance, is a very handsome pavilion, where the carvings, having been more or less protected from the weather, are still reminiscent of their former beauty.

The church is a very old one, for it was begun in the thirteenth century, and completed by the middle of the fourteenth. It was originally stone-vaulted throughout, but the vaulting in the nave grew dangerous, and was finally taken down and replaced by barrel-vaulting. All the traceries are gone from the windows, which are filled in with ordinary window-glass, held in narrow frames, and the interior is whitewashed from top to bottom, every inch of it. The whitewashing is even extended outside to the pavilion over the transept entrance. There is an ambulatory with radiating chapels; and in the choir is the monument of Catherine of Bourbon. The koster who took us around was especially proud of the carved pulpit and the carved doors.

Nijmegen also has its park or public pleasure-ground laid out on an eminence above the valley of the Waal, and called the Valkhof — you may, perhaps, remember seeing Jan van Goyen's painting of it at the Rijks. It is a historic spot, for there among the

trees stand the ruins of the old castle where Charlemagne once lived — a castle which would be standing yet in its entirety but for the vandalism of the French sansculottes, who destroyed it in 1796. A little distance away, is the castle chapel, a tower-like, sixteen-sided structure, consecrated by Pope Leo III. in 799. That, I think, is the most venerable building still standing in Holland.

From the edge of the Valkhof overlooking the river, the huddled roofs of the old town may be seen below, most charming and picturesque, and beyond the river the flat plains stretching away to the north. It is a place to linger in.

CHAPTER XXVI

INTO ZEELAND

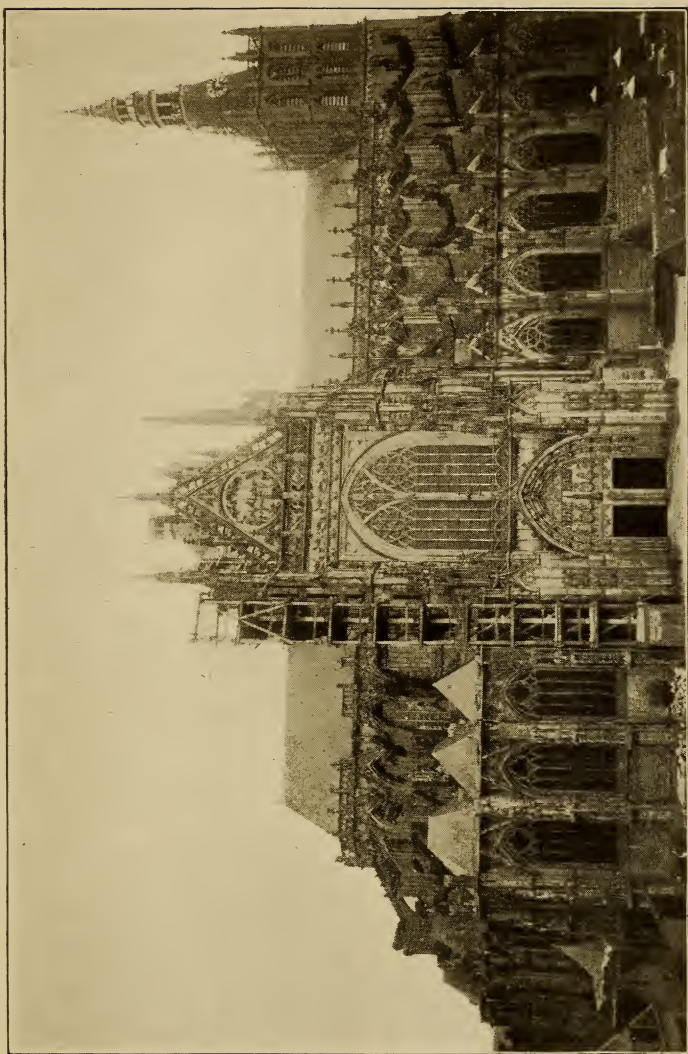
OUR host at the Oranje had, at one period of his life, visited Chicago, a fact which seemed to give Americans an especial claim upon his consideration, and he accompanied us to the door next morning wishing us good fortune and pleasant days. We left Nijmwegen regretfully — as we had so many other Dutch towns — and left, too, the hilly part of Holland; for we were soon rolling through a country typically Dutch — the old, familiar, and beloved landscape with its canals, and tree-bordered roads, and flat fields, and grazing cows.

At Nijmwegen we had seen our first Brabant head-dresses — a white cap with a long tail, with a wreath of artificial flowers around the top, and wide white ribbons hanging down on either side. Now, as it was Sunday, the people along the roads were decked out in similar finery, going to church on foot or in their high carts. Dutch wagons, I have observed, are built pretty much in the shape of a boat, perhaps because at first their owners were uncertain whether they would have to be used on land or water, and so built them suitable for either.

We left the train at 'S Hertogenbosch — which remarkable word is the Dutch of the French Bois-le-Duc, or Duke's Wood; a strange name for a town, surely, and given to it because it grew up in a wood belonging to the Duke of Brabant. It reminds one of 'S Gravenhage, The Count's Enclosure, of which I have already had occasion to speak.

It was in 1196 that Duke Henry of Brabant had a portion of the wood cleared and built himself a castle here in order to curb the robbers and cut-throats who were making the forest their rendezvous. A town, of course, sprang up around the castle, and so began that "city which held the fourth place among the four capital towns of Brabant, and which is called in Dutch 'S Hertogenbosch, in Latin *Silva Ducis*, and in French Bois-le-Duc." In less than a century it was an opulent city, and its growth was only curbed by the progress of the struggle against Spain. This portion of the country was always strongly Catholic; so little Dutch, indeed, that a few days after the murder of William the Silent, a *Te Deum* was sung in the cathedral here to celebrate the event. But in 1629, Frederick Henry of Nassau captured the town after a memorable siege, and the province became a part of the United Netherlands. But it has always remained Catholic.

It is the cathedral in which that *Te Deum* was sung which to-day compels a visit to the town, for it shares with the church of St. Nicholas, at Kampen, the honour of being the most important mediæval church



THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN, 'S HERTOGENBOSCH.

in Holland. It far surpasses the other in richness of decoration — in fact, it is ornamented with an extraordinary lavishness which reminds one of the cathedral at Rouen. The French influence is very perceptible, and the fact that stone is used throughout adds greatly to its beauty.

The exterior decoration, indeed, is carried to the nth degree. For example, each of the flying buttresses has five riders sitting astride it, and a lion bearing a shield stands at the point where it joints the buttress. Every finial is surmounted by a statuette, and there is a statue in each of the innumerable niches across the front and along the sides.

The richness of the transept entrance may be seen from the photograph opposite page 362; and also the squat, plain, unlovely tower at the western end, evidently an addition of a later and cruder date, which, I hope, will some day be replaced by a tower more in keeping with the rest of the structure. The stone of which the church was built seems very soft, for it has crumbled and disintegrated under the action of wind and rain until the ancient carvings are mere shapeless masses. If you will look at the buttresses around the choir chapels, in the photograph, you will see how they have dwindled away. Forward of the choir, a careful restoration has been accomplished, and is going steadily on. But it is a virtual rebuilding.

The interior is, of course, well preserved and is very beautiful. Here there is no whitewash, but the natural gray of the stone; here, too, are statues of

the apostles against the clustered pillars of the nave, a high altar gleaming with candles, chapels with altars and pictures, the smell of incense — in a word, all the pageantry of the Roman Catholic Church; for this building has never passed from Catholic control.

The nave is very lofty, supported by clustered pillars, flanked by double aisles, with stone vaulting throughout. The triforium, pierced and trilobed, is high and graceful, and the flowing window traceries all that could be desired. The ambulatory is surrounded by radiating chapels; and in the north transept is the lady-chapel, dating from the middle of the thirteenth century. Its great treasure is an image of the Virgin, also dating from the thirteenth century, which is highly venerated, and is known all over southern Holland as “de Zoete Moeder van den Bosch,” or “The Sweet Mother of the Wood.” Many miracles are attributed to it, and during the annual festival which takes place at 'S Hertogenbosch during the latter part of July, it is carried through the streets in solemn procession.

'S Hertogenbosch, it should be remembered, is the capital of the province of North Brabant, and not very far away across the Scheldt is Brabant proper. The whole impression here is of a people more Flemish than Dutch; and the town itself deepens that impression. There is little to detain one, once the cathedral has been seen. The museum, known officially as “De Museum van het Provinciaal Genootschap van Kunst en

Wetenschappen in Noord-brabant," contains a lot of curios, but they are of slight interest except to the antiquary.

West of 'S Hertogenbosch, the train runs across vast stretches of waste land, evidently subject to inundation; with thickets of scrub-pine growing on the higher tracts, and the lower ones covered with mud. The ground must be very soft, and this softness results in many inequalities in the bed of the railroad, which makes this stretch of track one of the roughest I have ever ridden over.

Past Tilburg we went, a manufacturing town with nothing of interest to the stranger; past Breda, where one thinks of Velazquez's deathless painting; past Bergen op Zoom, with its great church; and then presently we are in Zeeland, that most picturesque of provinces, where every journey to Holland should either begin or end.

Zeeland, which, of course, means "Sea-land," is well-named, for it is more nearly amphibious than any other land on earth. The arms of Zeeland show a lion struggling in the ocean, and its motto is "Luctor et Emergo," "I Struggle and I Emerge." But it doesn't always emerge; sometimes it sinks when a great storm drives the ocean up the bays and over the dykes, and then there is weary work shutting the sea out again. This battle has been going on for many centuries, and will, no doubt, always continue; though, of course, the province grows safer with the

advance of engineering. But it is really nothing but a series of low islands, separated by wide estuaries, and it can never regard the ocean with indifference or contempt.

Perhaps because it is thus isolated from the rest of the world, Zeeland has kept its old costumes and its old customs more nearly unchanged than any other of the Dutch provinces, and hence it is one of the most delightful to visit. More especially so since its capital, Middleburg, is the most charming of Dutch cities. As I have said, all tours in Holland should begin or end there. As for us, we saved it for the last.

Our train, then, is in Zeeland. It rattles over a viaduct, crosses wide stretches of marsh land, passes some little groves with the trees planted in straight rows — for the straight line is the Dutchman's line of beauty. Along the roads and in the doorways of near-by houses, we see men, women, and children wearing the characteristic costume of the province; but I shall not try to describe it until I have a photograph to assist me.

It was about the middle of the afternoon when we reached Middleburg, which, from the station, gives no promise of the picturesqueness which reveals itself as soon as one plunges into the crooked streets; and after we had got comfortably settled at our hotel, we sallied forth. For everyone appeared to be out enjoying the fine weather, and I was determined to

get some photographs of those quaint costumes before the opportunity escaped.

As we made our way along the street, we came suddenly to a doorway which was disgorging a crowd of people from a church service of some sort, and we soon found that most of them were returning to their homes somewhere out in the country, either walking or mounting into polished Tilburys and jingling away. So we followed along, over the wide canal to the station, across an overhead bridge above the tracks, and down on the other side along a country-road, past a dear little village.

Then, as we turned off along a beautiful path across the fields, we saw a family party coming toward us — a man with his wife and little daughter — all so beautifully dressed, that I asked them if I might not take their picture, and they laughed and said yes, and you will find it opposite the next page. The man wrote his address in my note-book, so that I might send him a print, and I hope he liked it. I, myself, am rather proud of that photograph.

The faces of that family summarize Dutch character — the man strong, self-reliant, and yet good-natured; the woman robust and capable; the child ruddy-cheeked and charming. And now, with that photograph for you to look at, there is little need that I should describe the Zeeland costume. But there are a few points to which I must call your attention. One is that mother and daughter are dressed exactly alike, as father and son would have been, had there

been a son. Another is the skin-tight elbow sleeves which the women and girls wear in all weathers. The lower part of the arm is wholly unprotected, and is burnt by the sun and frozen by the cold until it assumes the colour of an over-ripe tomato, and seems ready to burst at a touch. I don't know whether they are painful, but they certainly look so.

There is one detail of the costume which shows but indistinctly in the photograph, and that is the bangles before the eyes. These are pendants of gold or silver, something like huge ear-rings, and they swing back and forth, one before each eye, in a manner which one would suppose to be unbearably annoying. Why they are worn I cannot imagine, and they must be torture until the wearer grows accustomed to them, and to the interrupted and partially-obscured vision which they enforce. Let me add that the clasp at the man's throat and the buttons at his waist were of gold; the woman's necklace was of coral with a gold clasp, and all the ornaments of both mother and daughter were of the same metal.

We went on, after that, past a group of boys who were practising a topical song — the same jumpy march we had heard at Leiden; and, presently, we had the pleasure of witnessing a Zeeland courtship. Every lassie has her laddie hereabouts; but the milkmaids either labour under the disadvantage of having no place in-doors where their swains may woo them in privacy, or else they wish to display their lovers to the world, for, on Sunday afternoons, they



COMING HOME FROM CHURCH, WALCHEREN.

take them along when they go milking. The girl goes out to the field with her yoke on her buxom shoulders, and her lover follows, without offering to help carry the burden. Then, when the cow's tail has been tied and the maid is safely tucked away under her, sending the milk foaming into the pail, the lover squats down on his heels close beside her, and they exchange (I suppose) vows of constancy eternal.

I took a photograph of one such loving pair; but a ditch full of water intervened, so that I could not get near enough to make it effective. You will find it, such as it is, opposite the next page, and if you look closely you will see the man a black smudge by the girl's side. Please don't think I was intruding when I snapped that picture, for it was taken with the full permission of both parties. A crowd of boys gathered near the place, soon afterwards, and shouted raucous and, I doubt not, unseemly advice as to the proper methods of courting.

These methods differ widely in the various Dutch provinces; but the object is the same everywhere — as all the world over! — to find out if the maid is willing. In North Holland, the lover knocks at the maiden's door with a huge cake of gingerbread under his arm. She admits him, and he places the cake on the table. If she likes him, she puts some more peat on the fire and cuts the cake, and all is well. But if the fire is not replenished, he knows he is not wanted, and takes up his cake and goes home, and presumably comforts himself by consuming it.

Over in Friesland, when the lover calls, if the maiden goes out and dons her casque and ornaments and then comes back again, the happy man knows that he has been accepted. Or sometimes he gives her a handkerchief with a knot in it; and if she unties the knot, it is a sign that he has won her heart — or, at least, her hand. It may be that the Dutch lover is a peculiarly sensitive being; at any rate, all of these ceremonies seem to be devised for the purpose of sparing him the humiliation of a refusal in words, or perhaps they are to spare the Dutch maiden the cruel necessity of saying no. I do not know what ceremonial is necessary in Zeeland before the maiden permits her swain to sit beside her in the gaze of all the world while she is milking; but it can be no very exacting one, for such couples were frequent that Sunday afternoon.

We rambled on a mile or two into the country, for I wanted to get a good photograph of a girl milking; but we saw none that afternoon that was approachable. For you must remember that all these fields are surrounded by ditches full of water, and unless you approach them on the side where the entrance is you are barred out far more effectively than by a fence or wall.

We gave it up after awhile, and turned back to the town, passing more than one high Tilbury full of beaming, red-faced country-folks, who nodded and smiled at us and waved their hands. Then we had dinner at the *Vieux Doelen*, hoping against hope, and



A ZEELAND COURTSHIP.

vainly, that dinners here might differ from other Dutch dinners; and after that we strolled about those dear old streets, and wandered through the court of the gray abbey, and looked at the beautiful stadhuis. And then we drifted into a picture-shop at the corner of the market-place, and soon found that we were in the presence of the Messieurs Den Boer, who make those delightful Dutch postcards which everyone has seen.

In common with most other people, I fancy, I have always thought that the chubby children in quaint costume on those postcards were especially dressed and posed; but that is not so. One of the brothers roams about with his camera and takes pictures as he finds them, and the best of them are selected for postcard use. We talked with him for quite a while, for he could speak English very well, and he grew most pathetic over the way his pictures were stolen by other people and used without credit to him. That complaint recurred to me just the other day when I opened a magazine to an article on Holland, "with photographs by the author," and found two of M. Den Boer's among them! We had a pleasant talk with him, and ended by wishing that we might one day find him at the head of an art-shop on Fifth Avenue. He thanked us, and said that it was not at all impossible.

It was rather late when we got back to the hotel, but I had some letters to write, and sat down in the office to do it. And presently there entered a tall,

thin man, the twang of whose voice told me that he was a Yankee. It was long past the dinner hour, and I listened, amused, while he struggled to get something to eat. He was led away to the dining-room, finally; and after a time he came back, and sat down in a chair near me, and sighed, and took out a cigar and lighted it and puffed it moodily, staring dismally at nothing.

I finished my letter, and then turned to him.

"Well, comrade," I said, "how's good old Massachusetts?"

He jumped an inch.

"What!" he cried, his face beaming. "Are you an American?"

"From Ohio."

"You missed it on Massachusetts. My folks came from there, but I'm from Cleveland. Can we get anything to drink in this joint? It was the devil and all to get something to eat."

"Drinkables are easier," I said, and lifted a finger to the attentive waiter.

And then, when we had got our cigars going, we began to talk.

"It's like money from home, meeting you here," he said. "What are you doing in this God-forsaken country?"

"I don't think it's God-forsaken."

"You would if you were in my line."

"What line?"

"Harvesting machinery."

I stared at him for an instant before I understood. And then I laughed. I couldn't help it.

"Do you mean," I gasped, "that you're trying to sell harvesting machinery to these Dutchmen?"

He nodded glumly.

"But how can you do business if you don't know the language?" I asked.

"Oh, I take an interpreter along; but I know that, half the time, he's giving me the double-cross. I can see why it amuses you," he added. "I was never up against such a proposition before. Labour's so cheap over here that when you tell a man the price of a mower he looks as though he were going to drop dead. And even if you'd give them away, they wouldn't take them. They want to harvest their hay just like their fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers did. Then their fields are so cut up by those infernal ditches that you can hardly turn a machine around in them; and then when you *do* sell one —"

"What!" I cried. "You haven't really sold one!"

"I've sold two!"

"Well," I said, "I admire you. I shouldn't have thought it could be done. Go ahead!"

"When they *do* buy one, the first time some little thing happens to it, they take it to the nearest cross-roads blacksmith and he reconstructs it according to ideas of his own, and puts it out of business for good. Oh, it's a sweet job!"

I condoled with him; and after awhile we said good-night, and I never saw him again. But I hope he has found an easier job than that! I'm sure, at least, that he couldn't have found a harder one!

CHAPTER XXVII

LAST DAYS

IF Delft is built like a gridiron and Amsterdam like a horse-shoe, Middleburg is built like a wheel, or, rather, like wheels within wheels. An abbey, with its church, formed the centre of the old town, and about this the city has developed concentrically in the naïvest way. The result is that, until one gets used to the town, one is always turning up at the abbey, and most surprised to find oneself there. It becomes a sort of game, at last — to get away from the abbey. It would almost seem that the old monks had shrewdly hit upon this method of insuring that every resident of the town would sooner or later find his way into its precincts.

Which is one reason why it is as well to stay at the Hotel de Abdij, as the Dutch spell it, which fronts upon the abbey square; one will never have any difficulty in getting back to it. It is, besides, a typical Dutch inn, and for picturesqueness of situation, in the shadow of gray old walls, has few rivals.

The abbey of St. Nicholas is the most ancient of structures, and looks it, for it was begun in 1106 — try to think back to 1106, and imagine what was

going on in the world then! Here, in 1505, the Knights of the Golden Fleece held what was perhaps the most brilliant meeting in the history of that order. But, with the expulsion of Spain, the huge pile of buildings was converted to secular uses, and now the council of the province of Zeeland meets in the old hall where the bishops of the church once deliberated. On the walls are some Dutch tapestries, representing sea-fights famous in Dutch history. Beneath the council-room are two dim, vaulted chambers, and from these one steps out into the handsome old cloisters. It is like stepping back into the Middle Ages!

The abbey, of course, had its church. It is now the Protestant Nieuwe Kerk, and only the choir, the nave, and one aisle remain. The choir is much as it formerly was, except that it is whitewashed; but it still has its old groined vaulting and window traceries, from which, however, the stained glass has long since disappeared. The choir has been separated from the rest of the church by a plaster partition, and is really a little church by itself. The nave, which forms another church, is as bare and uninteresting as four whitewashed walls can be.

But the old tower still stands, and a magnificent one it is, regarded with respect and affection by all good Middleburgers, who call it "De Lange Jan," or "Long John." It deserves the adjective, for it is nearly three hundred feet high, and has stood there chiming out the hours and halves and quarters and eighths for almost two centuries. Yes, it really does

chime the eighths, for the carillon rings every seven and a half minutes. It has a beautiful peal of forty-two bells, and here, at last, I was able to gratify my desire to examine the mechanism which works them.

I shall never forget the sunny afternoon I clambered up those four hundred stone steps to the summit, and, coming out at the top among the bells, found all Zeeland at my feet. Away to the south lay Flushing, away to the north Veere, marking the limits of the island of Walcheren; away to the east was Goes, with many little villages dotting the fields between; and around all this was water and still more water, upon which the island seemed to be floating.

And there at my feet lay quaint old Middleburg, with its circular streets very visible, a most curious sight; and its circumference like a many-pointed star, with the river Vest flowing in strange zig-zags about it.

While I sat there gazing at all this, the chimes began, and I watched the triple hammers, each pulled by a wire, playing up and down upon the bells. Some of the hammers were quite small, and produced only a little tinkle, and others were very large and produced a deep boom. And while I was watching them, the nice old man in charge of the tower came out on the platform and asked me if I wished to go into the chamber below and see the mechanism. I said I certainly did, and we went down together.

That mechanism in the tower at Middleburg is typical of all the bell mechanisms in Holland, and it

is very interesting. Its principal feature is a brass cylinder or drum, about four feet in diameter and perhaps eight feet long, in which little square holes are drilled in straight lines, and as close as possible together. There are one hundred and sixty-eight rows of these holes across the cylinder, and each row, extending around it, consists of one hundred and fifty-four holes — or a total of twenty-five thousand eight hundred and seventy-two. Little plugs of metal are inserted in some of these holes, projecting perhaps half an inch above the surface of the drum, and as the drum revolves, these projections trip the levers connected by wires with the hammers on the bells above, and cause them to strike. To change the tune, one has only to alter the position of the plugs, and a great variety of combinations is possible.

In front, and at the bottom of the drum, is a keyboard, just like a piano key-board, even to the sharps, and each key of this key-board corresponds with one of the rows of holes in the drum. That is to say, a plug placed in a row will produce the note indicated by the key opposite that row on the key-board. This makes the music-master's task a comparatively simple one; and it should be noticed that the range of one hundred and sixty-eight notes which this keyboard has is just twice that of an ordinary piano. So any tune may be played on these bells, and the only thing which circumscribes its length is the circumference of the drum, for, of course, the air is repeated after one revolution. There is a governor attached to the

mechanism so that the drum always revolves smoothly and at a certain speed.

The drum is turned by means of a weight, which hangs down into the tower at the end of a long rope. The tower-keeper informed me proudly that it weighed eight hundred and fifty kilos, or about two thousand pounds, and that he had to wind it up every day. I can well believe it, because those chimes seem to be always ringing.

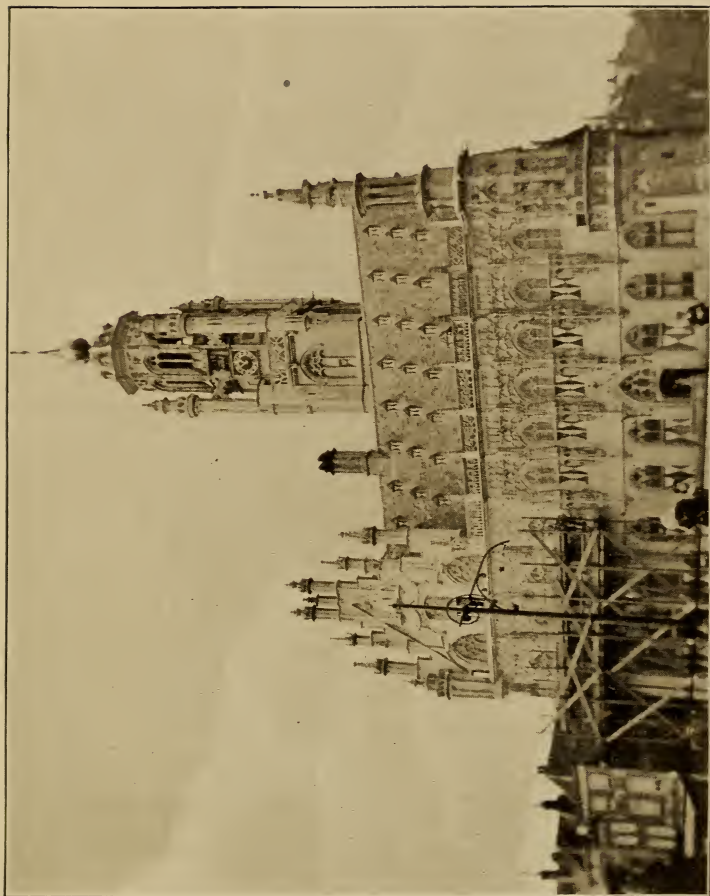
All of this mechanism, as well as the great clock, dates from 1715, and it is running as smoothly and accurately to-day as it ever did. The hand on the clock jumps forward every half minute, and at every fifteenth jump it trips a lever which releases the drum and permits it to revolve. At the half-hours and the hours a very elaborate air is played, lasting four or five minutes. This old clock has a great reputation for accuracy. There is another in the tower of the stadhuis which is somewhat erratic. The Middle-burgers regard its eccentricities with good-natured amusement, and call it "Gekke Betje," or "Foolish Betsy"; but they set their time-pieces by the one at the summit of "Long John."

The stadhuis is quite equal to the abbey in interest, for it is the gayest of buildings, with an exterior so elaborate, a tower so delicate, and a roof so crowded with row on row of dormers, that one can only stand out in the market-place and admire it, and wonder at the inspiration of its designer. It is a splendid example of late Gothic, dating from 1512, and the

French influence is very evident all over it. A careful restoration, which has been proceeding for nearly twenty years, is almost completed.

You will find a picture of it — not a very good one, for I forgot at the critical moment that my finder pointed too low — opposite this page; and this will give you a better idea of its appearance than any description could do. Note the statues of the Counts of Zeeland and their ladies, very properly disposed two and two between the windows of the upper story; and note the painted shutters of those windows — painted diamond-wise, as all Dutch shutters are, to simulate curtains. The work of restoration is going forward behind the scaffolding at the end, and here, too, a statue of Queen Wilhelmina, with the Princess Juliana in her arms, was just being hoisted into place. Note the painted shutters of the dormers, the graceful pinnacle, and the characteristic onion-shaped termination of the tower. I hope that you will yourself, some day, stand in the market-place and gaze at this beautiful structure.

Within, on the lower floor, is the old hall of justice, a beautiful panelled room, with carved seats for the judges, a stall for the prisoner, and benches for the advocates and their clerks. In the arm of the judge's chair a hole has been bored, and in this a switch is placed, as an emblem of punishment. There is also on the wall the blade of the guillotine which the French revolutionists set up at Middleburg; long since disused, for capital punishment has been abol-



THE TOWN HALL, MIDDLEBURG.

ished in Holland. There is an old hooded fireplace at one end of the room, and on the wall above it, very appropriately, a painting of the last judgment, with the torments of the damned most realistically depicted.

In the great hall on the upper floor the municipal museum has been installed, its principal treasure the charter granted to Middleburg in 1253 by William of Holland, the first charter ever given to any town, the precursor of Magna Charta and our own Declaration of Independence. It is from the few and limited privileges granted in this paper by a monarch to his subjects that constitutions have grown, and civic rights, and human freedom. The cups and emblems of the old guilds, once so powerful in the city's life, are preserved in cases, and there are some other objects of interest — but none so interesting as that great beamed hall itself, which has stood there for four centuries. From one of the windows one steps out upon a little balcony overlooking the market-place. It was from this balcony that kings and magistrates addressed the people, or showed themselves to their admiring eyes. To stand in a place like that makes history live again!

I have said that, from the top of Long John, the circumference of Middleburg looks like a many-pointed star. These points, of course, are the angles of the old walls. The river Vest follows all these angles just as the old moat did. The walls have long since been replaced by a pleasant promenade;

but the spot that is now given over largely to love-making was once the scene of a desperate struggle. For Middleburg, like so many other Dutch towns, has a siege in its history; though it differs from the other sieges in one important detail; it was the Dutch who besieged the town and the Spaniards who defended it. They defended it well, for it must be confessed that they were good soldiers; but starvation accomplished what force of arms could not, and the town was finally surrendered. The scene which followed was also in strong contrast to that which usually occurred at such a moment, for, instead of being massacred, the garrison was permitted to march away uninjured.

Time was when Middleburg was one of the richest and most powerful cities in the Netherlands. Along the Rouaansche Kaad the galleons from Rouen anchored, with their cargoes of French wines; at the Londensche Kaad, the English ships tied up to unload their cargoes of wool. Those quays still remain; their names are unchanged; but, alas, the ships which once crowded them have sailed away, never to return.

So Middleburg's ancient glory has departed; from a great city she has become a quiet and sleepy provincial town. She is thoroughly wakened up, though, for ten days of every year — the last ones of July — for this is one of the few towns of Holland where the kermess survives in all its glory. It is a great event; talked about for six months after it is over, and planned for for six months before it occurs; the

ten days out of the whole year which the peasants of Walcheren look forward to as compensating for the labour of the other three hundred and fifty-five. It was not our good fortune to see the kermess, but if we ever return to Middleburg, we shall try to reach there on the fourth Thursday in July!

I told, some chapters back, of my efforts to get a photograph of a girl milking a cow, and how I bungled it. I still wanted that picture, and as our time in Holland was growing short, I started out, one afternoon, determined to get such a picture if it was humanly possible. So I struck out along the road running south from Middleburg, past little groups of houses and detached farmsteads; but nowhere did I see many cows, and I was about ready to turn back in despair. At last I came to a field where some were grazing, and determined to wait until the milkmaids arrived, hoping against hope that they would be pretty and in costume.

At last they came — two girls with the yokes across their shoulders — and my heart leaped, for not only were they in costume, but they were the prettiest girls I had seen in Holland. They half-smiled at me as they passed, for they saw my camera and suspected what I was after; and then, when they were comfortably tucked away under their cows, I crossed a plank, which lay over the ditch, and ventured to approach. My approach was cautious, because, as I had reason to know, these Dutch cows are rather shy

of wandering Americans with cameras, and sometimes run away and upset the milk-pail, and raise hob generally if you come upon them too suddenly.

So I approached this cow from the rear, feeling as though I were stalking big game on the African desert. The milkmaid looked up when she heard me, and then laughed and ducked her head. Immensely relieved to find she didn't object, I got my camera ready.

"Now," I said, between my teeth, "there must be no bungling this time! This has got to be a good picture. Remember, the finder points too low. Oh, isn't she a beauty!" and I pressed the bulb.

I thanked the girl by gestures as well as I could; but she made no response until I had reached the road. Then she waved me good-bye, and I returned pensively to Middleburg.

I had that film developed that night — and — well, you will see it opposite this page. Notice the cap and the shoes and the short sleeves, and the knitted over-waist, and how the cow's tail is tied to keep it from slashing around.

There is another costume to be seen occasionally in the streets of Middleburg, and it is the most surprising of all. Away across the Scheldt is a little strip of land called Flemish Zeeland, which belongs to Holland, though it is really a part of Belgium, and its principal city is Breskens. Sometimes the women of Breskens come over to Middleburg to shop, and it is they who wear this astonishing costume, the prin-



A ZEELAND MILKMAID.

cipal feature of which are two immense constructions set upon the shoulders, which bring them as high as the top of the head. If you will look at the picture opposite the next page, which I took at Breskens on our way to Bruges, you will see an example of this costume, to which I am quite unable to do justice in words.

Of all the towns of Holland, Middleburg seems to me most characteristic and charming. It is well worth a week of any traveller's time, for it is not only interesting in itself, but it is near many places of interest. To the south is Flushing, which may be reached in half an hour by steam-tram or train, and more pleasantly by boat. It is a not very important bathing-resort, with a good beach, beloved by Middleburgers; but an English fleet bombarded the place in 1809, on an abortive expedition against Antwerp, and reduced many of the old houses, among them the stadhuis, to ruins. The buildings which have been raised to succeed them are not worth looking at.

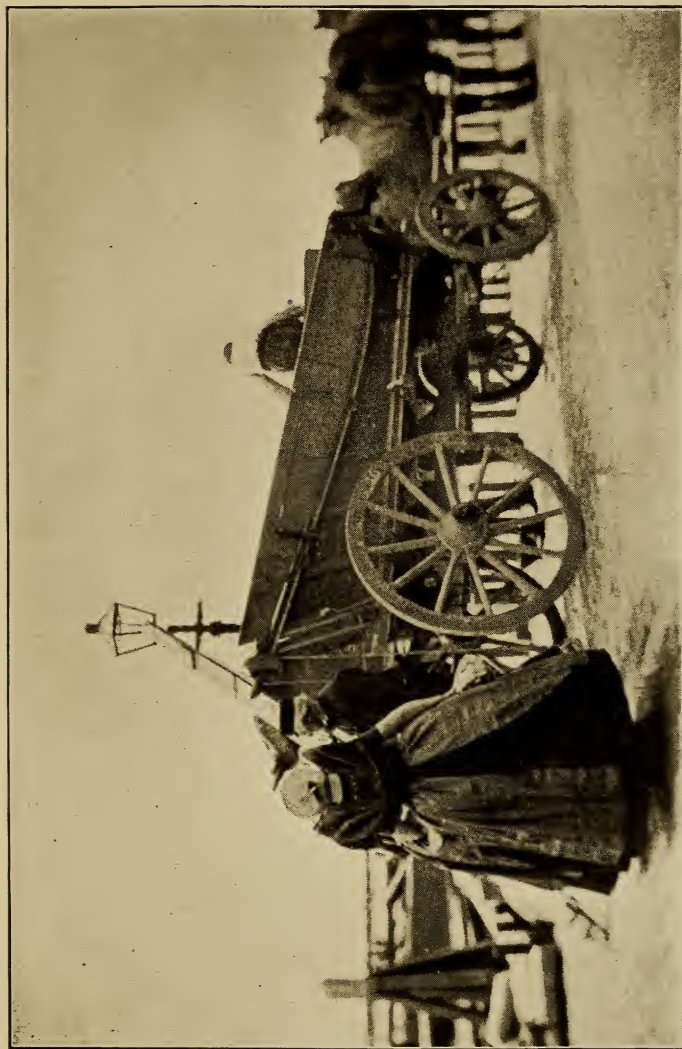
But to the north, on the other side of the island, is a town of quite a different sort — Veere, the "ancient and decayed." You may go to Veere from Middleburg by boat; but the hours are rather inconvenient, and the pleasanter way is to hire a carriage and drive over.

It was a perfect morning when our carriage left the hotel, and rattling over Middleburg's cobbles, which are a penance whether one is awheel or afoot,

came presently into a shady road, where one may avoid the cobbles by telling the driver to turn into the sidepath. Tolls are collected at both ends of this road going; but no tolls are collected returning. I wonder why? It is a four-mile drive, through a pleasant and fertile country, where everyone you meet nods and smiles.

Veere revealed itself at last as a village almost incredibly picturesque, with the quaintest of houses, some of them four centuries old, a great barn of a church, and a perfect jewel of a town-hall, high and narrow, backed by the gracefulest of towers. It was built in 1470 by the father of the man who built the one at Middleburg, and the family resemblance is obvious. Across its front are a number of small figures of the lords of Veere and their wives; just as, at Middleburg, the counts of Zeeland and their ladies are honoured; and there is the same elaborate ornamentation, the same high roof broken by serried dormers.

The custodian met us at the door, and escorted us inside in the most hospitable way. He could speak English better than most — better far than the woman who does the honours at Middleburg; and he was so proud of his collection and so determined that we should see everything in it that the visit lasted a long time. His chief treasure is the chased and enamelled golden goblet given to the town in 1551 by Maximilian of Burgundy, Veere's first marquis. It is kept in a little safe, with a glass front, and mirrors



THE BRESKENS COSTUME.

deftly arranged behind it so that you can see all of it, and a very beautiful work of art it is.

Here also are the old town registers, with many famous signatures; one of the entries recording the marriage of Hugo Grotius with Maria Reijgersbergh, of Veere, on the second of July, 1608 — a choice in which Grotius showed more wisdom than he did on many other occasions. Here, too, is the old magistrates' room, just as it has been for centuries, with the carved oak seats around it, and a double seat for the judges, with a switch in the arm, as at Middleburg. The custodian assured us, with a laugh, however, that the switch actually used for the punishment of offenders was a much heavier one. Here also are some thief-catchers — spring-collars with spikes on the inside, fastened to the ends of long poles. Thrust at the leg or neck of a fugitive, they must have stopped him very effectively.

There is an old Dutch fireplace, above which hang a number of bronze hands, reminders of the day when offenders were punished by being mutilated. But in those days, as in these, the net of law was cunningly contrived, so that only the little fish were caught inextricably; in other words, if the criminal were rich enough, he could save his hand by paying a fine and hanging up in the council-room a bronze hand, with his name cut on it, "as a symbol of eternal shame," as the custodian put it. One of these hands grasps a hatchet and bears the name of Guebrecht Bremboas. Poor fellow! The "symbol of

eternal shame" has survived all other memorials of him!

We wandered about the town for some time, after we bade the ruddy-faced custodian good-bye; out to the old tower which still stands guard at the spot which was once the harbour-mouth, although its fellow was swept away by a great flood a hundred years ago, and the harbour is nothing but a mud-bank; along the beach, if the stretch of mud can be called so; past a gaunt, solitary windmill, and back again into the town.

And here a tragedy happened. As we neared the town, we saw ahead of us, solemnly promenading along the road arm in arm, three little girls, in the full Zeeland panoply — long caps, white bibs, black skirts, and white aprons — just such cherubs as you see on the postcards of M. Den Boer. We hastened forward, we pressed a few pennies into each eager fist, we led them to the top of the dyke and posed them with that old windmill in the background, and I snapped the picture, and we watched them run away toward home, comparing their coins. But, woe of woes, when we came to develop that film, we found that the shutter had failed to work properly, and the picture was a failure!

We stopped in at the church, after that, as yet happily unconscious of this disaster, and got an object lesson in what may happen to a church when left to the elements. For this tremendous edifice is no longer used or usable. It started on its downward career

in 1812, when the French turned it into a stable and barracks, and partially destroyed it. Now it is merely a wrecked and empty shell, with the windows boarded up and the walls falling down. Quite recently the Zeeland government has set aside the sum of three thousand gulden yearly to be used in its restoration, but that sum, I fancy, is scarcely sufficient to keep a roof over it.

We drove back to Middleburg, at last, and spent the evening loitering about those charming streets. We were a little sad, for it was our last night in Holland.

And next morning we took the train to Flushing, and from there the boat across the Scheldt to Breskens, on the way to Bruges. And as we looked back across the water, we could see Long John, away in the distance, beckoning us to return.

Perhaps, some day, we shall heed that gesture!

THE END.

INDEX

- Aanroeper, 325-327, 328.
Aanspreckers, 257-259.
Aertsz, Jan, 34.
Alkmaar, 204, 208-226.
Alva, Duke of, 32, 136, 224,
305, 351-352.
Amicis, Edmondo de, 51, 229,
276-277.
Amstel, The, 167.
Amsterdam, 13, 84, 89, 122,
123, 144, 162, 164-189, 191,
194, 209, 221, 226, 227, 241,
245, 246, 247, 250, 262, 272,
290, 375.
Arnhem, 18, 350, 352-355.
Architecture, 30-36, 74, 76-77,
133-136, 259-260, 262, 272-
273, 285-286, 304-309, 353-
354, 359-360, 362-364, 379-
381, 386.
Art, 18, 82-83, 104-106, 108-
110, 138-140, 181-189.
Artz, D. C. A., 108-109.
Barnevelt, John of, 106-107.
Beek, 357.
Benedenveer, 38.
Bergen op Zoom, 365.
Bloemendaal, 144.
Blommers, B. J., 188.
Bol, Ferdinand, 29, 261.
Bonaparte, Louis, 169, 181.
Bonaparte, Napoleon, 71, 104,
169.
Books, 83-84.
Bossu, Admiral, 250.
Boxum, 292.
Boymans Museum, 17-18.
Brabant, Duke of, 362.
Brabant, Province of North,
361, 362, 364-365.
Breda, 365.
Brederode, Castle of, 144-146.
Breskens, 384-385, 389.
Brick-making, 55-56, 221-222.
Brill, 305.
Broek, 165, 228-229.
Cafés, 26, 71-72, 97, 129, 141-
142, 177-178, 245, 312-313,
341, 352.
Canals, 5, 7, 14, 28, 29-30, 58-
62, 73, 248, 287-288.
Capellen, Baron, 286-287.
Carillons, 84-85, 214, 220, 263,
313, 376-379.
Catherine of Bourbon, 359.
Catz, Jakob, 64.
Cemeteries, 204-206, 329-330.
Charlemagne, 360.
Charles V., 263, 354.
Cheese, 208, 210-220, 242, 254,
340.
Churches, 30-37, 40, 52-53, 56,
62, 74-79, 131, 133-136, 172-
175, 221-223, 251-252, 262,
284-286, 308-309, 353-354,
359, 362-364, 376, 388-389.
Claas, Haasje, 166.
Cleanliness, 15-16, 18, 38, 48-
51, 56, 59-60, 119-120, 155-
156, 256, 269, 282-283.
Coen, Jan Pietersz, 250, 257
Coffee, 111-112, 340-341.
Conrad, 135, 137.
Cornelisson, Jan, 242-243.
Costume, 53-54, 58-59, 65, 88,
220-221, 229, 231, 233-235,
238, 255, 259, 270-271, 272,
276-278, 301-303, 318-319,
361, 366, 367-368, 384-385.
Courting, 20, 65, 152, 368-370.

- Currency, 9, 42.
 Customs examination, 1, 3, 47.
 Cuyp, Albert, 17, 26, 28, 38.

 "Dead Cities," 249-251.
 Delft, 30, 41, 46, 58, 62-63, 68, 69, 73-85, 89, 106, 112, 113, 114, 120, 185, 288, 375.
 Delftshaven, 18-19, 86.
 Deventer, 351.
 Diamonds, 176-177, 180.
 Dirksz, Pieter, 242.
 Dirckzoon, Admiral, 250.
 Dordrecht, 9, 26-38, 41, 77, 122.
 Dou, Gerard, 94, 95, 105-106, 182.
 Drenthe, 279-280.
 Dunes, 64, 65, 140-141, 143, 146-149.
 Dykes, 5, 86, 158, 159, 209, 240, 248, 253.

 East Indies, 250, 352.
 Edam, 208, 240-244, 249.
 Eels, 97, 153.
 Egmont, Charles van, Duke of Gueldres, 290-291, 354-355.
 Enkhuisen, 63, 249, 254-265, 281, 305, 315, 317, 334.
 Erasmus, 16-17, 178.
 Everdingen, C. B. van, 138-139, 222.

 Fish and fishing, 15, 39, 53, 61-62, 66-67, 125, 129, 158, 229, 263-264, 327-328, 331.
 Flevo, Lake, 249, 280, 330.
 Florus V., Count of Holland, 222.
 Flowers, 60-61, 124, 125-126, 154.
 Flushing, 1, 377, 385, 389.
 Frederick, Don, 121-122, 136, 224.
 Friesland, 7, 220, 265-279.

 Gapers, 131-132.
 Gardens, 60-61, 100-101, 141, 143-144.
 Gerard, Baltasar, 80.

 Gherardts, Gherardt, *see* Erasmus.
 Giessendam, 38, 39, 40.
 Gijsbrecht II., 167.
 Goes, 377.
 Gorinchem, 38, 40-42, 256.
 Gouda, 48-54, 126.
 Goyen, Jan van, 94, 359.
 Groningen, 89, 278.
 Grotius, Hugo, 40-41, 73-74, 387.
 Guelderland, 353.
 Guides, 167-168, 190, 195.
 Gutenberg, 137-138.

 Haarlem, 34, 63, 64, 96, 112, 119-123, 129-130, 131-142, 143, 144, 149-153, 154, 156, 157, 160-164, 185, 224, 262.
 Hague, The, 63, 65, 68, 69, 81, 82, 84, 100, 102-112, 114, 115, 227, 362.
 Halfweg, 123-124, 126.
 Hals, Frans, 98, 108, 138-139, 181, 182, 185, 323.
 Havard, Henri, 242, 246, 268, 315, 327, 328, 331.
 Heerenveen, 279.
 Hein, Pieter Pieterszoon, 79.
 Hobbema, Meindert, 17, 124, 311.
 Hofjes, 95-96, 151-152, 174-175.
 Holbein, Hans, 17.
 Hooch, Pieter de, 182, 185.
 Hoorn, 248-254, 259, 263.
 Hospitality, 91, 100-101, 255, 308, 322-323, 348-349.
 Hotels: Weimar, Rotterdam, 11, 23-25; de l'Europe, Antwerp, 47-48; Central, Delft, 62-63, 112; Vieux Doelen, The Hague, 103; Brinkmann, Haarlem, 129; Duin en Daal, Bloemendaal, 144; Spaander, Volendam, 240; Die Poort van Cleve, Enkhuisen, 258-259; Kaiserkroon, Zwolle, 280; Pays-Bas, Kampen, 291, 297-300, 350; Oranje, Nijmegen, 356, 361; Burg en Daal, Nijmegen, 356; Vieux

- Doelen, Middleburg, 370-371; Abdij, Middleburg, 375.
- Huygens, Constantyn, 64.
- Ij, The, 123, 167, 228, 241.
- Ijssel, The, 155, 249, 291, 298, 317-318, 351, 352.
- Inns, 11-12, 23-24, 40, 44-46, 47, 62-63, 103-104, 119-121, 243-244, 258-259, 298, 338-349.
- Israels, Josef, 187, 188, 273.
- Java, 340.
- Juliana, Princess, 16, 171, 380.
- Kampen, 63, 120-121, 249, 254, 259, 286, 291-316, 346-348, 350, 362.
- Katwijk-aan-den-Rijn, 156-157.
- Katwijk-aan-Zee, 135, 154, 158-159.
- Kay, Leiven de, 132.
- Kempis, Thomas à, 286.
- Kermess, The, 97-99, 382-383.
- Kevijr, Trijntje, 242, 243.
- Klarenbeck, 355.
- Koster, Laurenz Janszoon, 137-138.
- Landscape, characteristics of, 4-7, 60-61, 123-126, 209-210, 248, 254-257, 268-269, 279-280, 291, 309-312, 350-352, 361, 365, 366.
- Language, 44-47, 83-84, 194, 269-271, 275-276.
- Leeuwarden, 272-278.
- Leeuwenhoek, Anthony van, 79.
- Leiden, 84, 86-100, 121, 138, 149, 151, 153, 154, 155, 289, 305.
- Lek, The, 155.
- Loevenstein, 40-41, 74.
- Lotteries, 84.
- Luggage, 57-58, 246-247.
- Maas, The, 29.
- Maes, Nicholas, 29.
- Magonza, Faust of, 137.
- Mar, de la, 20, 21.
- Marken, 68, 165, 192, 227-238, 274, 324, 329.
- Markets, 28-29, 37-38, 51, 56, 210-220, 269-270, 283-284.
- Marnix, Elizabeth van, 79.
- Mauritshuis Museum, 81, 82, 98, 103, 104-106.
- Mauve, Anton, 187, 188, 312.
- Maximilian of Burgundy, 386.
- Medemblik, 249, 266.
- Meppel, 280.
- Merwede, The, 26-27, 29, 38.
- Mesdag, H. W., 108-110, 187, 188, 273.
- Metsu, Gabriel, 94, 106, 184-185.
- Meyer, Louis, 188.
- Middenveer, 38.
- Middleburg, 254, 312, 366-389.
- Mieris, William van, 94.
- Monnikendam, 228-231, 249.
- Motley, John Lothrop, 44, 73, 76, 111, 121, 145, 208, 352.
- Museums: Boymans, 17-18; Rijks, 18, 139, 181-189, 359; Mauritshuis, 81, 82, 98, 103, 104-106; Mesdag, 103, 108-110; Steengracht, 108; Municipal (Hague), 108; Municipal (Haarlem), 138-140; Municipal (Amsterdam), 166, 187-188; Fodor, 188; Six, 188; Frisian, 272-273; Municipal, Nijmwegen, 358; Municipal, Middleburg, 380-381; Municipal, Veere, 386-387.
- Nassau, Frederick Henry of, 362.
- Nassau, Maurice of, 74, 102, 104, 107.
- Neck, Johann van, 261.
- Nijmwegen, 355-361.
- Nole, Jacob Kolyn de, 306.
- Noordwijk, 159, 160.
- North Sea, 13, 143, 153, 157, 209, 249, 250.
- Orange, William of, *see* William of Orange.

- Orphanages, 149-151, 165-166, 261-262, 272.
- Ostade, Adriaen van, 106, 185.
- Osterlyn, Jan, 242, 243.
- Oudekerk, 55.
- Oudewater, 14.
- Over-Ijssel, 280, 286.
- Papendrecht, 41-42.
- Parma, Margaret of, 305.
- Peat, 36, 37, 126-127, 248, 279-280.
- Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, 162-163, 190-202.
- Philip II., 52.
- Pilgrim Fathers, 18-19, 93-94.
- Poffertjes, 97-98, 153.
- Polders, 48, 122-124, 209, 247-248.
- Poot, Huibert Corneliszoon, 79.
- Potter, Paul, 105.
- Prince Consort, 171-172.
- Purmerend, 248.
- Quellin, Artus, 169.
- Railways, 2-3, 8-9, 87, 112-118, 265-266.
- Reijgersbergh, Maria, 387.
- Rembrandt, 94, 95, 105, 108, 181-182, 183-184, 185, 188.
- Rhine, The, 26, 31, 94, 96, 135, 155, 157, 249, 298, 351.
- Rijks Museum, 18, 36, 82, 139, 166, 181-189.
- Robinson, John, 94.
- Roosevelt, Theodore, 139, 231-232.
- Rotte, The, 13.
- Rotterdam, 2-3, 11, 13-18, 22, 26, 41, 42-43, 48, 54, 55, 56, 58, 60, 61, 221, 227, 288.
- Ruisdael, Jakob van, 124, 134, 146, 182, 185.
- Ruyter, Admiral de, 174.
- Scheffer, Ary, 28-29, 38.
- Scheveningen, 63-68, 115, 160, 221.
- Schiedam, 19.
- Schnapps, 19, 239.
- Schouten, Willem, 250.
- 'S Gravenhage, *see* Hague.
- 'S Hertogenbosch, 362-365.
- Shipping, 13-16, 38, 42, 54-55, 66, 335-336.
- Sidney, Sir Philip, 352.
- Singel, The, 96-97.
- Sloterdijk, 128-129.
- Smoking, 9-11, 20, 21-23, 117-118, 200, 240, 265, 273, 274, 341.
- Sneek, 268-271.
- Spaniards, The, 27, 32, 86, 121, 123, 135-136, 208-209, 224-225, 229, 250, 292, 305, 351-352, 382.
- Staphorst, 280.
- Stavoren, 249, 266-268.
- Steen, Jan, 36, 94-95, 98, 105, 106, 182, 185-186, 273, 323.
- Steengracht Museum, 108.
- Stoofjes, 36-37, 127.
- Storks, 55, 136, 156.
- Sumatra, 21, 340.
- Swans, 125.
- Tasman, Abel, 250.
- Terborch, Gerard, 106, 185, 286.
- Texel, 135.
- Theatres, 19-21.
- Tilburg, 365.
- Tipping, 12, 120, 199, 200, 228, 235-236, 348.
- Towing, 14, 330.
- Toys, 162-163.
- Tram-lines, 9, 27-28, 63, 68-70, 122, 228, 254-257, 287.
- Trekschuits, 14, 15, 240.
- Trees, shapes of, 4, 39-40, 256.
- Tromp, Maarten Harpertszoon, 77-78, 250.
- Uitgeest, 210.
- Universities, 86, 89-90.
- Urk, 292, 314-337.
- Van Dieman's Land, 250.
- Veere, 377, 385-389.
- Velde, Adriaen van de, 106.
- Vest, The, 377, 381.
- Vermeer, Jan, 81-83, 106, 185, 187.

- Villas, 140-141, 143-145, 149, 256, 352-353.
- Volendam. 165, 221, 227, 238-240.
- Waal, The, 29, 155, 355, 359.
- Wafelen, 97-98, 153.
- Walcheren, 377, 383.
- Water-beggars, 305.
- Waterloo, 71, 104.
- Wilhelmina, Queen, 16, 171-172, 380.
- William I., Count of Holland, 135, 381.
- William II., Count of Holland, 102.
- William of Orange, 73, 75-76, 79-81, 86, 121, 145, 172, 209, 225, 263, 362.
- Windmills, 190, 193, 202-203, 209, 214, 247, 283, 287-289.
- Winter, Admiral de, 309.
- Witt, Cornelis and Jan de, 107.
- Women, work of, 55-56, 248-249, 300-301.
- Zaan, The, 193.
- Zaandaam, 190-202, 209, 247.
- Zaandijk, 202-206, 209.
- Zandvoort, 140-141.
- Zeeland, 7, 220, 365-366.
- Zutphen, 351-352.
- Zuyder Zee, 94, 208, 209, 236, 241, 246, 247, 248, 249-251, 266-267, 292, 297, 298, 305, 314, 317-318, 330, 335-336.
- Zwolle, 132, 278, 280-291, 294, 300, 350.

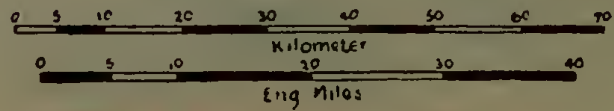




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